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## The Oxford Democrat.

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THOMPTON AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY ALFRED TAYLOR.

Full knowledge of the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wailing sighs;  
Till the church-bell tolls and slow,  
And the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die;  
You came to us so rapidly,  
Old year, you shall not die.

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## SPEECH OF HON. CHAS. ANDREWS.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN.—But for the relation in which I stand to you I would forbear to make a single remark, for the reason of the lateness of the hour, and that the important question which has brought together this mass of citizens has been already elaborately and eloquently discussed by the distinguished gentlemen who have preceded me.

But, gentlemen, I feel that you have a right to an avowal of opinion from me upon this or any other question affecting your interest, upon which my vote may be required in the next Congress.

Upon the great—the momentous question of the preservation of the American Union, I have no views to conceal. I always have been—and I ever expect to be—warmly, devotedly attached to the Union of the States, so much so, that I hold it to be the bounden, the sacred duty of each and every citizen to punctiliously obey every law of the land, and above all to hold sacred the constitution as the foundation of all American law—as the great chain that binds this nation together. Is there any danger that this chain will be broken? I trust that there is not!

This people guided by an overruling Providence will prevent it.

I hope not to be tedious, while I direct your attention to a few of the disastrous consequences that must follow a breaking up of the confederacy to the citizens of Maine.

I did design to give some statistics in relation to the commerce of the State, but the gentleman from Massachusetts has anticipated me, therefore, I will allude to a few general facts.

The climate of Maine is vigorous, and it is not to be disguised that her soil is comparatively sterile, and without her immense resources in other respects, she would be behind most of her sister states. Her extensive seaboard, together with her facilities for shipbuilding have turned the attention of great numbers of her citizens to the pursuit of navigation, until it has become the great leading business of our people, and will continue to increase in importance so long as we have the advantage of free inter-state trade.

No portion of our state is so deeply interested in navigation as the County of Lincoln, and no town or city so deeply as this city—Portland, and the great increasing city of Bath. Without commerce, what are you to do? How are the people of this state to obtain a livelihood? Are they to starve?

Yet certain citizens of Bath have held a meeting and talked publicly of withdrawing the laws of the State from the construction of a "higher law." What would they do? Would they have the villages and cities upon the banks of the noble Kennebec deserted? Would they have their magnificent ships rotting at their wharves? Would they have their great navy yards forsaken—silent of the hum of industry? More than this, would they wistfully scatter the manifold blessings now enjoyed by our people, to the winds of heaven? Above and beyond all would they plunge this happy and most prosperous people into all the horrors of civil war—that brother might war with brother until the whole land became a battle-field, and all this to quiet the consciences of a few "higher law men." When all this is accomplished, what have they gained? Why, they have destroyed the constitution, that long tried enemy—they have severed the Union. Out of one great and powerful nation they have made many weak ones, each jealous of the other, each weak and poor, exhausted and in debt, while they have not succeeded in freeing a single negro slave of those who have escaped the war of races.

Who are these agitators—these disturbers of the peace, quiet, and good neighborhood of our country? Men who planned and desired the destruction of this government were among our fathers. There was a Benedict Arnold in the days of the Revolution—a later period there was an Aaron Burr, these men, in the plain language of the times, were called traitors; but now I suppose Theodore Parker would call them "higher law men." I prefer plain language, and feel compelled to regard all men who, by word or deed, would nullify the laws and break down the constitution, as traitors in their course, as enemies to the country. None or less of those men are to be found in different sections of the Union, though in the two extremes, they act professedly from different motives, when in fact their designs are the same. They are a class of designing, discontented, ambitious and factious men, who are determined to rule or ruin.

By no means would I include in this class all in the north who have been adherents to the abolition and free soil parties, for among these men are to be found many well intentioned citizens, who have been and now are led astray by a few designing leaders, who have artfully addressed their sympathies, who have impressed their mind with the idea that to be Christians they must be abolitionists, keeping secret from the mass of their followers any intention of nullifying the laws and constitution, until they believed they had them so fully within their fanatical meshes, that escape was impossible, but in this they will find themselves mistaken, and nothing needs to be done but to open the eyes of those misled men, by plain, calm, unimpassioned statements of the truth, for, but a few can be found, who are so lost to patriotism—to the common dictates of humanity, as to be in any way instrumental in plunging this now happy and prosperous country into civil war with all its attendant and infernal horrors.

A word, gentlemen, as to the cause of this alarm and threatened nullification. At the last session of Congress, and after protracted debate and great excitement, an excitement which shook the stability of the Union to the centre, great men and patriots came forward from each of the two political parties of the country, and made common cause for its safety by the adoption of certain measures, known as the "compromise or peace measures," which were hailed with common joy throughout the land. But still the voice of discontent was heard—the grumbler and fanatic could not forgive their occupation. And how did they meet the issue? Did they say to this world like honest and impartial men, Congress has enacted certain laws as a compromise of the many troublesome questions now agitating the public mind? Or did they select one of the number upon which they might stir up agitation, and find food for their morbid appetites? Gentlemen, they laid hold of the fugitive slave law, and with unparalleled zeal, neither regarding truth or common honesty, appealed to the passions and prejudices of selfishness, leading them to believe that as Christians, they should be governed by conscience, and disregard the commands of a law of the land. They declared the law unjust, inhuman, unconstitutional—robbing the citizens of the balance corpus and the right of trial by jury—exposing to southern aversion the freedom of colored citizens of the north, and ending their inhuman appeals by stigmatizing every northern man who voted for it, with the stigmata of southern secession.

Were these men honest? are they honest now? You will judge them by the course they pursue—you will know them by their acts. It has been settled by the highest authority, that this law does not infringe upon the right of the balance corpus or of trial by jury, as contemplated in the Constitution—it is simply an auxiliary to the law of 1793, conferring no new rights of the master to the slave. In short, the whole law is clearly within the pale of one of the plainest guarantees of the Constitution, which has been read to you by my honorable friend, Mr. Clifford.

