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Book and Job Printing
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

Poetry.

A FUNERAL THOUGHT.

BY HAYWARD TAYLOR.

When the pale genius, to whose hollow trumpet
Echo the startled chambers of the soul,
Waves his inverted torch o'er that wan camp
Where the archangel's marching trumpets roll,
I would not meet him in the chamber dim,
Hushed and unburdened with a nameless fear,
When the breath flutters, and the senses swim,
And the dread hour is near!

Though love's dear arms might clasp me fondly then,
As if to keep the summer at bay,
And woman's we and the calm grief of men,
Hallow at last the still, unbreathing clay—
These are earth's fetters, and the soul would shrink,
Thus bound, from darkness and the dread unknown.

Stretching its arms from death's eternal brink,
Which it must dare alone!
But in the awful silence of the sky,
Upon some mountain summit never trod,
Through the ether would I climb, to die
Afar from mortal and all with God!
To the keeping of the stainless air,
Would I resign my feeble, failing breath,
And with the rapture of an answered prayer
Welcome the kiss of death!

The soul, which wrestles with that doom of pain,
Froethless, like his lightning portion here,
Would there forget the vulgar and the chain,
And leap to freedom from its mountain lair!
All that it ever knew, of noble thought,
Would glow as upward to the glorious track,
Nor the keen pang by parting anguish wrought
Turn its bright glances back.

Then to the elements my frame would turn,
No more should I rest on my earthly clay,
But the cold limbs from that sepulchral urn,
In the slow storms of ages waste away!
Lead winds and thunder's disposition high
Should be my requiem through the coming time,
And the white mantle, falling in the sky,
My monument sublime!

London and the Exhibition.

From the Gospel Banner.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

We must take yet one more walk in the republicanism of the Crystal Palace, even in brother Jonathan's dominions. Our notes taken on the spot are not yet exhausted; but they are not so regular as they might have been, and this circumstance may possibly lead to some repetition.

We have spoken of the American bridge, at the entrance of the Palace, from which a splendid view of the magnificent panorama, was to be obtained, of the Queen's metrical inscription on it, and Goodenay's trophy of valiant India rubber goods; but we have not, we believe, remarked that, standing upon the end of the bridge which overlooks the whole eighteen acres of palatial beauty, were two full sized Indian Chiefs—Black Hawk and Red Jacket—in native costumes. With fiery eyeballs looking out of blood stained visages, each held a savage blade in one hand and a scalp in the other, whilst a frightful howl was suspended from his leathern girdle that embraced his half naked, sunburnt body. These figures taught the assembled nations what America was, but a little over two centuries ago, whilst the specimens of Yankee art and science all around them showed what America has become in that short period of the world's history. The bridge stands in the middle of the nave, at the eastern end of the palace, and at its left, resting against one of the iron pillars that support the galleries, is an affecting piece of sculpture. It is the marble statue of a poor shepherd boy, barefooted, bareheaded, and in rags, who had been lost whilst pursuing his flocks in the mountains, and had succeeded at last, finished, torn, and exhausted, in reaching the mansion of some rich nabob, had ascended the marble steps at the front door, had begged in vain for admission and refreshment, and was now fallen half bent upon the cold stone and the hand of death was upon him. The big tear stood in each eye, his face was wrinkled by his cries, and altogether he was the most forlorn looking object we ever beheld. We saw the Queen, one day approach that figure, and as her countenance grew sorrowful and the tear, as we thought, glistened in her large blue eyes, we noticed that she put her transparent hand upon the flaxen brow of her boy, the Prince of Wales, and in a low but emphatic tone of voice, charged him there to learn a lesson of mercy for the unfortunate.

Under the gallery we noticed several paintings and daguerreotype likenesses and views by American artists. Amongst them we were particularly struck with the Lord's prayer illustrated, by J. E. Mayall, consisting of ten female figures, on two tables, in those attitudes and expressions which were suitable to the several parts of the Prayer. It was certainly a significant and well executed design—such as we never saw before.

Here too was an ample daguerreotype view of the family of La. Gov. Reed of Massachusetts, consisting of ten figures—the old Governor, and his motherly lady sitting at the table, and their eight sons and daughters in respectful but happy looks standing around it. Victoria and Albert and their seven children could not make so good an impression of royalty, as Gov. Reed and his family make of Massachusetts republicanism.

