

The Oxford Democrat.

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POETRY.

From Household Words.

GIVE.

See the rivers flowing,
Downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free—
Yet to help their giving
Hidden springs arise,
Or, if need be, showers
Fell from the skies!

Watch the princely dowers
Their rich fragrance spread,
Lead the air with perfumes,
From their beauty shed—
Yet their lavish spending,
Leave them not in debt,
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth.

Clothe thy house with treasures!
From fair water-borne
Give thy love—and ask not,
Woe nor a return!
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty,
God will give thee more.

MISCELLANY.

ONLY MY DRESSMAKER.

BY ANNE WHITE.

"Anna, who is that sweet looking girl, who bowed to you so timidly?" asked Mary B. of her friend, as they were taking their promenade along Fourth street.

"Pshaw! it's only my dressmaker," was the reply.

"Your dressmaker! Why, how pretty she is, and how lady-like! Well, I never should have guessed it."

"Seems to me there are old mistakes made in this world of ours, for she certainly should have been a lady, for she would, even now, grace our first circles—and one of the Misses P—'s circle, should have been placed in her niche."

"Did you ever before see such coarseness of face and manner in person so well born, and possessing all the appliances of universal wealth?"

"That the P—'s are coarse I readily admit," said Anna, "but that Lizzie Smith should have been born a lady, I am not quite so sure. She takes airs enough upon herself as it is; and I do believe, thinks herself as good as the best of us."

"Had you said, as pretty as the prettiest of us, I should have replied, 'well she's right!'"

"Have done with the dressmaker, unless you have lost your heart to her, and let us go in and look at those lovely hats," and soon amid the all absorbing themes of harmonious colors and becoming shapes, the sewing girl and her pretty face were forgotten.

As they came out of the shop, Anna said, "Mary, do take pity on me, and come 'round next week and spend a day with me. I have to be at home all the week with my dressmaker."

"It is such a task to get ready to be married, I would advise you to stay single, and save all this trouble!"

"I will come on Monday, if you will let me help you with your sewing," was Mary's reply.

"Will you help me? Oh, what an angel! I have embroidery to sew on some of my under clothes, and you put on ruffing so beautifully!"

"Well, then I'll come Monday morning, and sew till dark; I'll come for tea on his way home from his office."

"Oh, thank you! I hope you will find some friend as obliging, when you are going to be married!"

"I shall tell Mr. T. that he is bound to be eternally grateful to you, for that without your aid, I never could have been ready for the important ceremony," and a merry laugh was heard as they exchanged, and the two girls parted.

"Mary was as good as her word, and in skillful fingers the business of ruffing went on fast."

"As she was returning home that evening, her brother asked, 'Mary, who is that delicate looking girl, who passed out of Mrs. D—'s hall as I came out?'"

"You should have said that question to Anna, brother, just have heard her laughing 'only my dressmaker,' but is she not very pretty?"

"I saw the girl when she was in the hall, and I know she is very much worried about her wardrobe, but I felt sorry for poor Lizzie that I could not help it. When the fitting was over, Anna could not understand it at all and saw in the same room with a dressmaker, but left her in the bedroom, by herself, and she and I worked in the parlor. At eleven she entered in a nice livery, and when I proposed offering some of it to Lizzie she only laughed and said, 'Fudge! your people must do without linen.'"

"I know the girl must have felt faint before our late dinner came off. Still she did not wait nearly an hour after, until we were done eating. Then Anna requested Mrs. D. to send up some dinner to her dressmaker. As they were putting some green peas on the plate she exclaimed, 'Oh, you must not, I know she does not get peas at home! You need not send up any strawberries and cream either, Mrs. L., your people ought not to indulge in such luxuries!'"

"I saw the gentleman at the table exchange glances, and I thought it was well Mr. T. was not there."

"Perhaps it would have been better if he had been there," said the brother, "better discover the tempter of his fair bride, before than after marriage."

"You are right. I would rather have the whole truth known beforehand, than gradually discover afterwards."

"By-the-way, Dick, you will have an opportunity of seeing the pretty face of the little dressmaker, next week, as I have engaged her to work for me."

"And I do hope you will send her unmercifully, if she can't alter your broad shoulders," rejoined the brother, glancing at his sister's sylph-like form.

"I can't answer for that," replied she, "but I dare say, if I were to show her very much, she would find a powerful champion in my brother."

"You tell her so!"

"Tell her that you have been so struck with her beauty, that you ask the privilege of protecting and cherishing her from this time forth and forever!"

When the pretty dressmaker came to sew for Mary, she fancied she looked paler and thinner than before. To her kind enquiries, she confessed she had been troubled with a painful chest.

"I am afraid something does not agree with you, my poor girl; you should not sit all day over it."

"I know I should not, ma'am, but is very necessary, that I should," she answered with a blush.

The more Mary saw of her, the more fully was she convinced of the remark to Anna, that she ought to have been born a lady. Though exceedingly retiring in her manners, and fearful of stepping out of her proper place, she still betrayed to Mary a observing eyes that she possessed intelligence and refinement equal to many ladies in the higher circles of society.

Mary's kindness of manner and hearty sympathy with every one with whom she had to do, whether equal or dependent, caused a pleasant feeling of surprise in the breast of the lovely one, served to shorten her hours of toil.

Oh, the magic effect of kind words and looks of sympathy!

When lunch was brought in, Lizzie declined, but when urged, partook of it, saying at the same time, "you will spoil me, Mrs. B. I so seldom have any lunch offered me when I sew."

"But when dinner is late, do you not grow faint sometimes?"

"Very often I do, and then I have a headache the rest of the day."

"Mary could not help wondering to herself why ladies were neglected of the comfort of sewing girls when the ordering of a little bread and butter would be so small a matter to them, but so great a one in point of comfort."

After dinner Lizzie said, "about to return home, but Mary said, 'not so my child, you need a little rest; lie down on that lounge for half an hour; or, if you prefer reading, there are books, select one for your self!'"

"Oh, thank you! it would be a treat to read awhile!" she exclaimed, her face lighted with pleasure.

When Mary turned to her room, after talking with her sister, she saw that Mary had not taken a story book, but a work which her brother said was one without considerable cultivation could appreciate.

"To the girl's grateful 'Mrs. B., your permission to read has done me much good; I feel refreshed by it,' she said, 'I am glad of it, did you find anything to interest you?'"

"Oh, this delightful book," she exclaimed, "I have been so anxious to read it!"

"You can take it home with you if you would like, and finish it, we have all read it here."

Lizzie's very grateful look said more than words could have expressed at this unexpected favor.

At a quarter before six Mary told her dressmaker she had been put up her work, as she had long a walk before her.

"I thank you," she said, but I rather work sewing till six."

"It would be easier to sew for Mrs. D. until bedtime, than only half a day for some ladies," was the mental observation of the dressmaker as she left the house, cheered by Mary's cordial "good evening."

Daily intercourse only served to deepen Mary's interest in her; several of the best works in the library had been taken home, and the remarks dropped by her on returning pointed out the poor sewing girl possessed a strong judgment as well as a brilliant fancy.