Again, if these men are honest, why do not speak of the other laws enacted by Congress in connection with this? What of the admission of California, which bill could not have passed save by Southern votes, with a constitution prohibiting slavery and a territory large enough to make some half dozen states as large as Maine. What of the bill prohibiting the slave trade in the District of Columbia, passed likewise by southern votes? Who asked for this bill? For whose benefit, and at whose request was it passed? It was passed to allay the excitement at the north, growing out of the slave trade in the District of Columbia, which trade has been the fruitful source of abolition efforts for many years. How often all of us have been solicited with the thought that northern "higher law" men permitted the capital of the nation to be surrounded with the unmanly slave, exposed to public sale. We have all lamented that the slave trade existed in the District, and have usually used our influence to bring about its prohibition, which it is my deliberate opinion would have been accomplished many years since, but for the overwrought zeal of the abolitionists. But it is now accomplished—it was one of the peace measures.

Conclude, have you ever heard one agitator, one nullifier of the fugitive slave law, at a public meeting, or in any way, either the admission of California, or the prohibition of the slave trade in the District? Not one, I venture, thus showing their total disregard of fairness in their position in neglecting to state all the facts in the case.

The different states of this confederacy, it may be said with much truth, have their distinct and several interests growing out of climate, soil and production. Hence the absolute necessity of yielding on the part of each, for the general good of the great whole. In this spirit of yielding—of compromise—the Constitution was formed and adopted, and a great majority of the laws of Congress have been enacted. In this same spirit were passed the several compromise measures of the last session.

And now suppose the fugitive slave law wrong in some of its details, and too severe in its operation, what is the proper course to be pursued by all good citizens? Is it to raise the cry of opposition to the enforcement of the law, and prevent its execution by physical force, or is it to wait patiently, and see its operation, and if wrong in any particular, reason like men—same men—not mad men, upon the wrong, and petition Congress like orderly citizens, for such amendments as humanity and reason may dictate. Holding as I do, that the mass of the people mean well, and that they have sufficient intelligence to judge correctly, I have no fears but that through their representatives, all mistakes or wrongs, either in state or national legislation, will be speedily corrected.

An important duty is with the conductors of our public journals—with all our public men—with all of us as law-abiding and order-loving citizens. It is to impress upon all the fully, the wickedness, the madness of disobeying the laws of the land. On the other hand, let every man see that he is well informed upon these matters, and that he does not spare any proper opportunity to inculcate and foster a love of country—a proper patriotism—among all with whom he may associate.

Above all, no political countenance should be given any man, by either of the two great parties of the country, who is a nullifier of the laws, or in any degree unfriendly to the Constitution of the United States.

Some have doubted the propriety of Union meetings, upon the ground that no danger exists, and others from a dislike to the mingling with political opponents, but the great good, I think, cannot fail to be produced, a mass of information is thrown out upon the public, which could hardly be obtained in any other way, so great an extent. Such meetings are calculated to excite and increase our love for the Union, and to prepare us for that reciprocity of feeling which we should ever cherish towards our sister states.

In conclusion, gentlemen, I will add that I cannot believe there is danger at present, of

open rupture, but that great forbearance is necessary—that the open talk of secession of South Carolina, as a state, is to be repudiated and disavowed equally with the late rash law of Vermont—that the rash acts and rash talk of her-headed, wicked-hearted men, both at the north and south, are to be denounced and condemned. Wise, moderate, but firm counsels are called for, and the Union will survive the downfall of all its enemies at home and abroad.

And as for myself, here, in the presence of this immense concourse of intelligent freemen, I pledge my honor, that, whether at home or abroad—in private or public life, my voice shall be for the Union. My heart is there, and my feeble arm shall ever be ready in its defence.

I am a party man—my faith in the measures and principles I have lived by and cherished, I hold dear, but if ever the crisis come, when my party preferences are a hindrance to efficient service to the Union, I must lay them aside, not that I love them less, but the Union more.

THE DEATH WARNING.  
A Legend of Saco Island.

BY PERRY B. ST. JOHN.

Of all the great events which strange characters are attracted, Paris is perhaps the most remarkable, very much, apparently, because of the encouragement given in it to original talent. Clever and enterprising Americans are often met there. One of them I lately encountered, proved to be a pleasant and conversable man. We chatted to get upon the subject of superstition, or rather to speak more fairly, on matters pertaining to what has been called the night-side of nature.

"I expect you have a yarn; I'll just give you one which is genuine. I'm not a superstitious man, by the contrary. But I'll give you an item of new-country fancies which will amuse you."

I shall not preserve the energetic words of my American friend, as some of them would be difficult of comprehension in our part of the world; but I give the facts of his narrative exactly as they were told.

Saco is a small town at a very short distance from the sea, in the State of Maine, famous only within a circumference of a few miles, in connection with the Labrador fishery, and also as the nursery of an industrious, hard-working set of shipwrights and fishermen. In the early history of the State of Maine, mention made of Saco Island as the site of an Indian village; but local tradition goes some miles distant relative to the opinion of the Red Skins from the place. But with this having nothing to do, except incidentally, as will be seen in the course of narrative.

Abel Jacks, my informant, was the son of a working shipbuilder of Saco, a pushing, industrious man, who in times of thriving business, and when a pressing job was on hand, would work eight days without taking off his clothes. He lived in a house just above the town, the front of which faced the island which parted the river, variously known as Cuth and Saco Island. Abel was his youngest son—at the time we speak of a young man of twenty. About a dozen years distant from their residence, was an old, tumble-down shanty, which had been abandoned for many years. A murder had been committed within its walls a long time ago, and people said that ever since noises were heard at midnight around its ruins—a troubled cry of conscience from the criminal. No man was ever found bold enough to reside in it again, until a poor widow, Curtis by name, obtained leave to make it her home.

Widow Curtis was a superstitious and fearful as her neighbors, perhaps even more so, for she firmly believed in death-warnings. The once glad mother of nine children, who had lost eight, and before the real news reached her, she always had a warning. It is true, that her signs and tokens came very much oftener even than had news; but as bad news did sometimes follow her hints from the other world, she had sufficient reason for her belief. She found herself at last with only one child, a daughter of eighteen, who wanted service on Cuth Island, in the house of Squire Shewell; and to be near this beloved child, the widow took up her quarters in the haunted shanty, which to her scared heart had now no terrors.

Mr. Jacks was kind to the poor widow, gave her some furniture, and assistance in various other forms and she was grateful. A great part of her time was spent in the house of the shipwright, whose son Abel was warmly attached to her daughter Martha, for some months the widow had been quiet and happy; the thought of her child's advantageous marriage had driven gloomy ideas from her head, and her cheerful state of mind the misanthropic kindness of the Jacks had also tended to promote.