A marble bust of Webster stood in the nave—everybody from all the nations, as they were with Bacon and Franklin. We have said that American daguerreotypes are better than English—our light is better—and we were not ashamed of the likenesses of several of our civil, military and literary characters represented there. Amongst these were Pres. Fillmore, Gen. Scott, Gen. Houston, Gov. Everett, Washington Irving and Horace Greeley.

Upon one of the walls was hung a daguerreotype view of Philadelphia, in gilt frames, six feet long; also a view of Fairmount Water Works in rear of that city. Nor was Philadelphia the only American city represented in the Fair. New York and Brooklyn were there, in ample style, having a bright appearance under the shining beams of an unclouded sun.

There was a model of a glass green house, sent to the Fair by Hartley & Co. of Philadelphia, that interested us not a little. It is of conical shape, seven feet in diameter on the floor, and rising thirteen feet to the apex. It contained eight pot furnaces, the whole exterior was of glass sheets, capable of being raised like windows, for ventilation; and the inside was lined with a circular pyramid of shelves holding pots in which various plants were growing. Built on a large scale, it must be a beautiful round crystal house for those who are able to own and tend it.

Ten scythes of different sorts, manufactured at North Wayne, Me., were displayed in a bird's eye map frame hanging upon the wall next to a lot of edge tools from Philadelphia. We have heard, of late, that our statement of these scythes taking the Prize medal is incorrect; then the official account is incorrect for that says the North Wayne Scythes took the premium. Indeed we were apprised of the fact in the Crystal Palace, before any such award was known or published.

A muskrat's tooth from the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; a mass of copper from Michigan weighing 254 lbs.; a beautiful Beryl from New Hampshire; fossil shells from Massachusetts; tubules in rosewood boxes polished; Burlington, Vt., Flour in bird's eye maple barrels varnished, with iron hoops painted black; pressed plants and flowers; corn husk beds, stripped finely, but which would have been better unstripped; bruised and cake as food for cattle; hales of cotton, and cotton growing in pots, just blossomed out; Vermont canned stone ware, splendid plate from Boston and New York, India rubber veneering, and washstands, foot stools, shoes lined with silk velvet, and even flutes, and toys, such as dolls, &c., &c., of the same material—these and many other things too numerous to mention, were all appropriately arranged in the American department.

Jonathan was sneered at when he first came into the Palace, but he left it with his pockets full of prize medals. In proportion to what America had there, she took as many premiums, if not more than any other nation.

Miscellaneous.

HOW THE MORTGAGE WAS PAID.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

There was something wrong about the affairs of old Mr. Bacon. His farm, the best tilled and most productive in the neighborhood, began to show evidences of neglect and unfruitfulness; and that he was going behind-hand in the world, was too apparent in the fact that, within two years, he had sold twenty acres of good meadow, and moreover, was under the necessity of borrowing three hundred dollars on a mortgage of his landed property. And yet, Mr. Bacon had not laid aside his habits of industry. He was up, as of old, with the dawn, and turned not his feet backward from the field until the sun had taken his parting glance from the distant hill-tops.

A kind-hearted, cheerful-minded man was old Mr. Bacon, well liked by all his neighbors, and loved by his own household. His two oldest children died ere reaching the age of manhood; three remained. Mary Bacon, the eldest of those who survived, now in her nineteenth year, had been from earliest childhood her father's favorite; and as she advanced towards womanhood, she had grown more and more into his heart. In his eyes she was very beautiful; and his eyes, though partly did not deceive him very greatly, for Mary's face was very fair to look upon.

We have said that Mr. Bacon was a kind-hearted, cheerful-minded man. And so he was; kind-hearted and cheerful, even though clouds were beginning to darken above him, and a sigh from the coming tempest was in the air.

Yes, there was something wrong about the affairs of old Mr. Bacon. A habit indulged through many years, had acquired a dangerous influence over him, and was gradually destroying his rational ability to act well in the ordinary concerns of life. As a young man, Mr. Bacon drank temperately, and he drank temperately in the prime of life; and now at sixty, he continued to drink temperately; that is, in his own estimation.

There were many, however, who had reason to think differently. But Mr. Bacon was no bar-room lounge; in fact, he rarely, if ever, went to a public house. It was in his own home, and among his household treasures that he placed his lips the cup of confusion.