Her sweetness of temper and the patience with which she pursued her daily toil, Mary had remarked before. Mentioning one day in her presence that Anna was to be married the next morning, and leave the city immediately, she seemed troubled, and almost unconsciously dropped, "then I must call there to-night!"

The evening set in cloudy, and Mary, knowing that it would be dark before Lizzie could do this, sent the waiter with her. Before she returned it began to rain, and fearing she had been exposed to it in her thin clothing, Mary called the man as soon as he came in, to ask if she got wet.

"No, ma'am," he answered, "but the poor thing was deeply troubled, she thought she was not going to get her pay from the lady who is to be married in the morning."

At length the doctor entered. "Doctor, restore my sight, and the half my fortune!" he says, amazed and overjoyed by a gleam of light. By the light of the lamp, borne by the raft, he sees the right—the physician himself! His blindness was only a dream—a nightmare! But the doctor does not admit this explanation; he has made a visit, and he charges two guineas for the hallooing of his patient, though explaining to him that the cause is nothing else but the fog—a fog which, two or three times a day, makes London like the old realm of shades.

"A fog!" cries the stranger; "but, sir, this is night—night the most gloomy. How long will it last?"

"One day, at least—possibly two, and perhaps more," replies the phlegmatic doctor.

"Ah! I will leave immediately," said the astonished stranger. "I will leave forever, a country that the sun himself abandons."

"Some moments, sir," said the Esquimaux; "some moments of fear, and a visit from the doctor, is your small tribute to the London fog. Thank heaven that you are so easily rid of it. If you were unfortunately outside of your hotel, listen to what would befall you. To walk at this hour in the capital of England, is like plunging into a porridge of fog, for the mist, in taking from you sight and respiration, offers you in return, a hope of eating and drinking."

"Sad punishment for asthmatics! From one side of the street, a fit of coughing answers to a similar fit from the other side; so that if you cannot see the passers by, you have the satisfaction of hearing them curse their atmospheric breakfast. Breakfast, did I say?—dinner, tea, supper, are of the same sort. You cannot open your mouth without swallowing a dose of fog; and, as all day—if you can call it day—you are obliged to have lights, you consume, beside the fog, a notable quantity of the fumes of gas, of oil, or of tallow, according to your means. These poor lights, themselves yielding to the air, give only a feeble, reddish and melancholy glimmering. They are cold as yourself, and illumine only the smallest possible space."

"The entire city seems covered with a vapory test, from under which is heard the confused sound of invisible beings. You think that all the smoke that, for twenty years, has escaped from the five hundred thousand chimneys of London, finds this instant from the clouds, which surrounds you not only makes you cough, but also sneeze, wheeze, and pant; all the colds in the world seem to be holding a rendezvous in your head. You breathe like a whale caught between quicksands and the keel of a ship; and three persons speaking in the street, make a noise like the bel-lows of a forge that has a gap in the side."

"So much for the lungs," said the doctor, "and to-morrow, I, as all my brother physicians in London, shall have hundreds of patients to cure. As to surgeons, they will not be less needed, to mend the arms, legs, and broken heads of this dark day."

"You walk with the greatest precaution, groping your way along the walls, the grass, the windows—by all that you can grasp, and at length, by a misstep, fall into a cellar, upon the shoulders of a shopman who makes his dwelling there—happy if, at the moment, he holds the point of his awl in the air. But you fall still farther, head first into the subterranean shop of a charcoal man, throw down the mistress, and receive from the rude hand of her husband a reward which leaves you as black as his merchandise. You escape; alas! what will you do next?"

"You brace your limbs against the unyielding front of a milkman, and the contents overturned, make still more slippery the pavement beneath your feet. The angry man takes you by the collar; but, irritated by your misadventure, you trip up his heels, which sends him to the bottom of a subterranean kitchen, to break some dozens of dishes, or the head of the cook."

"To escape the consequences of this extraordinary, you run at hazard, and straight before you, to where the enormous panes of a gasman suddenly stops you. No violent is the shock that you run into the gutter, and the fat man into a shop, the door of which his feet have burst open."

"A new light to avoid a new settlement, you dash heaven, all soaked as you are, for not having fallen three steps further, where an unknown owner opens his gaping mouth, and which would have swallowed you, as it has some ten or fifteen since morning. But, as raising your eyes in heaven, which you see not, you place one foot in a heap of quick-lime, and the heat you feel in this foot warns you not to put the other there, you turn a certain angle, which seems to you the entrance to a court, where you can escape yourself a little, but you dash your head against a bucket suspended from the wall, and full of white-wash; the thick liquid inundates you and you behold yourself like a specter, wrapped in a winding sheet. Before you can ascertain where you are, you find yourself free to face with a clammy sweat, bearing a bag of gold, carefully tied, the contents of which overhead upon you; so that from one side you would be taken for an old chimney, and on the other for a female newly restored."

"Some charitable Samaritan, seeing you thus, brings you a dozen nothings and a pile of water, to cleanse yourself from all these blessings. This done, you appear again, and become prudent to express—hardly drop one foot before the other. You arrive, groping like a blind man, at the stall of a fishmonger, when all at once you utter a piercing cry, believing that one of your hands is caught in a vice. It is a great black and live lobster, who holds himself suspended from your fingers, as one shipwrecked clings to a plank. The fishmonger, seeing you flee, runs after you, crying, 'Robber! Happy for you that, in his flight, he touches his head in some rat placed at the gate of his neighbor, the grocer. The monster that tortures you, by being buried against the wall, leaves his hold, and you go on your way sighing, and uneasy as to what shall next befall you."

"Jostling and jostled, overthrowing and overthrowing, you know that the chances are equal—unless, sometimes, when the passing asthmatics his convulsion into your mouth, and you having forgotten yours, cannot resist. Unless, again, when taking a lady into a lighted shop for a turn in the street, you thrust your head through a window, which falls with a crash. It remains for you then only to withdraw your head as quietly as possible, and pursue your way as if nothing had happened. You are sure that the shop-keeper will seize by the collar the first person who comes after you, and lay at his door the broken glass. The man, though innocent, pays justly; for, after all, if you had not broken the window, he would."

"It is useless to mention the dozens of dogs, seeking their masters, who leap over your feet in their flight. As for your watch, you were hardly fifty steps from your hotel, before that was a hundred from your pocket, in the hands of a sharper as strong as Robert London."

"After to-day, quailings to travelers on the way, who reply to you by twenty others, suffering from cold and fatigue, you enter a hotel. But you know so better than an inhabitant of the moon, in what part of London you are. Installed in a parlor, dark and damp, a victim to melancholy, you question if one of those looks where your hat hangs, would sustain the weight of your body. You try, with a convulsive gesture, the strength of the bell rope."