One afternoon a tremendous storm started the good people of Saco, and filled them with alarm. Saco river was lined with saw-mills, the owners of which floated their timber and planks down by its waters. But just above the town a huge boom lay across the stream, to check the rafts, and to protect the bridges, which connected Cuth Island with the two shores. One in the memory of men a freshet had carried away the boom, and given passage to the vast weight of timber, which coming with terrific violence against the bridges, had utterly destroyed them. The storm on this occasion was followed by the rapid swelling of the river, and about four o'clock the boom gave way, the mountains of planks and logs brought down by the inundation rushed madly through, and all communication between the island and the town was cut off. The timber planked with irresistible force over the falls below the island, carrying the bridges away with it.

The roar of the blast, the rushing of the wild waters, the crash of logs, the plunging of

masses of wood over the two starers, the running to and fro of the people, the wailing and the poor Widow Curtis' feeling of terror and alarm; and about sunset she came into the house of old Jacks, and told him that she had received a death-warning relative to her last child. Tears streamed down her pallid cheeks, and her whole mind was that of a broken-hearted woman. Both old Jacks and Abel sought to comfort her in every possible way. They tried ridicule, they tried reason; but all in vain; the widow still declared she had heard the never-failing warning.

"And what was it like?" suddenly cried old Jacks.

"A low wailing cry, like the cry of one in pain," replied the widow.

"Tush, woman, you heard the squeak of Cuth Island. She never fails to howl with the tempest."

"And who, pray, was the squeak of Cuth Island?"

Old Jacks drew the widow to the table, lit his pipe, poured out a glass of beer, and after a vigorous hem, began his history. Before the settlement of white men round the borders of Saco river, the island was inhabited by a whole tribe of Indians. An old fellow of the name of Cuth, wishing to establish a saw and flour mill in the place, bought the site of the Indians, who, on the receipt of the purchase-money, departed in accordance with their word. Old Cuth then crossed over to the island to select the spot whereon he wished to build; but to his astonishment he found an aged squaw, who refused to depart. She declared that the general distribution she had been left out, and demanded a share of the purchase-money of the white man himself. Cuth gave her a bottle of rum, which she eagerly tasted, and then leaving into her canoe, hurried across to join her tribe. But whether the rum had effected her head, or whether age had rendered her limbs too weak to contend with the current, could not be known, but she was drawn into the rapids, and over the falls, where of course she was drowned. From that day the island point was believed to be haunted by the squaw spirit; and there were scarcely a man, woman, or child in Saco but would declare having heard the wailing of the old dame before and during the storm.

"Maybe," said Widow Curtis, when old Jacks had concluded, "maybe the squaw has given me every warning!"

"Nonsense, Mother Curtis; all nonsense and humbug. And yet I am bound to believe in ghosts, too. I'm a superstitious man, now, but I've been tried, too. One night I was at work till late at the Lower Ferry, and after work I joined a merry-making. It was past twelve when I started home."

Everything was square and straight until I got to the road near the churchyard; then I distinctly heard the rustling of a silk dress close beside me. "Come out of that," said I, "and no poking fun at me!" I got no answer, and away I stalked in the bushes with a big hickory stick, all to no good. The rustling of silk was still close to me as ever. I was in a previous rage with myself, I do own, but I heard it plainly enough. At last I came to the bridge; and you know the ends of the planks stuck out beyond the rail to save sawing off. What do I see but an old fellow walking along these ends, heady on, in an old silk morning gown. "Good-night to you, Sam Jacks," said he. I returned his politeness; and then he began to ask news of Saco town, and of people dead of gone these twenty years. He seemed surprised when I told him they were all departed; and at the end of the bridge we separated. Now, Widow Curtis, I know I did see all this, and yet old Sam Jacks knows previous well there was nobody there. It was nothing but fancy and deceit, and so was the cry you heard. Clear up, old girl Martha! all right!"

But the widow was not to be satisfied. The old man's stories rather excited her imagination, and she declared that every instant she felt more sure that Martha was gone. About midnight she started towards home, and Abel went along the water-side with her, to say a few words of comfort.

"Did you hear that?" suddenly said the poor mother, "if that was not Martha's voice, it was her spirit!"

Abel had heard the cry; it was a shriek of despair, so clear, so distinct, no man could hesitate or doubt. This night was now calm and still, and the moon shone brightly over the whole scene. A boat lay moored within an indentation of the river at the young man's feet. He gazed rapidly round. Just above the point of the island he saw a small canoe, and a person standing upright in it—a woman with her hands clasped, as if in prayer. The canoe was hurrying down the stream, though not yet in the rapids. A lover's glance not easily deceived. It was Martha! To leap into the boat, to push out towards the canoe, and to begin rowing with the mingled energy of love and despair, was the work of a single instant. The widow sank down upon her knees on the bank.

The river was wide, and the current strong; while just below were the rapids. "Abel was almost within their influence, and soon found it necessary to pull up-stream to avoid being sucked in. When again he turned the bow of his boat across, the canoe was not more than fifty



mercial towns—there was no city then—in New England. Party spirit run high—higher, by far, than we have ever seen it since, and the nation was troubled. We were fortunate to get out of that war as well as we did—without saying one word, in the treaty, on the point for which we declared the war. But it showed the power of the American arm—the impossibility of dividing us fatally—and caused us to be respected in the eyes of the world. There was hardly a house or a cottage in all the land that was not illuminated at every window, and every pane of glass, the night after the welcome news of "Peace!" arrived in Dec. 1811. We have seen many days of national gladness since, but never one upon which that gladness was so universal and entire as was that joyful period.

The war with Algiers was short; for Commodore Decatur and Bainbridge soon taught the Dey a lesson by gunpowder, he had never heard before, and that was that every nation was not afraid of his savage power. By the treaty they made with that Barbarous Government, the U. S. was released from paying tribute to the Algerines, and this was the first time that became excused from that humiliating subservience. Decatur offered to pay in powder and balls, and in nothing else. A few small drafts brought the Dey to his senses, and made him glad to sue for peace on our own terms. Up to that time, England, France, Spain, &c.—all were obliged to pay tribute to the Algerines annually to secure their commerce from savage depredations in the Mediterranean seas.