"Let them join temperance societies who feel themselves in danger," was his good-natured answer to all argument or persuasion addressed to him on the subject. He did not oppose nor ridicule the movement. He thought it a good thing; only he had in it no personal interest.

And so Mr. Bacon went on drinking temperately, until habit, from claiming a moderate indulgence, began to make—so it seemed to his friends—rather unreasonable demands. Besides this habit of drinking, Mr. Bacon had another habit, that of industry; and, what was unusual, the former did not abate the latter, though it must be owned that it sadly interfered with its efficiency. He was up, as we have said, with the dawn, and all the day he was busy at work; but somehow or other, his land did not produce as liberally as in former times, and there was slowly creeping over everything around him an aspect of decay. Moreover, he did not manage, as well as formerly, the selling part of his business. In fact, his shrewdness of mind was gone—Alcohol had confused his brain. Gradually he was retreating; and, while more than half conscious of the ruin that was in advance of him, he was not fully enough aroused to be seriously alarmed, or to begin anxiously to seek the cause of impending evil.

And so it went on, until Mr. Bacon suddenly found himself in the midst of real trouble. The value of his farm, which, after parting with the twenty acres of meadow land contained but twenty-five acres, had been yearly diminishing in consequence of bad culture; and defective management of his stock had reduced that until it was of little consequence.

The holder of the mortgage was a man named Dyer, who kept a tavern in the village, that lay a mile distant from the little white farm house of Mr. Bacon. When Dyer commenced his liquor-selling trade—for that was his principal business—he had only a few hundred dollars; now he was worth thousands, and was about the only man in the neighborhood who had money to lend. His loans were always made on bond and mortgage, and it was a little remarkable that he was never known to let a sober, industrious farmer or stockkeeper have a single dollar. But a drinking man, who was gradually wasting his substance, rarely applied to him in vain; for he was the cunning spider watching for the silly fly. More than one run-down and worn-out farm had already come into his hands, through the foreclosure of mortgages, at a time of depression, when his helpless victims could find no sympathizing friends able to save them from ruin.

One day in mid winter, as Mr. Bacon was cutting wood in his rather poorly furnished wood pile, the tavern-keeper rode up. There was something in his countenance that sent a creeping sense of fear to the heart of the farmer.

"Good morning, Mr. Dyer," said he, formally. "Good morning," said the tavern-keeper, frowning. His usual smile was absent from his face.

"Sharp day, this,"
"Yes, rather keen."
"Won't you walk in and take something?"
"No, thank you. It is warm."
There was a pause.

"Mr. Bacon,"
The farmer's eye sunk beneath the cold, steady look of Dyer.

"For Mr. Bacon, I guess I shall have to call on you for them three hundred dollars," said the tavern-keeper, in a firm voice.

"Can't pay that mortgage now, Mr. Dyer," returned Bacon, with a troubled expression; "no use in thinking of it."

"Rather a cool way to treat a man after borrowing his money. I told you when I lent it that I might want it at almost any time."

"Oh, no, Mr. Dyer. It was understood, distinctly, that from four to six months' notice would be given," replied Mr. Bacon, positively.

"Preposterous!" ejaculated the tavern-keeper. "Never thought of such a thing. Six months' notice, indeed!"

"That was the agreement," said Mr. Bacon, firmly.

"Is it in the bond?"

"No, it was verbal, between us."

Dyer shook his head, as he answered—

"No sir! I never make agreements of that kind. The money was to be paid on demand, and I have ridden over this morning to make the demand."

"It is mid-winter, Mr. Dyer," was replied in a husky voice.

"Well!"

"You know that a small farmer, like me, cannot be in possession, at this season, of the large sum you demand."

"That is your affair, Mr. Bacon. I want my money, now, and must have it."

There was a tone of menace in the way this was said, that Mr. Bacon fully understood.

"I haven't thirty dollars, much less three hundred, in my possession," said he.

"Borrow it, then."

"Impossible! Money has not been so scarce for years. Every one is complaining."

"You'd better make the effort, Mr. Bacon. I shall be sorry to put you to any trouble, but my money will have to be forthcoming."

"You will not enter up the mortgage!" said the farmer.

"It will certainly come to that, unless you can pay it."

"That is what I call oppression!" returned Mr. Bacon, in momentary indignation, for the utterance of which he was as quickly repentant.