"In order to escape such lugubrious ideas, you light a cigar, and compute the number of glasses necessary to drink, to throw you into sleep and forgetfulness. But, at the fifth glass, calling all your philosophy to your aid, you resolve to enter an omnibus, provided a conductor can be found bold enough to venture in the open street on such a day. After waiting at the door, and calling, instead of an omnibus, a dozen charcoal carts, the desired vehicle at length appears; you jump in, and plant yourself in a corner, without being recognized by your tailor, who is furnished with a bill of fifty crowns to your address. Where is the omnibus bound? It matters little to you; to be in a place of shelter, is all that you desire. But great is your anger, when the omnibus, after ten minutes' motion, stops at the end of its route. It has taken you from Bridge Court, and leaves you at Cross Keys, which is three miles from your quarter! You have lost twelve shillings, and have new dangers to run."

"To a native of London, this December fog is an ordinary thing. He illumines his shop at eight o'clock in the morning, without more ceremony than at eight in the evening. But to the stranger, there seems something horrible in a capital enveloped in an obscurity which is neither night nor day."

After this confession of the doctor, who gained thus his two guineas, the stranger had nothing better to do than to return to his bed, till the sun of to-morrow, or of some future day, should dissipate the gloom of the fog."

Speech of Zachariah Spicer.

Mr. President and Gentlemen—I rise to advocate the cause of the married man. And why should I not? I claim to know something about the institution, I do. Will any gentleman pretend to say that I do not? Let him accompany me home. Let me confront him with my wife and seventeen children and decide."

High as the Rocky Mountains tower above the Mississippi valley, does the character of the man tower above that of the bachelor. What is a bachelor? What was Adam before he got acquainted with Eve? What but a poor, shiftless, helpless, insignificant creature? No more to be compared with his after-self, than a dam to the great pouring cataract of Niagara. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, there was a time, I blush to say it, when I too was a bachelor; and a more miserable creature you would hardly expect to find. Every day I toiled hard; and at night I came home to my comfortable garret—no carpet, no fire, no nothing. Everything was in a clutter, and in the words of the poet,

Clutter was monarch of the cluttered floor.

Here lay a pair of pants, there a dirty pair of boots; there a play-bill, and here a pile of dirty clothes. What wonder that I took refuge at the gaming-table and bar-room. I often felt that never did gentlemen, and in a lucky moment I vowed to reform. Scarcely had the promise passed my lips, when a sudden knock was then heard at the door, and in came Susan Simpkins after my dirty clothes."

"Mr. Spicer," says she, "I've washed for you six months, and I haven't seen the first red cent in the way of payment. Now I'd like to know what you are going to do about it?"

I felt in my pocket-book. There was nothing in it, and I knew it very well.

"Miss Simpkins," said I, "it's no use denying it. I haven't got the power. I wish for your sake I had it."

"There," said she promptly, "I'll not wash another rag for you."

"Stop!" said I, "Susan, I will do what I can for you. Silver and gold I have now; but if my heart and hand will, they are at your service."

"Are you in earnest?" says she, looking a little suspicious.

"Never more so," says I.

"Then," says she, "as there seems to be prospect of getting my pay any other way, I guess I'll take up with your offer."

Enough said. We were married in a week; and what's more, we haven't repented it. No more antics for me gentlemen. I live in a good home and have somebody to mend my clothes."

When I was a poor miserable bachelor, gentlemen, I used to be as thin as a wren. Now I am as plump as a pork."

In conclusion, gentlemen, if you want to be a poor ragged devil, without a coat to your back, or a shoe to your foot; if you want to grow old before your time, and as uncomfortable, generally, as a hedge-hog rolled up the wrong way; if I advise you to remain a bachelor, but if you want to live decently and respectably, get married."

I have got ten daughters, gentlemen, (overpowering applause,) and you may have your pick."

Mr. Spicer sat down amid long continued plaudits. The general proposal with which he concluded, secured him with five songs—

Not long since, an eastern man, while on his way to Boston, was stopped on the highway by a robber, and requested to hand over his money or to have his brains blown out."

"O!" said the traveler blithely, "blow away, blow away! It's better to go to Boston without brains than without money."

A writer in the Home Journal says of Mrs. Bolestein (nee Julia Norton): "She is an angel in a church choir, especially if you can see her halcyon expression of eyes while she sings."

Know-Nothing Test. An individual who first cried in the land of knout and pipes, after having indulged in larger beer until he became patriotic, declared himself an American, and in favor of the principles of Know-Nothing, and expressed great anxiety to become a member. It was not long before a gentleman, who fancies upon fun, was pointed out as a Know Nothing. Fritz made his wishes known to the supposed Know Nothing, who is never at a loss when the table is to be "set on a roar," informed the applicant that there was a test which was necessary before the ceremony could be performed.

"What is it?" inquired Miss Herr Fritz.

"Sir," says Mr. Know Nothing, "we have in an adjoining room, the proud representative of Liberty—the American Eagle. He despises a foreigner, particularly if he be false hearted, and an enemy to Republicanism; we will take you to where he is, and if you can make friends with him, you are a fit person to become one of us."

"O, yes, that is good!" answered the would-be Know Nothing.

Now, it so "turns up," that the master of ceremonies was duly prepared with an eagle, recently brought in from the plains, and the property of Messrs. McGraw & Resides, and the joy of "shining morning faces," much to the annoyance of exacting school teachers—which annoyance, in all probability, has found expression in a certain definite tickling process the young ladies have been subjected to.

But to cut the story short, Know Nothing was suspicious; Fritz was confident, called for "der" eagle, and was introduced.

Foreigner approached—"Liberty" looked askant, but did not move; Foreigner grew more bold, and sticking his face up to the "bird," declared his loyalty. Liberty gave an angry squall, and caught the intruder by the nose, at the same time making a few "stars and stripes," upon his already rubicund face.

By unanimous consent, Fritz was not initiated, himself voting in the negative.

[Independence (Mr.) Dispatch.]

A Dane or Two. Every man who lives in a house, especially if the house be his own, should tell all the various parts of it once in two or three months. The house will last much longer, and will be much more quiet to live in. Old the locks, bolts and hinges of the stout door, and it will shut gently, with luxurious ease, and with the use of a small amount of force. A neglected lock requires great violence to cause it to shut, and with so much violence that the whole house, its doors, its windows, its very floors and joists, are much shaken, and in time they get out of repair in all sorts of ways, to say nothing of the dust that is whirled every time the place is so shaken. The incessant banging doors, scraping of locks, creaking and screaming of hinges is a great discomfort. Even the bell-venor cracks should sometimes be oiled, and they will not cost more certainly and with such gentle force that there will be little danger of breaking any part of them. The castors of the tables and chairs should be sometimes oiled, and they will move with such gentle impetus and so quietly that a sleeping child or old man is not awakened.

A well oiled door lock opens and shuts with hardly a whisper. Three penny worth of oil used in a large house, once a year, will save many shillings in locks and other materials, and in the end will save many pounds in even the substantial repairs of a house, and an old wife living and sleeping in quiet repose will enjoy many more years of even temper and active usefulness. Housekeepers, pray do not forget the oil. A stick in time saves nine, and a drop in time saves pounds.—Builder.