The war with Mexico is familiar to all—Taylor began what Scott completed, the conquest of that Sister Republic, and obliged her to give us New Mexico, and that richest of all lands, the then almost uninhabited, but now populous, State of California. Such an acquisition was never known in the history of nations. What its effect is to be upon the necessary world, remains to be seen; but that another of its effects will be to people the Pacific shores and transfer the seats of wealth and business from the Atlantic coast to the cities and towns on the western side of the continent, is, perhaps, what the Half-Century before us may witness. The Rock of Plymouth may send its felicitations to the golden mountains of California; God grant that the moral and religious utterances of the Pilgrims may increase in volume as they swell across a continent that can be saved, not by gold, but by principle. We have spoken of the wars of the early part of the present century. This Republic was engaged in them; the eastern world was convulsed by them. All the powerful kingdoms of Europe were engaged in the conflict of wars, under the most ambitious of monarchs that ever reigned. The flames of Moscow and the fields of Waterloo have left their traces of fire and blood on the pages of History, which can never be obliterated. But a Napoleon, a Ney, a Wellington, a Blücher, a Marmont, have descended to the grave, and the world is at rest. Smaller wars have, indeed, occurred since—such as the English war on China, by which the Celestial Empire was obliged to admit the introduction of opium and pay the English six millions sterling for the ransom of Canton; the war of France with Algiers, of Russia upon Poland, of the Turks upon the Greeks, &c., but these only are such as may happen in any common Half-Century. They deserve only this allusion here.

The force of republicanism in the United States has been felt not only in other parts of America, but also in Europe. Since the present century commenced, the republics of Mexico, Venezuela, New Granada, Colombia, Guatemala, Peru, &c., have arisen in our own Continent; France also threw off the yoke of Monarchy and became a Republic in 1815, and Italy—where that old seed-brood of republicanism which ever bore fruit, Rome herself is—has made the attempt for freedom and would have succeeded but for the Pope and the Catholic religion. Hungary, Poland and Ireland, alas! the spirit of liberty is in them all, but the "Powers that be" will yet allow it no body to move and work in.

Amongst the events which the Arts, rather than Arms, have accomplished within the period of which we speak, must be mentioned the feasible use, if not the discovery, of Steam Power. Had the American People in John Adams' day, less told that the time would come in the U. S. when ships could be made to go without wind, and even against the wind, on all our rivers, over all our lakes, and across the oceans of the world, they would have deemed such a prediction absurd, and perhaps have had the preacher punished as a false prophet. And more than all, if they had been assured that carriages might be made to go on land without horses, and to carry hundreds of passengers and thousands of tons of freight at the rate of thirty miles per hour, they would have deemed it a tale of fiction. It is now the fact that other world to which men can go only by death. And yet all this has been accomplished, and steam has become the great agent of transportation by land and sea. It has made the back waters of Mississippi and the Lakes the centres of commerce, rivaling the commerce of the Atlantic States. It has bound our union together with iron bands, and composed us all together as home-neighbors, and thus done what nothing else could have done by the identity of our People and the perpetuity of our Union. The first steam boat that was ever successfully navigated was built and run by Fulton on the Hudson River from Albany to New York, in 1807. In three years the English caught this Yankee notion and built a steam boat upon the other side of the water. In four years more they succeeded in making a locomotive engine by which carriages were moved on iron roads; since which time, the rail roads in Europe and America are become as common, almost, as cow-paths to pasture.

Do we think improvements are to stop here? Nay—before the ensuing Half-century shall arrive, we shall see steam superceded by electricity, and fuel and oil dispensed with, not only for generating power, but for warming and lighting homes. And all this at a trifling cost and little danger. We predict more; there are those living, who will see the atmosphere as well as the water used as a medium of travel, and aerial navigation will be common as common as a quail is now. Things no stranger than this have happened since we began to live. The lightning of heaven that rend mountains and make the earth tremble, are to become the implements and toys for men. Already they are made to move the magnetic pens in New Orleans and St. Louis.

the instant the wires which they are connected are touched in Maine and New Brunswick! Fulton and Morse are both Yankees, and both have given to the world the benefits of their discoveries within the first half of the present century.

Amongst the beneficent events of this period of which we speak, may be mentioned the first abolishing the slave trade—that of the British Parliament in 1807. Other nations followed, and the U. S. decreed it piracy. Since that, other steps for freedom have been taken. England has abolished slavery in the West Indies, and a moral movement has been started in this country which, as truth will triumph, must yet rid our own fair land of the curse of slavery.

There are other humane children of this Half-century, which are entitled to a record. The establishment of Hospitals for the care and safety of the insane, of Asylums for the education of the Blind, and Institutions for curing the Deaf and Dumb to read and write—these are all the fruits of this century's benevolence. Nor ought we to overlook, as an object of hope, not yet well demonstrated, because of recent establishment, the erection of State Reform Schools for the juvenile offenders of our cities and towns, who may thus be saved from prisons, and made useful to society, of which otherwise they might be the curse. Such schools are entitled to our warmest friendship.

The construction of the Erie canal and the unavailability of De Witt Clinton's name in connection with it; the re-building of the National Capitol at Washington; the erection of Bunker Hill monument; the building of Girard College; the suspension bridge across the Niagara; the commencement of the Washington Monument and the Smithsonian Institution at the city of its name; the construction of the Clinton and Cohocton Aqueducts—these are among the notable works of our Half-Century.

Nor should it be forgotten that fifty years ago, it was not known that we could raise cotton in the United States. Now it is our greatest article of export, and feeds, with material, almost all the cotton mills of Europe and America. When we were young, we saw no cotton goods, but what were brought from India; and of these, enough cloth to make a pair of shirts would cost three dollars. Now New England is full of cotton factories, and the fabric is a drug in the market at ten cents per yard.

Let us glance at some of the inventions of the Half-Century. The Yankee Cotton-Gin has made the cultivation of cotton an object which was worthless without it. Sir Humphrey Davy's invention of the Safety-Lamp has made life so secure in coal and other mines, which would be operated with doubtful success without it. The American Perkins' mode of engraving on steel, has been of immense service to Banks and those who take their bills. The Art of Lithography, too, is a product of the present Half-Century. It is within this period, also, that Alexander Volta accomplished the Voltaic Battery. The Daguerreotype art is the child of this period—an art that makes the sun paint the very image it reflects. The spinning mule, as improved by Mason of Tipton, is a great invention, now in use in Europe and America.