"Good morning," said Dyer, suddenly turning his horse's head and riding off at a brisk trot.

For nearly five minutes, old Mr. Bacon stood with his axe resting on the ground, lost in painful thought. Then he went slowly into the house, and, sitting down before the fire, let his head sink upon his breast, and there mused on the trouble that was closing around him. But there came no ray of light, piece-

ing the thick darkness that had fallen so suddenly.

Nothing was then said to his family on the subject, but it was apparent to all that something was wrong, for the lips that gave utterance to so many pleasant words, and parted so often in cheerful smiles, were still silent.

"Are you not well to-day?" asked Mrs. Bacon, as the family gathered around the dinner-table, and she remarked her husband's unusually sober face.

"Not very well," he replied.

"What ails you, father?" said Mary, with tender concern in her voice; and her eyes were turned upon him with affectionate earnestness.

"Nothing of much consequence, child," was answered, evasively. "I shall be better after dinner."

And as Mr. Bacon spoke, he poured out a larger glass of brandy than usual—he always had brandy on the table at dinner-time—and drank it off. This soon took away the keen edge of suffering from his feelings, and he was able to afford a measure of cheerfulness. But he did not deceive the eyes of Mrs. Bacon and Mary.

"I wonder what ails father," said Mary, as soon as she was alone with her mother.

"I don't know," answered Mrs. B., thoughtfully, "he seems troubled about something."

"I saw that Mr. Dyer, who keeps tavern over in Brookville, talking with father at the woodpile this morning."

"You did?" Mrs. Bacon spoke with a new manifestation of interest.

"Yes; and I thought, as I looked at him out of the window, that he appeared to be angry about something."

Mrs. Bacon did not reply to this remark. Soon after, on meeting her husband, she said to him,

"What did Mr. Dyer want this morning?"

"Something that he will not get," replied Mr. B.

"The money he loaned you?"

"Yes."

"It's impossible to pay it back now, in the dead of winter," said Mrs. Bacon, in a troubled tone of voice, "he ought to know that."

"And he does know it."

"What did you tell him?"

"That to lift the mortgage was out of the question."

"Won't he be troublesome! Mr. Peabody."

"I know he's a hard-hearted, selfish man. I don't believe there is a spark of humanity about him. But he'll scarcely go to extremities with me. I don't fear that."

"Did he threaten?"

"Yes. But I hardly think that he was in earnest."

How far this last remark of old Mr. Bacon was correct, the following brief conversation will show. It took place between Dyer and a miserable pettifogging lawyer in Brookville named Grant.

"I've got a mortgage on old Mr. Bacon's farm, but I wish entered up," said the tavern-keeper, on calling at the lawyer's office.

"Can't he pay it off?" inquired Grant.

"Of course not. He's been running down for the last six or seven years, and is now on his last legs."

"And so you mean to trip him up before he falls of himself? The lawyer spoke in an unfeeling tone and with a sinister smile.

"If you please to say so," returned Dyer.

"I've wanted that farm of his for some time past. When I took the mortgage on it, my object was first a simple investment at legal interest; you know that I can do better with my money than six per cent a year."

"I should think you could," responded the lawyer, with a chuckle.

"When I loaned Bacon three hundred dollars, of course I never expected to get paid."

"Understood, perfectly well; that sooner or later the mortgage would have to be entered up."

"And the farm become yours for half its real value?"

"Exactly."

"Are you not striking too soon, suggested the lawyer.

"No."

"Some friend may loan him the amount."

Dyer shook his head, as he answered—

"No sir! I never make agreements of that kind. The money was to be paid on demand, and I have ridden over this morning to make the demand."

"It is mid-winter, Mr. Dyer," was replied in a husky voice.

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"You know that a small farmer, like me, cannot be in possession, at this season, of the large sum you demand."

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"That is what I call oppression!" returned Mr. Bacon, in momentary indignation, for the utterance of which he was as quickly repentant.

The tavern-keeper, the hard aspect of whose features gave him little room for hope.

"I certainly mean to get my three hundred dollars," was replied.

"Can't you wait until next harvest?"

"I have already told you that I want my money now," said Dyer, with affected anger, "if you can pay me, well; if not, I will get my own by aid of the Sheriff."

"That's a hard saying, Mr. Dyer," returned the farmer, in a subdued voice.