Historic Boston. We once knew a beggar who had a house, his own property, and supported two families by his profession; and two others who were money lenders, and in such the three prospered on a prosperous business. All these three persons were blind, and took up begging as a way of gaining their livelihood, just as others do by weaving, carpentering, or any other trade. They were looked on by all their neighbors as most respectable members of society, and some of the feelings we associate with the idea of pauper entered their minds. A Brahmin, who begs is considered a much more respectable character than one that keeps a shop or holds a plough. [Travels in Hindostan.]

That's So. A New York journal is of the opinion that there are other facts besides those who live on the fifth avenue. Listen to it:

"Think not, laborer, extravagance is confined to the Jews, siles, and sailors, of the rich alone. When a target company of fifteen or twenty working men waste their money on a band of minstrelsy or thirty strong, to parade the streets, that is extravagance. When one day in the week is fooled away, and only five are made work days, that is extravagance. It was the very height of extravagance for a poor man, in prosperous times, to be spending all his means—thus means which, if possible, should have been saved for such a day as this. Thus, it is not the fault alone of the rich, but of the poor, too, that we are now as we are. There is a good deal of truth in these remarks. They may be unpalatable, but they are founded on facts."

Old chattering awakes in the morning, flaps his wings, and vellebrates at the top of his voice, "Women rule here!"

Immediately, from a neighboring roost, answers, "No, no, no! It's better to go to Boston without brains than without money."

A country newspaper speaking of the blind wood-sawyer, says, "although he can't see he can saw."

Joint Standing Committees.
On Wednesday of last week, the Joint Standing Committees were announced, and are as follows:

On Judiciary—Wells, Goodwin and Dowsell of the Senate; Ingersoll of Bangor, Tinsley of Augusta, Chase of Portland, Stone of Kennebunkport, Leavitt of Skowhegan, Swift of Fairfield, Andrews of Biddeford and the House.

On Mercantile Affairs and Insurance—Thurston, Newell, Blake and Goodwin, of the Senate; Hobart of Ellsworth, Leavitt of Portland, Bradbury of Standish, Nickerson of Belfast, Rawson of Waldoboro, Woodbury of Houlton, Combs of Brooksville, of the House.

On Education—Torrey, Boddy and Hichborn, of the Senate; Fenn of Augusta, Nickerson of Belfast, Haskell of Houlton, Osgood of New Gloucester, Seamon of Saco, Sweet of Waterville, Joselyn of Phillips, of the House.

On Banks and Banking—Eaton, Downes and Quimby, of the Senate; Lincoln of Hallowell, Burpee of Rockland, Tinsley of Augusta, Thomas of Portland, Bradbury of Standish, Porter of Strong, Chapin of Brewer of the House.

On Incorporation of Towns—First, Shepard and Sprague, of the Senate; Norris of Monmouth, Elliot of Freedom, Cutler of Ripley, Hight of Auburn, Stanton of Wellsington, Whitcomb of Mercer, Payson of Friendship, Bore of Waterville, of the House.

On Division of Towns—Denett, Thurston and Blake of Arundel, of the Senate; Hall of Alfred, Charles of Fryburg, Austin of Newcastle, Bacon of Freeport, Nason of Kennebunk, Richards of Elder, Hild of Anson, of the House.

On Division of Counties—Hitchborn, Sprague and Elliot, of the Senate; Walker of Hampden, Woodman of Minot, Cushing of Frankfort, Hanson of Waterville, Rawson of Kennebunk, Nichols of Monro, Blanchard of Cumberland, of the House.

On State Lands and State Roads—Nathaniel Blake, Walker and Ruggles, of the Senate; Hill of Bangor, Cummings of Eastport, Smith of Matamoras, Stevens of Paris, Paine of Fort Fairfield, Porter of Strong, Phillips of Shirley, of the House.

On Indian Affairs—Blake of Penobscot, Downes and Adams, of the Senate; Gosselin of Eastport, Blake of Orono, Winslow of Nuborough, Stoddard of Hallowell, Benson of Lagrange, Haines of Clinton, Miller of Lincolnville, of the House.

On Agriculture—Pense, Barker and Watson, of the Senate; Porter of Strong, Kennedy of Jefferson, Hutchinson of Penobscot, Brown of Chatham, Baker of Guilford, Rogers of Strout, Combs of Edgemoor, of the House.

On Fisheries—Cushman, Barker and Watson, of the Senate; Stoddard of Hallowell, Turner of Cutler, Combs of Brooksville, Greenleaf of Westbrook, Chase of York, Hallowell of Georgetown, James of Hallowell, of the House.

On Manufactures—Scammon, Turner and Cushing, of the Senate; Carr of Dexter, Leavitt of Portland, Bachelier of Whiteville, Clark of Pittsford, Barker of Ellsworth, Farish of Brunswick, Austin of Newcastle, of the House.

On Railroads and Bridges—Ruggles, Wilkins, Greenleaf, of the Senate; Smith of Matamoras, Hill of Bangor, Lincoln of Hallowell, Thomas of Portland, Small of Gray, Chase of Calais, Park of Dixfield, of the House.

On Internal Waters—Downes, Crehore, and Adams, of the Senate; Berry of Gardiner, Lobb of Westbrook, Jones of China, Fox of Andover, McGilvery of Saco, Chase of Calais, Mayo of Orono, of the House.

On Accounts—Watson, Denett, Gerrier of the Senate; Buck of Bangor, Wallace of Milbridge, Piles of Thomdike, Leighton of Ellsworth, Stevens of Springfield, Gilman of Hallowell, Pike of Topshfield, of the House.

On Claims—Cushing, Carrier, Shepard, of the Senate; Woodbury of Houlton, Dore of Oxford, Hobbs of Hope, Walker of Hampden, Patterson of Dresden, Merrill of Buxton, Pease of Whiting, of the House.

On Military—Adams, Walker, Turner, of the Senate; Ingersoll of Bangor, Mayo of Orono, Woodman of Minot, Hall of Alfred, Watson of Franklin, Gerrier of Durham, Cushman of Winthrop, of the House.

On Military Pensions—Elliot, Paine, of the Senate; Paine of Andover, Gilman of Ellsworth, Killings of Berwick, Pillsbury of Cape Elizabeth, Patterson of Dresden, Smith of Bergrade, Blawie of Bridgton, of the House.

On Insane Hospital—Downes, Pense, Garrison of the Senate; Oakes of Auburn, Sargent of Waterville, Pate of Fort Fairfield, Blanchard of Cumberland, Johnson of Herman, Jones of China, Cushman of Winthrop, of the House.

On Reform School—Garrison, Newell, Blake, Downes, of the Senate; Hill of Bangor, Chase of Portland, Lobb of Westbrook, Lincoln of Bath, Seamon of Saco, Herald of Troy, Turner of Cutler, of the House.

On State Prison—Quimby, Eaton, Ruggles of the Senate; Burpee of Rockland, Hobart of Ellsworth, Buck of Bucksport, Hain of Lewiston, Merrill of Vassalboro, Means of Saco, O'Brien of Thomdike, of the House.