Within this period, too, the production and use of gas for the lighting of streets and buildings of cities, has been accomplished; the construction of African vessels; of ship's chain cables; the invention of the kaleidoscope; the introduction, by Dr. Waterhouse, of Cambridge of Vaccination as a preventive of small pox; the new medical practice of Thompsonism; Homoeopathy and Hydropathy; the discovery and large use of Zinc for various domestic and medicinal purposes; of Gutta Serena; and the conversion of India Rubber into shoes and body garments—these are many other important and valuable inventions and discoveries we might mention as the children of the first half of this century.

But this period has discoveries of a different and higher nature. Since the present century commenced, America has given a new Continent to the world—the Antarctic, discovered by the U. S. Exploring Expedition in 1829; and even now worlds above this have been discovered by Astronomers; for one of which, at least, we are indebted to the National Observatory at Washington. The planets added to our solar system since 1800, are Juno, Vesta, Herschel, Neptune, Gasparis, and Parnassus.

Amidst our blessings, God has also brought upon us not only the scourges of war and some internal feuds, but the great national calamity of the Cholera and Potato rot have brought serious evils to the country. From the punishments due to some of the sins of other nations we have yet to learn a lesson.

Some of the great statesmen of this Half-Century are Talleyrand of France, Pitt, Brougham and Peel of England; and in the U. S. Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Jay, De Witt Clinton, Calhoun, John Q. Adams amongst the dead—the living—it might be invidious and premature to name them.

The eminent Jurists of our own country are Marshall, Parsons, Livingston, Kent, Wheaton, Story.

Amongst the Divines of the period now closing are Drs. Clarke, Paley, Priestly, Fuller and Foster of England, Dr. Chalmers of Scotland, Neander and Tholuck of Germany, Cheverus and Coquerel of France, Hopkins, Dwiglit, Nett, Chauncy, Bockmister, Holley, Ware, Sharp, Wayland, Beecher, Barnes, May, Balfour, Ballou, Clapp, Saxey, Chapin and Williamson of America.

The writers of philosophy and metaphysics have been Locke, Stewart, Dick, Combe, Upjohn and others.

Nor has enlightened Christianity failed to do its office for the fair sex. America has furnished Hannah Adams, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Child, and Mrs. Mayo, whilst France has adorned the Republic of Letters with Madame de Staël, and England has furnished us with Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Ope, Miss Jane Porter, Maria Edgeworth and Hannah More.

On the whole, in every department of human ambition, skill and philanthropy, our race, within the Half-Century now just closing, has furnished as illustrious examples in War and in Peace as the world ever saw.

Our own beloved country, by the good Providence of God, has commenced a career, unparalleled in the History of Nations: how it is to terminate, God only knows. But we cannot forbear the hope—it may not be all a superstitious one—that the Divine Being has a mission for Republican America to perform—a mission, which, when performed, will give liberty and happiness to all the nations of the Earth. So mote it be!

THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, FRIDAY, JAN. 3, 1851.

Subscribers to The Democrat in South Paris and vicinity, will receive their papers at the rate of 12 francs per annum in advance, payable to J. H. MILLER, at the Store of J. H. MILLER, in New York City.

In Backfield Village and vicinity, at the Hotel of JOHN TAYLOR, Esq. At each of which places they will be delivered free of postage.

Disolution of Partnership.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given that the Partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers under the firm and style of MILLER & MILLER, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All demands due the firm are transferred and payable to GEORGE L. MILLER, & Co. and all to whom the firm are indebted will call on their respective partners.

GEORGE L. MILLER.

Paris, Oct. 19, 1850.

Particular Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber, either by note or account, are requested to settle the same on or before the first day of January next. He is desirous of closing up his affairs as speedily as possible, and two months time is amply sufficient for those who have not the means to pay immediately to procure them. All demands that are not paid on or before that time, will be referred to a third party.

GEORGE L. MILLER.

Paris, Oct. 22, 1850.

The New Year.

The year one thousand eight hundred and fifty, the first half of the nineteenth century, has expired, and we have entered a new year, the beginning of another half century. The present then is a fitting time for the mind to review the manner in which the past year has been spent, the follies and vices we have been led into, and to resolve to eschew and avoid them in future. There are none who are so good as to be unsuspicious of further improvement, nor are any so entirely bad, that they might not be worse. If in looking back, we find we have done those things we ought not to have done, and left undone those we ought to have done, let the first sink deep into our hearts. In proportion as our actions have been of a praiseworthy character will be our pleasure in their remembrance, and vice versa.

For the "Deeds of the last half Century," we refer our readers to the highly interesting article on our first page, from the Gospel Banner. In reading that article, it is very natural to inquire, what of our future prospects? What of the increase and perpetuity of our Union? What of its trade, commerce and manufactures; its progress in agriculture, in the arts and sciences? What of its common schools, its literary, benevolent and Christian institutions, its Heroes, Patriots, Statesmen, Historians and men of learning of every class? What of its laws, its liberal principles, its morals and religion, the very basis of its future greatness? To aid us in our imaginations of our country's future advancement, we have only to compare its present condition with what it was in the beginning of this century. Think of our Union, stretching its boundaries till it embraces all of North and Central America, its inhabitants all enjoying the blessings of a free government, of the influence it will have upon other governments. Think of the world as it was and as it is; go to the World's Fair, compare its exhibitions with what it would have been fifty years ago, and you may form some faint idea of what our country, and the world will be at the beginning of the Twentieth Century.

But of our State, of its Cities and Villages, hitherto considered the jumping off places of "Down East"—Portland, by her rail roads and other superior advantages, will command the entire trade of Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, in all the most valuable products of the country, extending to the far West. The rail road completed to Montreal and Quebec, and we may soon expect to see half of Europe, and all of the South thronging through these jumping off places to make a tour of the North, some to see the Niagara Falls, better by far than any thing they can get up in Europe, and some to escape the heats, fevers and infections of their own climates. Then the little "wilted" city of Portland will be a fair rival of the city of Boston, and before the close of the present century, compare well with its magnitude.

Relative to Telegraphic communication, there is no calculating its extent, or its effects. Soon there will be such communication from Portland to Montreal, and where it will end is unknown. We expect to see the day, that when, business men wish to learn the state of the markets, the prices current, or to confer with their friends in any of the cities in the world, we shall have only to order the news from the designated place, even to the uttermost parts of the earth, a few hours before going to press, and the same day lay before our readers the information desired.