"Nevertheless, it is a true one, friend Bacon, 'true as gospel.'"

"I haven't the money, nor can I borrow it, Mr. Dyer."

"Your misfortune, not mine. Though I must say, it is a little strange."

"What is strange?"

"That a man who has lived in this community as long as you have, can't find a friend willing to loan him three hundred dollars to save his farm from the Sheriff. There's something wrong."

"Yes, there was something wrong; poor old Mr. Bacon but it was more deeply than ever. Another feeble effort at remonstrance was made, when Mr. Dyer coldly referred him to Grant, the lawyer, who had now entire control of the business. But he did not go to him. He felt that to do so would be utterly useless.

Regular proceedings were entered upon for the settlement of the mortgage, and hurried to an issue as speedily as possible. It was all in vain that Mr. Bacon sought to borrow three hundred dollars, or to find some person willing to take the mortgage on his farm, and let him continue to pay the interest. It was a season when few had money to spare, and those who could have advanced the sum required, hesitated about investing it where there was little hope of getting the amount back again, except by execution and sale. For Mr. Bacon, in consequence of his intemperance, was steadily running behind-hand; and all his neighbors knew it.

The effect of this trouble on the mind of Mr. Bacon, was to cause him to drink harder than before. His cheerful temper gave place to a silent moodiness, when in partial states of sobriety, which were now of rare occurrence, and he lost all interest in things around him. A greater part of his time was spent in wandering restlessly about his house or farm, but he put his hand to scarcely any work.

Deeply distressed were Mrs. Bacon and Mary. Each of them had called, at different times, on Mr. Dyer, in the hope of moving him by persuasion, to turn from his purpose.

But only in one way would he agree to an amicable settlement, and that was, by taking the farm for the mortgage and three hundred dollars cash; by which means he would come into possession of property worth from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars. This offer he repeated to Mary, who was the last to call upon him in the hope of turning him from his purpose.

"No, Mr. Dyer," said the young girl, firmly, even while tears were in her eyes. "My father will not let the place go at a third its real value."

"He over-estimates its worth," replied Dyer with some impatience, "and he'll find this out when it comes under the hammer."

"You will not, I am sure you will not sacrifice my father's little place—the home of his children," said Mary, in an appealing voice.

"I shall certainly let things take their course, replied the tavern-keeper. 'Tell your father, from me, that he has nothing to hope for from any change in my purpose, and that he need make no more efforts to influence me. I will have the place, as I said, for six hundred dollars, its full value, or I will sell it for my claim.'"

And saying this, the man left abruptly, the room in which his interview with Mary was held, and she, helpless of making any impression on his feelings, arose and retired from the house, taking, with a sad heart, her way homeward. Never before had Mary, a gentle-hearted, quiet, retiring girl, been forced into such rough contact with the world, at any point. Of this act of intercession for her father, Mr. Bacon knew nothing. Had she dropped a word of her purpose in his hearing, he would have uttered a positive interdiction. He loved Mary as the apple of his eye, and she loved him with a tender, self-devoted affection. To him, she was a choice and beautiful flower, and even though his mind had become, in a certain degree, degraded and debased by intemperance, there was in it a quick instinct of protection when any thing approached his child.

Slowly and thoughtfully, with her eyes bent upon the ground, did Mary Bacon pursue her way homeward; and she was not aware of the approach of footsteps behind her, until a man stood by her side and pronounced her name.

"Mr. Green!" said she, in momentary surprise, pausing as she looked up.

Mr. Green was a farmer in easy circumstances, whose elegant and highly cultivated place was only a short distance from her father's residence. He was, probably, the richest man in the neighborhood of Brookville, though exceedingly close in all money matters. Mr. Bacon would have called upon him for aid in his extremity but for two reasons. One was Mr. Green's known indisposition to lend money, and the other was the fact that he had several times talked to him about his bad drinking habits; at which liberty he had taken offence, and retorted rather sharply for one of his mild temper.

The color mounted quickly to Mary's face as she paused and lifted her eyes to the countenance of Mr. Green. The fact was, she had been thinking about him, and just at that moment he came to her side, she had fully made up her mind to call upon him before going home.

"Well, Mary," said he kindly, and he took her hand. Mary's lips quivered, but she could not utter a word.

Mr. Green moved on, still holding her hand, and she moved by his side.