On Public Buildings—Barker, Crehore, Sprague, of the Senate; McKenney of Waterville, Brown of Bridgton, Cushman of Winthrop, Farish of Brunswick, Hallowell of Hallowell, Hild of Galloway, Piles of Thomdike, of the House.

On Library—Dunnell, Boddy, Torrey, of the Senate; Stone of Kennebunkport, Fenn of Augusta, Osgood of New Gloucester, Stevens of Paris, Cole of Harrington, Garland of East Livermore, Doble of Ems, of the House.

On Penitentiary—What is supposed to have been a general conspiracy among the prisoners in the Penitentiary at Blackwell's Island, N. Y., was discovered a few days since. Nearly one hundred were found armed with knives, all sharp pointed, and made from every old piece of iron available for the purpose, as table knives, pieces of hoops, nails, spikes, &c.

NEWSPAPER BLANKETS. The Kennebec Journal says that a large newspaper stood over the body, or enclosed between two sheets, by covering the heat, so that all the papers of the week.

The Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, ME., JANUARY 19, 1854.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY
NOAB PRINCE.

THOMAS H. BROWN, Editor.

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Book and Job Printing
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED

The Message.—Sentiment of the Press.

The Message of Governor Morrill speaks for itself; yet, nevertheless, we would have our readers know what is said of it in and out from various sources. The expression of approbation coming from every independent press in the State, plainly indicates how it is received. We give various extracts:

"The Message is brief but comprehensive and soundly democratic. It is written in a temperate, common sense style, and contains sentiments which will find a cordial response in the heart of every good citizen. All are pleased with its tone and doctrines."

[Bangor Jeffersonian.]

"Taken as a whole, this is an excellent message. Governor Morrill talks like a sensible, patriotic man, as we believe him to be. He addresses himself in this message to the business before him, and is satisfied to attend to that. Many people, some who consider themselves friends of the present administration, were expecting the Governor to lay out in his message the basis on which a party could be built up in the State, and the power of the friends of the present order of things perpetuated. But there is no allusion to a matter which, such as this, would be at any time out of place and unbecoming in a State paper. We take Governor Morrill and his sensible friends to be men too wise to be counselling as to how they may, by any thrifty division of the spoils of office, get popular support to themselves. They know that the best way to win popular support is to deserve it. The people of this State, never entirely asleep, have learned to take the measure of those men, merely afraid, who have undertaken to manage the government of the State for personal and private ends, and, politically speaking, they have generally taken the measure of them for their coffins. Build up a party! How? By managing and scheming and studying as to the division of offices, giving this man this important place in consideration of his important political influence, and that man a second rate place to purchase his second rate influence. Out upon such efforts and exploded folly! The politicians can rule Maine no longer. They may, to be sure, be the dominant party, provided they are aggressive enough to find which way the people are going, and hold enough to throw themselves into the current in time. But the politicians who shrewd schemes can no longer rule in Maine, and any political man may be sure that he cannot by taking about thought add one cubit to his political stature. Let him be wise and he shall be accounted wise and have the reward of wisdom. It is of no use to run after popularity. Do right and popularity will follow."

It is fortunate that it is with such a man as Governor Morrill that it is left to decide whether he will be "master of a fiction," or the Governor of the State. He can set himself to the duty of being a wise ruler, or to the business of "appeasing murmurers." Nobody who knows the man will doubt which course he will take. He will "build up a party," not by nice discrimination between the claims of the rival candidates for the place of union inspector or cleaner of the State markets, but by laying, by wise and enlarged views of the duties of administration, the broad and deep foundations of the public approval, doing right because right is right, and regardless of the quaking of the lame ducks of the political pond. Fortunately and emphatically, at this time, and under the circumstances by which the executive finds himself surrounded, it is permitted the incumbent to be wise. A weak man would feel himself called upon to be adroit, and he would fail. [Bangor Mercury.]

"The Message speaks for itself. Plain, direct, prudent and bold, well thought and ably written, it will be read by the people with unprecedented satisfaction. A sounder, manlier message they never read. Its suggestions on the great interests of the State are wise, its position on temperance bold and just; and on the subject of federal liberty it rests on the rock of eternal right and the clearest provisions of the Constitution. No man of brains will attempt to attack it, while it inspires the State with its manly spirit, and points a dishonored nation to the star of deliverance. Read it, study it, and go to work with a grateful determination to see it carried out." [Portland Inquirer.]

"We present our readers to-day with Governor Morrill's Message, which he communicated to the two branches of the Legislature on Saturday last. It is a plain, straight forward, business like document, one that every man can understand, and one that defines the Governor's position clearly and definitely."

We are particularly pleased with his remarks in regard to the agricultural interests of the State. We believe the time has come as he says, when it is necessary that our Legislature should come forward and do what has so frequently been urged upon them to do—establish a farm or institution for the trial of such experiments as reason may dictate, in order to establish facts and elicit information in regard to doubtful points relating to the several branches of field culture—fruit culture—improvement of the different varieties of farm stock, and practical trial of new implements of agriculture."

The introduction of the elementary principles of agriculture into the schools of our

common schools where the pupils or their parents may desire it is also recommended. These are important suggestions, and we hope and trust that the present Legislature will act upon them in such a manner as will convince the farmers of Maine that they are willing to establish an institution for practical experiment, and to give those who superintend common schools authority in certain cases to present agricultural text-books to be used by pupils therein. [Maine Farmer.]

OLD FUSION EXPRESSION OF THE PRESS.

This is found in the straight out National Democratic Press; 2d, in the straight out Whig Press; and 3d, in the Abolition straight out National "fanatic" Press; and consists of a general conglomeration of all these. Some of them have a wonderful coincidence of opinion. For instance the Argus and State of Maine say that certain expressions of the Governor sound strangely familiar to Portland ears. One of them says the Governor is in fault about one thing—another, another. One says he has omitted much that ought to have been said; and said much that ought to have been omitted. One complains of his logic—another of his recommendations—one ridicules this, another that. In fact they are on the whole shockingly dissatisfied.

We were prepared for all this. We expected it. We knew that these "acclamations" know nothing, who had grown gray in the government harness, who had held of all their lives; and who were determined to secure office in the hands of their posterity all their lives, would raise a general growl at the election of Governor Morrill, and the principles and measures he would advocate. This was natural; for his success was their defeat. But much as we expected of abuse, misrepresentation, denunciation and fault finding, from these sources, we did not expect scurrility, vindictiveness and vilification; yet we have got them all. Very well, abuse of Mr. Morrill is those of the people. They will make such use of it as they deem best.

From the following paragraphs taken from the leading old Fusion organs our readers may see something of the temper, logic, sentiment, sense, nonsense and scurrility of the fusionists, pledge-breaking, straight out Whig and Democratic, sectional Nationality, or old Fusionism:

"We have not room or time to extend our comments to-day. We shall do so more fully at another time. In our estimation, the Message will not add to Governor Morrill's reputation. It lacks the fulsome and pompous style which marked all the productions of his immediate predecessor, Governor Crosby, and has nothing of that elevated, lofty, mainly sentiment, and statesmanlike character, that distinguished the Messages of Governor Hubbard, and Gov. Lincoln."