We will go by the great Pacific rail road to California, in a journey of twenty days, going and returning, and visit any place in Europe, the Promised Land, or China, in a tour of a few months, by aerial or aquatic navigation, as may best suit our convenience and notions of safety. But we must leave the rest to the reflections of the reader, and when he considers how rapid and general the communication and associations of the civilized world with the uncivilized world will necessarily become, and the tendency of the former to overcome the latter, he will find it no great stretch of his imagination, to believe that the close of the present eventful century, Christian civilization will become universal. This is our hope of our country and of the world.

A word to our readers. It is natural for a faithful editor or publisher to feel an interest for his readers, for whose highest good he labors.

and, if this kindly feeling shall be reciprocated, the union of spirit will be of long continuance. Hence we would like to know how our readers stand affected towards us.—We have done all we could for the advancement of your intellectual, moral and political interest. How we have succeeded, depends in part, upon the manner in which you have improved the suggestions contained in our columns. Your smiles and favors have given us strength, and if continued, will make us still stronger and more able to serve you and the cause of civil liberty and equal laws.

Every power, every faculty, every element of man centres in this one focus—Enjoyment—this sole legitimate function of our entire being. We should live, then, and strive to render ourselves happy. The character tells us, "the chief end of man is to glorify God." Granted, and since he made us for the express purpose of being happy, we "glorify" him, because he made, and has adapted us for nothing else. We can fulfill this destiny of our being, and thus "glorify God," by "obeying his commandments" in obedience to his laws. These laws govern universal nature, and there can be no enjoyment except in and by such obedience, yet therein is perfect happiness. "O how I love thy laws," was the sentiment of David,—"They are my meat and my drink day and night." Since we constitutionally love happiness, shall we not, therefore, proportionally love law, its only constitutional instrumentality? Nor should we limit this love to the moral laws merely. We should love all the laws of our being—should love the physical as promoters of the moral—should love the laws of diet, of exercise, etc., as means of promoting the observance of the moral, and of course the consequent enjoyment.

The reader will understand us then, that when we wish him a "happy new-year," it is an exhortation to obedience, and that you fulfill this one great end as well as privilege of your existence. Yet, in this seeking personal enjoyment, we need not, and should not forget the happiness of others—of all mankind. We intend, in and by rendering others happy, to promote our own enjoyment. Our own happiness requires us to do good to others. The selfish man cannot be happy. In the pursuit of enjoyment or happiness, we should seek to enjoy life as we go along. Too many make perfect lives of themselves to get rich, thinking they will retire in a few years to enjoy life, but they put it off from year to year till the infirmities of age are upon them, and then it is too late. When capable of enjoyment they could not afford the time, and after they have the means, they have lost the power.—Every man should spend a portion of each day in enjoyment with his family. But the enjoyment should consist not only in domestic pleasures, but in intellectual, moral and spiritual.

The great danger to our Nation's prosperity is that we shall yield up our very hearts to the attainment of wealth and great possessions. Strange, emerging as recently as we have done from poverty and obscurity, that we should take such rapid strides towards luxury and effeminacy. If we would have our course more brilliant than ever, and continue to prosper as a nation and people, we must avoid these. Wealth, it is true, has dug our canals, and constructed our rail roads, and built up our thriving marts. But these are not all a nation's glory. The requirements of the intellectual, and the moral are superior to the physical, and if these are neglected, as they cannot but be when they are devoted to golden dreams, we do more than err—we sin. And may we not ask, if the monuments of our moral and intellectual greatness are equal to those which display our wealth and power? Are our morals any better than they were fifty years ago? Are they as good? We believe that there is too much grasping after riches—too much avarice among us. We fear that we neglect too much the substantial to attend to airy schemes and visionary El Dorados! It is a fact, that acquisitiveness is a predominant propensity of the age. It extracts our social feelings—cramps our moral and literary energies, and threatens to poison the streams of prosperity. Let us set upon these startling truths—let us be up and doing. Surely, it is better to live like the frugal Spartans, even with iron clad, than to perish like the miserable and voluptuous Chaldeans, amid the banquet and the revel!

But how are we to preserve this Union and its liberties, that our successors may behold it in all the greatness we have contemplated for it in this article? O, educate the people, say you. But remember it is not intellectual culture alone that can do this. Popular government cannot rest upon this alone. True, we are powerful in the van of civilization and improvement! But it is moral power that we are called upon to exercise. If we would be successful, we must strive with moral energy for the universal extension and triumph, not only of political, but as connected with this, of intellectual and moral freedom.

"Sad Sight."

"The great discussion now going on in almost all our towns, and among the people everywhere, presents a sad sight in one view. A large body of the people of New England are studying, arguing, pleading, contending for slavery! And they do it with such zeal and spirit as proves that they are not discharging what they deem a vital but legal obligation, but a cordial, joyful privilege."—Portland Inquirer.

The above is a foul slander upon the people of New England, but the character of its origin being well known, no damage will be claimed for the libel. The "large body of the people," alluded to, are utterly opposed to slavery. They really regret its existence, but as it does exist in the Southern States, and the people there hold slaves as property, they feel that they have no right to meddle with their institutions, or to deprive them of their property, wherever it may be found, guaranteed to them by the Constitution.—They feel that the Union should not be sacrificed because of slavery, which would after all fail to remove slavery, or remedy its evils.—The dissolution of the Union would be a great injury to the slaves, fugitives and all. We must depend upon the influence of moral power upon the minds of the Southern people to affect the abolition of slavery and induce them to engage in the work themselves.

By the way, we would recommend to the Editor of the Inquirer, and we ask nothing for the advice, that he would state an occasional truth in his paper, so as to give his readers a greater variety, and also that he

avoid the use of profane words, such as "devilish machinery," and certain other bad words which he is in the habit of using, remembering that "evil communications corrupt good manners."

School Books published by Thomas Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

Swan's Primary School Reader, Parts I, II, and III, Introduction to Instructional Reader, Instructional Reader, District School Reader and Grammar School Reader, intermediate, all by Wm. D. Swan, principal of the Mathew Grammar School, Boston.

Also, The Primary School Spelling Book, designed for primary intermediate Schools, and a Spelling Book with oral and written exercises for first classes, by the same Author.

Also, the Primary School Arithmetic, for primary and intermediate Schools; and a Theoretical & Practical Arithmetic designed for Common Schools and Academies—also by the same Author. In the latter, the rule for finding the least common multiple, the rule for alligation, and the rule for extracting the cube root, are clear and concise; and those with the section on fractions, commend themselves to every experienced teacher.