"I'm sorry to hear," said Mr. Green, "that your father is in trouble. I learned it only an hour ago."

"That is just what I was coming to see you about," replied Mary, with a boldness of speech that surprised even herself.

"Indeed! Then you were coming to see me," said Mr. Green, in a voice that was rather encouraging than otherwise.

"Yes sir. But father knows nothing of my purpose."

"Oh! Well, Mary, what is it you wish to say to me?"

"The young girl's bosom heaved violently. Some moments passed ere she felt calm enough to proceed. Then she said—

"Mr. Dyer has a mortgage on father's place for three hundred dollars, and is going to sell it."

"Mr. Dyer is a hard man, and your father should not have placed himself in his power," remarked Mr. Green.

"Unhappily he is in his power."

"So it seems. Well, what do you wish me to do in the case?"

"To lend me three hundred dollars," said Mary, promptly. Thus encouraged to speak she did not hesitate a moment.

"Lend you three hundred dollars?" returned Mr. Green, rather surprised at the directness of her request. "For what use?"

"To pay off this mortgage of course," replied Mary.

"But who will pay me back my money?" inquired Mr. Green.

"I will," said Mary, confidently.

"You! Pray where do you expect to get so much money from?"

"I expect to earn it," was firmly answered. Mr. Green paused, and turning towards Mary, looked earnestly into her young face that was lit up with a beautiful enthusiasm.

"Earn it, did you say?"

"Yes, sir. I will earn it and pay it back to you, if it takes a lifetime to do it."

"How will you earn it, Mary?"

Mary let her eyes fall to the ground, and stood looking for a moment or two. Then looking up, she said—

"I will go to Lowell."

"To Lowell?"

"Yes, sir."

"And work in a factory?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Green moved on again, but in silence, and Mary walked with an anxious heart by his side. For the distance of several hundred yards they passed along and not a word was spoken.

"To Lowell!" at length dropped from the lips of Mr. Green, in a tone half interrogative, half in surprise. Mary did not respond, and the silence continued until they came to a point in the road where their two ways diverged.

The Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, FRIDAY, JAN. 23, 1852.

GEO. F. EMERY—EDITOR.

W. S. M. POTTINGILL, No. 10 STATE ST.,
(Journal Building) Boston, is our authorized agent
for procuring subscriptions, forwarding advertisements,
etc.

NOTICE

Whereas given to all concerned, that the partnership heretofore existing between Geo. F. Emery and Geo. L. Mellen, under the name of Geo. F. Emery & Co., is by mutual consent, this day dissolved; and Geo. L. Mellen, having become sole proprietor of The Oxford Democrat, is hereby authorized to receive all dues, and discharge all debts of said firm of Geo. F. Emery & Co.

GEORGE L. MELLEN,
WM. K. KIMBALL,
S. D. HUNT, JUNIOR,
N. M. MARBLE.

Paris, Dec. 28, 1851.

THE COMPROMISE—ACQUIESCENCE—TOLERATION.

We have prepared an article on Senator Foote's resolution in affirmance of the compromise measures, but as the debate on the subject has subsided, which we take to be an indication that it is not regarded of much consequence, and as we are not inclined to "re-state" on this subject, we shall spare the patience of our readers by simply remarking that in our judgment, Judge Douglas and Gen. Houston, both of whom were in favor of those measures, took the correct ground in deprecating the introduction of the resolution. It is conceded on every hand that the country is quiet, and that the public interests require that it should remain so. This necessarily cannot be the case if the halls of Congress are again made the scene of useless and angry discussion upon a mere resolution of acquiescence. Whatever may have been our views on the various questions disposed of at the last session, we are willing to acquiesce in the judgment of Congress and the country. Nobody expects that these measures can be repealed, and no one, so far as we have seen, has even raised the cry, or suggested the idea, of repeal. Why then should not the original friends of the compromise be equally willing to acquiesce? Do they wish to make them the basis of a party platform? That cannot be done even at the south. The State rights men say distinctly that they will not take the measure of the last Congress as a test of democracy. It is a significant fact that, at the State Convention just held in Mississippi, Senator Foote's own State, the compromise measures were not even endorsed, much less put forward as the platform of the democratic party. But the old Baltimore platform was endorsed and reiterated. So then, if the northern democracy were perfectly agreed as to taking the compromise as the basis of a new platform, it could not be done. But at the north also, it is equally impossible to make those measures a party test. During all the discussion and excitement growing out of the slavery question, sound and staunch democrats have differed in opinion, and will continue to do so. And who has the power, or if he had would exercise it, to tell his neighbor out of the party, because of a difference of opinion on matters which legitimately have nothing to do with parties? My neighbor may be a Catholic, but shall his protestant brother refuse fellowship with him in party measures, because their Bibles are dissimilar? Surely not. One of the first principles of democracy forbids it. Toleration of opinion has always been one of the leading characteristics of the Republican party, and the time is far distant we trust, when that cardinal principle shall be expunged from the democratic creed. Such an eminent degree have been the sentiment and action of the democracy of Maine. At our County and State Conventions this principle has been recognized, and under its kindly and happy influence we have been enabled to ride the storm successfully, while, in some of the States, a disregard to this fundamental principle has been the rock on which our friends have split. Any attempt, therefore, from any quarter, however respectable or exalted, to change the policy which has thus far enabled the democracy of Maine to triumph over a watchful and skillful enemy, would, in our judgment, be a departure from correct principles, and prove disastrous to the cause whose interests every true democrat desires to see prosper.