"Farmers cannot overcome impossibilities, and are compelled therefore, by the difficulty of procuring men, to limit their operations as much as possible to the wants of their own families, and are compelled to do it in the face of most tempting prices, for all their produce."

Now, how does the Governor propose to aid the farmer in getting his labor? Why, as Grand Sachem of the Know Nothings, he would excite the prejudices of our people against foreigners, and persuade them to exclude all such from employment. He would blindly keep from us just the thing we most need—foreign labor; not that foreign labor is preferable to native, but that it can be obtained, while the latter is entirely out of the question. The rapidly increasing demand of our country, for just such vigorous, intelligent, capable, faithful young men, as are reared in Maine, will as constantly draw them from us, as it has heretofore done, and is now doing."

On the whole, the Message is creditable neither to the head, the heart, nor the good taste of the writer. It is far below what we had a right to expect of him; and decidedly the weakest State paper that has ever emanated from a Chief Magistrate of Maine."

"Gov. Morrill's Message was delivered to the Legislature on Saturday, and will be found in another part of this paper. The fusion papers have delivered, piece-meal, just such messages the year past, but it seems that they neglected to secure a copyright, and now another has availed himself of their original ideas and masterly labors."

[Bangor Democrat.]

"We repeat, the message is an admirable and an adroit one. Mr. Morrill on such a great fusion pie, as to give to each man a piece. He is as cunning as a fox, as smooth as a courtesan, and as adroit as a slack-rope dancer. He has a good word for all; and he is just the man for all. He is the Prince of Humbugs and the Champion of Emptiness and Mountebanks. After making his official bow he shakes hands with the people—congratulates the fusionists on their success, talks to the people about the weather, about their farms, their shipyards, lumbering operations, railway projects—saying that crops haven't been more abundant, that shipbuilding and freights have become somewhat depressed, that the scarcity of rain the past season has prevented the lumbermen from getting his logs to market, tells the farmers they ought to raise more, and the State it ought to export more and import less—and then the message discards all compliments, and proceeds directly to business." [Age.]

The Age says that the Governor, like a hen, has attempted to spread himself so as to cover all the ists. And that journal says, has succeeded. This reminds us of the statement of a farmer, who said he had a hen that set on 18 eggs, and hatched them all out; and what was more, "they all lived." That was much better than the position of the Age, which seems to be spreading itself just now, so as to cover one egg, already added from the effects of desperate clutching."

On the whole, we say of the Message, regardless of the disparaging criticisms, found in various Whig and pro slavery organs, which claim all the patriotism, that it is an honest expression of sentiment and opinion concerning the measures and principles now under consideration in the State and nation. It possesses backbone, substance, ability, point and firmness. It omits nothing essential to the public interests. It avoids nothing from a sense of timidity or time-serving non-committalism. It is a frank expression of the sentiments of the author; and every

man who reads it will be convinced that its policy and suggestions are not the result of dictation from friend or foe. It is the spontaneous outpouring of conviction; and not the studied lubrication of the partizan and politician. It therefore possesses a freshness, a vigor, a purity, and a force, contrasting strongly with some similar documents."

Had Gov. Morrill been disposed to play the courier, and give to the world a message as a Chesterfield, polished with rhetoric, destitute of sense, and pleasing to liberal and sectional slavery nationalities, he could easily have consulted any of these fault-finders—these forty-years-in-office fusionists—and produced a message precisely to their liking. But he sought in the construction of this document, neither their praise or censure; and the tone of it proves that he was indifferent to both. To do right, to utter the sentiments of truth and justice was his only aim. The incorruptible people like the Message for its manliness and independence, and they hail its recommendations with joy, notwithstanding the cry of "sour grapes," from mimicked and doomed sectional nationality."

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE ADJUTANT GENERAL of the State of Maine, for 1853, by Albert Tracy.

A well organized militia is among the necessary requirements of the Constitution of the United States. When such a militia will ever be found in Maine unless it be found now, according to the Report of the Adjutant, it is impossible to predict.

"The militia" is an old theme, and all concerned will please excuse us, if we do not, under present circumstances, give our readers the entire report of Gen. Tracy, or even if we do not give it an elaborate and critical review. But as this volume now lies before us, containing some thirty-five pages—awaiting the lower of notice, it cannot be dismissed without some remarks, extracts or suggestions."

The preface is an eloquent appeal to the people to carry out the intentions of the Constitution and not permit the laws of gait, sword, belt and bayonet to fall into "disrepute."

The body of the work is devoted to an abstract of the returns of Volunteers, and the encouraging evidences of interest in this department. It refers to Rifemen in Watford—Artillery in Paris—Rifemen in Camden—Light Infantry in Bangor and Ellsworth, &c. There are 8 Major Generals, 2 Brigadier Generals, 1 Adjutant General, 18 aides-de-camp, 91 Non-coms, 48 Captains, 2017 privates—total 2017.

Under the head of expenditures we were utterly astonished at the following economical judicious, and statesman-like paragraph:

"A gun-house, with its site, the town of Gardiner, remaining unused, was, under authority of the resolution of 1850, disposed of for \$20.00. The expenses of sale, looking up title, making out deed, &c., were \$65.00—net proceeds being turned into the treasury of the State."

Considering the former prices, paid by the State for services connected with the sale of this kind of military property, it is presumable that the Adjutant General has made a serious mistake, so that such services are very differently estimated. Only \$65.00 for looking title, selling and making out a deed of a non-combatant, the proceeds of a single sale, turned over to the Treasury, \$33.50!

In passing we discover the following suggestion:

"A tax of commutation, of one dime per annum, upon even uneducated, able-bodied citizens, of an age for duty, and not a member of the fire department, to be assessed and collected after the manner of the ordinary poll-tax, would create a fund going very far to lighten the burdens of our volunteers, and place them upon a footing of comparative pecuniary independence. I would have this fund also distributed annually pro rata, to each corps and member thereof, according to duty performed upon the days prescribed by law."

This little commutation tax on the able-bodied who are not disposed to do the military will not only secure the "independence" of those who do; but it will most likely afford an opportunity for a little wholesome depletion which they will not be likely to find in any other quarter."

We will close this brief review with the following extract—*Imperially* but eloquent.

"The company of Grattan Guards, Captain Byrnes, organized recently at Bangor, within the division of Gen. Cushman, stand as entitled to the most favorable naming, as full of earnestness and energy. They furnish evidence that our adopted citizens are at all times, in peace as well as war, at the service of the government under which they reside. And again, the company of Light Infantry at Rockland, Captain Berry, should not be forgotten."

This last piece of choice American literature casts our own native citizens into the shade. We can but hope that our own native countrymen will so conduct themselves hereafter as to be entitled to a compliment at least, one half as economical as that of our adopted Irish population and volunteers."