First Lessons in Grammar, based upon the construction and analysis of sentences, designed as an Introduction to the "Analysis of Sentences," by Samuel S. Green, A. M., principal of the Phillips Grammar School, Boston.

Jarvis' Primary Physiology for Schools, and his Practical Physiology for Schools and families, by Edward Jarvis, are the best of the kind in use.

Mitchell's Primary Geography, with maps and illustrations, and Mitchell's Geography and School Atlas, for the higher classes in Geography, by S. Augustus Mitchell, are extensively used and highly recommended both by S. S. Committees and Teachers.—Old Geographies may be exchanged with them on the most reasonable terms.

Mitchell's Biblical and Sabbath School Geography, with maps and engravings, designed for instruction in Sabbath Schools and Bible Classes, is an admirable work, the very best that we have ever seen of the kind. Every family and Sabbath School should have them.

The above books may all be found at Noyes & Beal's, New York. S. S. Committees and teachers wishing to purchase would do well to call and examine for themselves.

"The Philadelphia Saturday Express" published by S. McHenry, is before us. It is a large neat folio, and will no doubt be a superior literary and family paper. Price only \$2 a year.

The third number only has been received. Will the publisher forward us the first and second? We will comply with the terms of exchange in our next.

"We, this week, cheerfully lay before our readers the remarks of Col. Andrews, made at the late Union Meeting in Bath. They are replete with sound sense, breathing a spirit of true devotion to the Constitution and the Union. He very properly declined making a labored speech, as several had spoken before him, and others were expecting to follow.—Still we think he entirely satisfied his friends."

"Merry's Museum and Parley's Magazine is a monthly illustrated periodical for children and youth, published by Messrs. S. T. Allen & Co., New York, and edited with great ability by S. G. Goodrich, author of "Peter Parley's tales." It is the best work of the kind extant. A new volume commences this month with additional improvements. When we receive the first number we will give it further notice. Now is the time to subscribe. Price, \$1 a year."

"As we expected, Mr. Willey, of the Portland Inquirer, declines giving 'the proof' of the correctness of his statements relative to Mr. Hamlin's views of the Fugitive Slave law."

In the Senate, yesterday, Mr. Douglass presented a memorial from Mr. Wise, the architect, asking for an appropriation of \$20,000 to enable him to make experiments in his scheme to navigate the air. His memorial set forth that he had brought the science to such perfection as to make it useful for transporting the mails and as a destructive engine in warfare. Mr. Benton introduced a bill to accelerate the sales of public lands, to pay the public debt, and to extinguish the Federal title to lands within the States. Various resolutions were offered. The correspondence between the State Department and the Austrian Charge was received from the President and read. It was referred and ordered to be printed. A motion to print 10,000 extra copies was negatived after some discussion. The joint resolution from the House, authorizing the assignment of land warrants, was discussed and referred.

In the House, a joint resolution was introduced to effect that nothing in the Bounty Land Act shall be so construed as to prevent the sale or transfer of any certificate or warrants prior to the location of the same, or the issue and patent thereon. The previous question was moved and the resolution adopted. Bills were introduced granting lands for railroads in Louisiana, Mississippi, Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio. Pending the discussion of one of these bills, the House adjourned.—Traveller, Dec. 31.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 31.

THE FIRE at the Ledger Buildings yesterday, caught in a wooden box, in the basement, through which hot air was forced into the upper stories. The flames spread so rapidly that those in the building had barely time to escape.

The Job Office was entirely destroyed.—The presses, which cost \$50,000 dollars, are much damaged. The precise loss cannot be ascertained. There was insurance of \$18,000 on the building and stock. Many of the books belonging to the establishment were lost. Serious fears were at one time entertained that the boiler attached to the engine would explode, as, owing to the rapid progress of the fire, the engineers had not time to stop it. Two firemen were badly injured by the falling ruins.

LAID OIL.—The Boston Post says: "Of the two we had rather eat hard oil with salad than try to see by the light of it."

From the Common School Journal of the Paris Hill School.

Love's Mission.

It was a beautiful morning in summer.—The sun had just risen and his golden rays were reflected from a thousand pearly drops in the most brilliant colors. On such a morning as this, the Spirit of Love set out on her daily mission to the inhabitants of the earth. It was a glorious scene. Hills, valleys, brooks, cottages and palaces were sparkling in the light of that morning sun, and yet the Spirit sighed as she gazed, for she knew that beneath that veil of beauty there was much of misery and guilt; but the sigh changed to a smile of hope, when she thought that the time would come, when all hearts would acknowledge her sway and there would be "peace on earth."

It was towards a miserable house, on a back street in a crowded city, that Love first directed her flight. In a room, where everything bespoke extreme poverty, was a woman, apparently in the last stages of consumption. She was attended only by a little girl on whom she looked with great anxiety. The door opened and a lady entered. The lady expressed regret at finding the invalid no better, and hoped the balmy air of summer would soon restore her health. "I know I shall never recover," was the reply, "and I will willingly die, but for my child. How can I leave her alone? She will have no one to protect her when I am gone." The lady hesitated. Prudence said "send her to the almshouse," but Love whispered "adopt her for your own, and the blessings of the dying will rest upon you." The pleadings of Love prevailed, and the last hours of the dying one were made happy.

With a joyous smile the Spirit passed on, and entered the counting-room of a wealthy merchant. The only occupants of the room, were the merchant and a boy of some ten or twelve years of age. The boy had been accustomed of taking money from his employer, and was about to be committed to prison. It was when exposed to strong temptation that he done the deed. His mother, whom he dearly loved, was sick and suffering. That money would procure the comforts she needed. He took it and was detected. He, now, was pleading not to be taken to prison, for it would break his mother's heart. Love said, "it is his first offence. Forgive him as you would wish to be forgiven; and it was in vain, and with folded wings and tearful eyes Love departed, though the boy was never forgotten through the day.

At sunset, the Spirit rested to gaze on the western sky. The sun was setting amid crimson and gold; and a voice from those golden clouds seemed to say "the voice of love will not always pass unheeded; that the time will come when God's will shall be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

Foreign News.

SEVEN DAYS LATER.—By the American steamer Baltic, which put into Provincetown on Saturday evening, for want of coal. The Baltic sailed from Liverpool on the 11th Dec. The commercial news is interesting, showing a slight improvement in cotton, with a steady market. Trade in the manufacturing districts, steady, and higher rates are paid for yarns and wools.