That we are not alone in entertaining this view, he who is at all conversant with political affairs, will readily discover. The democratic press of Maine have, very generally, already spoken to the same purpose. And in this connection we cannot forbear to notice a capital sentiment, among the regular hosts of the Washington "Jackson Democratic Association," at the dinner recently given to Kosuth.

"The Union of the democracy: Essential to success, and best effected by diversity of political differences." Let this sentiment be the motto inscribed upon our banner, and we have nothing to do but march forward and take possession of the land: Give us these watersheds, and the Gulf and Gardens will bear a retreat before the little cry shall be heard:—Give us this prestige of success, and the country is already "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled."

Our brethren of the Press will please accept our thanks for the courtesy we have received at their hands. For the consolation of our publisher, although it tries our modesty exceedingly, we copy a few "first rate notices." And as it was our friend Holden, if any one, who, according to the Advertiser, committed that awful tragedy upon our person, of which we have heretofore spoken, we will allow him to speak first.

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an ordinary full session. The committee, however, have taken hold of the matter before them with an energy which gives promise of an early disposal of them, as the necessary understanding of their merits will allow.

The opinions of the democratic members of the legislature, in regard to the expediency of holding a State Convention the present season, are somewhat at variance, but the number who think the good of the democratic party would be promoted thereby, is comparatively small—and in preference of this kind, it is undoubtedly the wiser course to adhere to the usages which have obtained in the past, in preference to striking out into new and hazardous experiments. Yours, &c.

THE WESTERN DISTRICT COURT commenced its regular session in this town, on Monday last, Judge Emery presiding.

The following persons composed the several Juries:

GRAND JURY.—Isabell Bartlett, Norway; Alvin P. Benton, Ithaca; James Cram, Brownfield; John L. Farrington, Fryeburg; Zenas Maxim, Paris; David P. Brown, Penobscot; Jesse Bradford, Turner; John Simpson, Waterford; Joseph Bennett, Jr., Lovell; Daniel Durbin, Woodstock; Enoch Cardwell, Greenwood; Jesse Turner, Buckfield; Hopedell Bissell, Hartford; Silas Grover, Bethel; Rachel P. Foster, Haverhill; Osgood Eaton, Rumford; Joseph Swan, Ellsworth.

TRAYERS JURY.—Hiram A. Ellis, Canton; Clark Weeks, Porter; Esplan McAlister, Sunbush; Lehabo Warren, Brownfield; James Stevens, Andover; Simon Stevens, Norway; Levi Taylor, Paris; Alvin Kimball, Mexico; John Flint, Sweden; Daniel Billings, Waterford; Stephen Farnam, Rumford; Stephen Thurlow, Jr., Hartford; Nathan Charles, Lovell; Samuel Crockett, Oxford; Joseph Barrows, Hebron; Hilburn Perlman, Woodstock; Ous Bicknell, Buckfield; William Pignere, Denmark; John Sanders, Livermore; Eliza F. Stephens, Sumner; Albert Winslow, Turner; E. S. Bartlett, Bethel; Samuel White, Dixfield; Walker Brackett, Mason.