On the whole, this annual is what it is—a large document—filled with eloquent allusions—historical statistics—sales of Gun Houses—Military and individual economies—and other important peaceful and warlike demonstrations. By it we should judge the militia was increasing in numbers, officers and notoriety. The "prudent General," is discovered in every line of it."

"THE UNION," a new paper by Col. Abbott, of "Archangel and Perdition" memory, has come to hand. It is published at Lewiston, and is intended to take the wind out of the Advocate. The administration is in its keeping, and it is bound to advocate all its measures. Friend Hallett of Boston, is most happy to find one such paper in "such good hands." Well, now "The Union" is started it must be saved; and the Col. is just the man to furnish one kind of safety."

DEATH OF REV. C. B. DAVIS. Rev. Mr. Davis, for fifteen years pastor of the Baptist in this town, died at Portland on Friday last, aged 47. A funeral sermon, in commemoration of his death, will be preached next Sabbath afternoon, by Rev. Dr. Wilson.

It is reported that Mr. Mayall is about to introduce a Bill into Congress, similar to the Maine Law, for the benefit of the citizens of Washington, D. C.

Humanity in the city.

By the Rev. E. H. Chapin. New York, De Witt and Davenport.

He, who upholds virtue and denounces vice with emphasis and eloquence, at the present day, is not always so fortunate as to secure popularity. Glorified halos of intemperance—splendid saloons of gambling—and various other forms of painted iniquity find votaries, in many instances, which a public man of talents is unwilling to encounter. But it was so with the Rev. E. H. Chapin—the author of "Humanity in the city;" and the philanthropic advocate of the Universalist faith in New York city. He does not hesitate, in the work before us, to attack all the common forms of vice, found in city life, and hold them up to the public gaze. Mr. Chapin is a man of genius; and possesses, in a remarkable degree, the power to clothe the most common topics with new, rich and varied trappings."

We give the following extracts as specimens of his style, language, reasoning and sentiments. Under this head of "Symbols of the Republic," we find our first selection as follows:

"In the first place, it is essential that every citizen of the republic should recognize his own manhood; the sacredness of his own personality; and should recognize this especially in relation to his duties, which are inextricably involved with his rights. For here it is true in a special sense, that the mass is but an aggregate of personalities—that public sin is but the projection of your sin and mine. A man will often say that he is responsible to his country, and responsible for his constituents; but upon no claim, by no sophistry, should he suffer himself to forget that he is also responsible to his God. He does forget this, when he acts for political interests, and as one of a party, as he never would act in his private affairs. And does he suppose that there is a corporate vice, or virtue, differing from his private vice or virtue, as a gentleman's purse differs from the public fund? There is no such distinction in moral qualities. It is your own coin that helps swell the amount; it bears your stamp, and you are responsible for the product. If the party lies, then you are guilty of falsehood. If the party is as very likely—does a mean thing, then you do it. It is surely so, so far as you are one of the party, and go with it in its action. God does not take account of parties; party names are not known in that court of judgment; but your name and mine are on the books there. There is no such thing—and this is true, perhaps, in more senses than one—there is no such as a party conscience. It is an individual conscience that is implicated. Party! Party! Ah! my friends, here is the influence which, it is to be feared, balks and falsifies many of these glorious symbols. They take up round musty epithets. They men up issues which have no more relation to the deep, vital, throbbing interest of the time, than they have to the fashions of our grandfathers. They parade high-sounding principles to cover selfish ends; interpret the Constitution by a doctrine of loves and hates; while individual independence and private conviction are whirled away in the political maelstrom, and the party badge is revered and hugged as the African reverence and hugs his fetish. And surely it is a case for congratulation, when some great, exciting question breaks out and jars these conventional idols, and so sweeps and shatters these party organizations and turns them topsy-turvy; that a man is shaken out of his harness, does not know exactly what a party has done for him, and begins to feel that he has a soul of his own. I am not denying the use and the necessity of parties as instruments, but protest against them as ends, especially when principle is smothered under their platforms, and they absorb the moral personality of a man."

In the Chapter entitled Allies of the Tempter, we find the following:

"When I look around at the prevalent vices of the city, then, and at its various forms of corruption, I am not willing to rest with the mere assertion, that all this is the fruit of personal sin and fully on the part of those who have yielded to temptation. It is the fruit of personal sin and folly. And we, perhaps, in our serene responsibilities, shrink back and wonder at it. It is strange—is it not—that the young, the fair, the gifted, should yield themselves to that arch-deceiver which has allured and ruined men for six thousand years? Is it not the same old guilt, the same sophistry and foolishness, here in New York, that it was here in the hall of Nineveh and Babylon, and long Caesars and Alexanders to the ground? Did it not wear the same seductive smile and harlot tinsel when it walked the streets of Tyre, and reclined in the decorated chambers of Egypt? And will it not its rogueries find now, as then, that it entices with the embrace of death and the fascination of hell? Why should they thus float upon the very rim of this great whirlpool, and not notice the groans that come up from its depths; and see that its phosphoric illusion is mixed with fiery flakes of torment and the form of despair? It is indeed wonderful that so many should be thus deluded over and over again; so many noble energies thrown away, so many sanctities trampled upon, so many bright hopes quenched for ever. It is wonderful that any being made in the form of man, should cast down his prerogatives and wallow like the beast."

"I observe, then, in the first place, that the Tempter has one Ally in Public Spectation. There are sources of vice and crime that are permitted and encouraged by Law. I hardly need specify the prominent instance to which I allude. But I am not aware of a more enormous public inconsistency than what is termed 'the License System'—the system of permitting the sale of intoxicating drinks in a degree, and of restricting them in a degree. For, by this method, either a license is committed, or else a civil one."

If these drinks are an individual and public injury; if they distribute the seeds of disease, crime, death, and every form of social misery; then what right have we in any respect to set upon them the solemn sanction of a Law? If on the other hand, they are a benefit to mankind; a good gift of Providence to some men to think; why should we hamper their circulation? Why should we allow one man the privilege of distributing such a blessing, and forbid another, who, no doubt, is equally zealous for the public good?

But this very system is a confession by public opinion, in its most authentic form of expression, that the sale of intoxicating drinks is an evil. "Only" we are told, "as it is a prevalent and deep-seated evil, it must be regulated. But how can we regulate an irregularity? How can you regulate an obstruction that is involved with the springs of a machine, or the works of a clock? The only possible method obvious to common sense, would be to remove the obstruction; and it would be thought the most foolish speculation conceivable for one to spend his ingenuity in contriving some way to keep the obstruction where it is, and yet to keep the clock going as it ought. If it moved regularly, the matter referred to would not be an obstruction; and if it did not, the contrivance to keep it there would be a help to the obstruction. Now, I consider this great vice of Intemperance a decided obstruction in the clock-work of an individual man, or the more general mechanism of society. It transforms a great many faces into bad dial-plates, disturbs the pendulum of public order, makes people go much too fast, and renders them liable to strike at all times. Now, if a man, or a community, can be made to go just as well with it as without it, we certainly need no legislation, for there is no obstruction. On the other hand, if it is essentially an irregularity, the only rational method is to get rid of its accessories altogether. To enact some way in which the irregularity shall work, is to confirm and sanction the irregularity. And the license-system—for I wish to be plain and specific here—confirms and sanctions the agents of intemperance. It indicates a way in which the irregularity may work."