The several departments of trade, commerce and finance were beginning to manifest an improving tendency. The markets for foreign and colonial produce had a more active appearance, and there is every prospect of a further improvement taking place by the beginning of the new year.

The corn markets, although not active, kept steady. A limited business was going forward in cereal provisions. Wool commenced increased attention, and holders are looking for higher rates.

Continental advices speak of an improved appearance at the chief markets there, consequent upon the partial subsidence of political matters.

The events in central Europe have gone on varying in aspect during the week, and whatever may be said about the conditions of peace or rather of postponement of hostilities agreed upon at Olmutz, we see but little to shake our conviction that both parties are trying to overreach the other, and that the "free conferences" which are to open on the 19th inst. at Dresden, are not more likely to settle permanently the relative preponderance or "parity" of Austria and Prussia than any of the numerous diets and bonds which have tried their hands at this Gordian knot during many years past.

The Berlin journals seem to count on Peace being preserved.

From Vienna, the news is not quite so pacific; and whilst it is said that the Prussian army is ordered to be reduced by a decree, the armaments at Vienna still continue.

Beyond the discovery of a new socialist plot at Toulon, France continues tranquil.

An authenticated report has reached Paris, from Mr. Melles, that a revolution has broken out at Palermo.

At Colebrook, N. H., on the 20th ult., four boys, two sons of Elijah Sawyer and two of Charles Currier, were sent into the woods after some cedar timber. Not returning at night, search was made for them, when their team was found near Mount Pond, and on the next morning, the bodies of all were taken from the water, having been drowned in the same spot, about 15 rods from the shore.—The precise manner in which they perished is not known. The youngest was 12, and the oldest 22 years of age.

The Gloucester (Mass.) Telegraph states that four thousand barrels of apples were raised in the town of Rockport, on Cape Ann the past season. Four orchards are mentioned which yielded three hundred barrels each. The crockeries in the rocks are "some" on apples, that's clear.

"OXFORD BEARS."—We noticed yesterday at the store of J. F. Weeks & Son, the carcasses of two bears, which were on sale.—They were brought by railroad from Oxford County—and were as fat and sleek as the best that ever came from that productive region.—[Portland Advertiser.]

FIRE IN ANSON.—The store of Messrs. Foster & Getchell, in Anson, was destroyed by fire on Thursday night of last week. The goods in the store were partially saved, but were considerably damaged. We understand that the store and goods were insured to the amount of \$2000.

Marine Disasters.

To eastward of us, in consequence of the late storm. At Rockland, sch. Violet, drove ashore in the harbor, and lies high and dry upon the beach uninjured.

Brig Lynch of Bucksport came to anchor under Beachamp Light Sunday evening, and at 2 1/2 P. M. she commenced dragging her anchors, which brought up, two cables lengths from the shore. Her masts went cut away; her sails, rigging, and spars saved in a damaged state. She will proceed to Bucksport for repairs.

At Owl's Head, three vessels on the beach, one is the sch. Hudson, Capt. Berry, loaded with shooks from Prospect.

At Spruce Head, sch. William, Capt. Coombs, supposed of Deer island, high and dry, probably a total wreck, also, sch. Galema, Capt. Wall of Hampden loaded with hides from Salem for Belfast. Sch. slightly damaged, will probably be saved with cargo.

At Dick's Island, reported sunk, the sch. Exchange, Huntly, from Rockland, loaded with stone.

At Lobster Cove, St. George, three light vessels ashore, names unknown.

At Seal Harbor, two vessels reported ashore; names not known, the crew of one said to be lost.

The Rockland Gazette says—The Schooner Niagara lying at anchor in our harbor line-loaded, dragged her anchors, and after being carried in this way a considerable distance, she finally struck on a ledge of rock covered with about three feet of water. Here she hung for a considerable period, beating heavily all the time upon the rocks, but after losing her keel and fore-foot, starting her stern-post, and opening nearly all her seams, she passed over and was once more afloat. But the numerous leaks she had made were no less deadly than the rocks, and she was soon on fire from the shattering of the line in her hold. At length she came sufficiently near the shore, to be reached by a boat, and her captain and crew were taken off. They had been exposed to the full violence of the storm for nearly twelve hours, and their clothes which had been continually wet by the spray, were completely rigid with ice.—One or two of them had already become insensible to the cold, and they must have all perished had the reach of assistance been a little longer delayed. A new crew took possession of the Niagara and endeavored to save her by scuttling her. The effort was not successful, however, and she is a total loss. We understand that she is insured for \$2,600.—No insurance upon her cargo.

BURNING OF THE STATE PRISON AT THOMASTON.—About half past three o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday last, a fire broke out in the State Prison at Thomaston. It originated from a stove-pipe passing through the partition connected with the guard room, and when first discovered, the entire attic of the building in which the guard room is situated was in flames. An alarm was instantly given, but the prison being at the extreme end of the village, and the citizens being nearly all at their homes, it was necessarily some time before an efficient force could be collected. The three engines of the village were promptly brought upon the ground, but their valves were found frozen, and when they were finally got in working order, they could not sufficiently well supplied with water to prove of much avail. The fire meanwhile rapidly spread under the roof until it reached the building in which the Warden's house was situated, connected with the one in which it originated. The prison in which the prisoners were confined, because so full of smoke that the officers of the prison were obliged to give their attention to a safe disposition of its inmates. This was done with as great celerity as possible, and the convicts were securely lodged in one of the workshops, without the least loss either to society or their own well-worn community, in the way of escape or subversion. Previous to this transfer the convicts had exhibited a good deal of boisterous alarm at the approach of the fire, believing as it was by the smoke entering their cells, but after finding themselves in a place of safety they became quite merry and jovial at the sight of the flames at work upon their terrestrial purgatory.

The character and situation of the buildings, and the fact of the fire originating in a place from which it could spread at once, through the whole extent of their upper portion rendered it difficult to accomplish much in the way of arresting its progress. The engines from our village, together with a large number of our citizens were on their way almost immediately after the first alarm was given, but the distance is such, (4 miles) that little more could be done than to show our readiness to assist in time of need. The entire portion of the prison containing the various offices, guard-room, and Warden's dwelling, were consumed, together with the roof and woodwork of that in which the cells are located. The household furniture of the Warden, and also, we believe, most of that of the officers was saved, and some of the prisoners were even thoughtful enough to secure a portion of the bedding of their cells.