And not only is vice thus aided by the Law. The existence of such a sanction engenders either an error or a moral wrong. For it indicates that the sale of intoxicating drinks is a public benefit, which is false; or, on the other hand, that it is lawful to uphold an evil. The same principle carried out by individuals, would excuse almost any fault. The man who steals a loaf of bread may contend that it is a necessary expedient; and who fills an empty purse at his neighbor's expense, only endeavors to regulate an irregularity."

But suppose we make the system a strict one, what process should be employed? Probably you would say—"break up all these filthy and low haunts; and all these places where the habitually intemperate, the degraded, the wretchedly poor congregate; and let these beverages be sold only in respectable places and to respectable people." But is this really the best plan? On the contrary, it seems quite reasonable to maintain that it is better to sell to the intemperate than to the sober—to the degraded than to the respectable—for the same reason that it is better to burn up an old bulk than to set fire to a new and splendid ship. I think it were to put the first glass to a young man's lips, than to crown with madness an old drunkard's life-long abstinence—worse to make the fierce appetite in the depth of a generous and promising nature, than to take the carion of a man, a mere shell of imbecility, and sink it in a fresh delirium. Therefore, if I were going to say where the License should be granted in order to show its efficacy, I would say—take the worst sinks of intemperance in the city, give them the sanction of the Law, and let them run to overflowing. But shut the pilled apartments where youth takes its first draught, and respectability just begins to falter from its level. Close the simple doors through which enter the long train of those who stumble to destruction and reel into quick graves, and let the flood overwhelm only the maimed and battered conscripts that remain."

Besides, it is better to see vice as it really is, than as it sometimes appears. The danger of intemperance is when it assumes this very garb of respectability, and sits in the radiant circle of fashion attended by wit and beauty, and social delight. Let us see the Tempter, not as he seems when he throws out his earliest lures, in festive garments and with roses around his brow; but as he looks when fairly engaged in his work, showing his genuine expression."

Let us see this vice of intemperance in its results, as they seem and darken here in the midst of our city life. Lay bare its channel—let us see to its very depths—where it flows over the wrecks of human happiness, and over dead men's bones. Lay bare its festering heaps of disease, its madness, its despair, its domestic desolation, its reckless sweep over all order and sanctity; and thus, tracing it from its sources under glittering chandeliers and in fountains of crystal, we shall be able to say—"this is the real element which exists and does its work, by public connivance and with the sanction of Law."

If you ask me then, whether I think that a statute of absolute prohibition would stop this flowing curve, I reply that at least it would put the influence of authority on the right side. It would lend it the force of consistent endeavor. As it is, it would be far better if the public sanction had no expression; for now it only confirms and guarantees the evil. Its power is exerted not in the right, but in the wrong direction. It is an ally of the tempter. For the spirit of everlasting justice and benevolence, speaking as it were by the mouth of Jesus, says—"He that is not with me is against me."

The Maine Temperance Journal commences a new volume with a new dress and new head; making a very neat appearance. Mr. Geo. F. Ayer has become one of the publishers.

Hon. Moses Norris, Jr., U. S. Senator from New Hampshire, died at Washington, on the 11th. Remarks appropriate to the occasion were made in each house, on the next day, and a committee appointed to accompany his remains to New Hampshire.

EARTHQUAKE. A report came to this city last evening, to the effect that the shock of an earthquake was felt yesterday in Gorham, N. H., and also at Bethel, on the line of the Grand Trunk. The report says, in detail, that it shook windows, and set crockery rattling. [Portland Adv., 17th.]

Several persons in this town noticed a slight shaking in the houses in this vicinity, on Tuesday evening, in one case throwing open a door. It must have been the same mentioned above.

MAINE LEGISLATURE.

THURSDAY JAN. 11.

SENATE. Mr. Willis presented the petition of the mayor and citizens of Portland, calling attention to the Paris Exhibition of 1855. After making some comments upon the subject, on his motion it was referred to committee on mercantile affairs.

On motion of Mr. Torrey a message was sent to the House proposing a convention for election of State Treasurer.

House concurred, when on motion of Mr. Blake a convention was proposed for filling vacancy in Council.

Resolve authorizing a loan on the part of the State passed to be engrossed.

HOUSE. Committee on elections reported leave to withdraw on petition of J. Murphy against the right of Alden Kennedy to a seat in the House.

Mr. Hill moved to recommit, which motion after some explanation prevailed.

In Convention, the committee appointed to count the votes for Treasurer reported as follows:

Whole number of votes,	166
Woodbury Davis of Belfast had,	122
James L. Child,	43
Joseph A. Sanborn,	1

In Convention for choice of Comptroller, the committee appointed to count the votes reported as follows:

Whole number of votes,	157
Henry Richardson had,	119
William Jameson,	38

Mr. Small of Gray laid on the table a bill to regulate the sale of Oats, which was referred to committee on Agriculture.

Mr. Thomas reported a resolve authorizing a loan in behalf of the State to pay liabilities maturing March 7th, next.

The petitions of inhabitants of Fryburg Academy Grant to be annexed to Glyde, in aid of Oxford Central Railroad; of Free Will Baptist Convention for incorporation, and for endowment of Maine State Seminary were presented and referred.

DRY GOODS,
CHEAP FOR CASH!
J. R. Corey & Co.,
121 Middle & 8 Temple Streets,
PORTLAND.
HAVE CONSTANTLY ON HAND A

DESIRABLE GOODS,
PURCHASED ENTIRELY FOR CASH,
AND WILL BE SOLD CHEAP!
Black and Colored Silks.
In Figures, Plaids, Glace, Stripes, and Checks.
Satin De Chino, East India, India, &c.

Thibets, extra quality, all shades; Cashmeres,
Lyonesse; Alpaccas; Satin Orleans; Madon-
nas; DeBoges; Plain DeLaines, all wool.

**Figured DeLaines, and Cashmeres,
CASHMERE & GALA PLAIDS.**

SHAWLS, SHAWLS.

Colored and Black THIBET SHAWLS, with
Silk Fringes.

Black and Plaid SILK SHAWLS.
Bay State, Waterloo, and Long and Square Scotch
Shawls.
Wide Black Silk Velvets, for Shawls and Capes;
Cotton do., with Silk Finish.

PILLOW COVERS.
Rich Cloth and Embroid.
TABLE COVERS, rich cloth and embroidered; Rat-
tin Damask Table Covers.

DAMASKS, for the yard, all widths; Damask Nap-
kins, Doilies, &c.; Bird's Eye Damask, and

FRONTING LINENS,
Best Manufacture; French Lawn & Linen Boucane,
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