Remarks of Mr. Ludden Resolutions, on the Kosuth Resolutions.

The House having passed two of the resolutions reported by the Committee, whereby the Governor is requested to extend an invitation to Kosuth to visit the Capitol, and expressing "a sincere sympathy for the wrongs of Hungary, and a deep detestation of the despotic tyranny of Austria, and the unwarrantable intervention of Russia;" and the question now being upon the passage of the third, which is as follows:

Resolved, That we earnestly desire that the General Government of the United States may exert an influence, in some wise and proper manner, against all such intervention in future.

Mr. Ludden said: I rise, sir, to vindicate the Committee who reported this resolution, from any intention of involving, by its passage, our country in war. My perception is not strong enough, or my vision keen enough to see blood through it; and not even my friend from Limerick, though a medical man, can extract blood from it.

From the wide range of this debate, I suppose it may be expected that the theological part of it should be preceded by a quotation from Scripture; and therefore, those who voted for the second resolution yesterday, and oppose the third today, are reminded that certain people once were eluded for "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel."

Yesterday, the second resolution, elated in language, to which this is time, and but a sequel, passed this House unanimously.

That resolution, Sir, is bold and daring. It talks loud and strong. It tenders to the despotic Hungarian, our sincere sympathy for the wrongs of his oppressed and down-trodden countrymen; and its language firm and bold, declares our utter "detestation of the despotic tyranny of Austria, and the unwarrantable intervention of Russia."

Now this is bold language: it is Roman, American. Detestation of despotic tyranny and unwarrantable intervention mean something. And by her representatives, Maine is committed to all this.

Now, is there not just reason to fear, that all these hard names will arouse the Russian Bear to vengeance? Will he retain complacency, while we say to him, "Having a deep, abiding sympathy for millions of oppressed Hungarians, five millions of whom are protestants who seek to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience; and when but from your unwarrantable, detestable policy and conduct, might do now, without any to molest or make them afraid?"

Who, shielded from the northern blasts by the lofty Carpathians—the forests of Tatra and Matra piercing the clouds—enjoy a milder climate than Germany, and on whose mountain terraces and vast plains, are raised the finest productions of southern Europe; whose long line of kings, for more than five centuries, were crowned and buried at Alba Regia; who planted the banner of the Cross where the Crescent long waved its bloody folds; who had successfully pushed the despotic tyranny of Austria, but for the unwarrantable intervention of Russia!

For all this, say more, for your wanton butcheries of brave Hungarians; your detestable violation of the law of nations, of nature and nature's God; for the walls of widows and orphans, whose "cry has reached unto the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth," we arraign you at the bar of immutable justice. But for you, the blood-dyed waters of the Danube had not flowed redolent of Hungarian gore; but for you and your detestable acts, Hungary would now be free.

All this we have said; and my friend from Poland has no fear that he will be obliged to "seek the bubble reputation, at the cannon's mouth," in its defence. Do we now propose to say more? No, sir, we only say, "That we earnestly desire that the Government of the United States may exert an influence, in some wise and proper manner" against a repetition of those wrongs. Is there blood or thunder here! Do the gentlemen from Poland, Limerick and Wiscasset, see in this, a series of fustian, or a mere display of words?

Do they hear in a desire to exert an influence in some wise and proper manner, "Low, murmuring sounds along their banners by; Revenge or death, the watchword and reply?"

Do they hear in this waste dross, (for it is

quite too tame, Sir, to meet my views,) "The kind words of the last alarm, The death knell of liberty?"

No, sir. The war resolutions, if any there be, passed yesterday. There is no armed intervention in a simple desire, thus modestly expressed; and if we may not desire that there be no repetition of these wrongs, we offer but poor sympathy, indeed. Cold comfort this, for poor Hungary! Let us then "ardently desire," at least, that Hungary yet be free—that her noble Chieftain may reap the reward of his toil and sufferings, in the greatest earthly boon that heaven can give.

The gentleman from Starks, runs too hastily through the Bible, to find justification for tyrants. He forgets, in his haste, to look "under the altar," to see "the souls of them that were slain for the word of God and for the testimony which they held." He neglects to listen while they "cry with a loud voice, saying, 'How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth!'"

We copy the following from the Argus: Democratic Meeting at Turner.

Agreeable to previous notice, the Democratic Republicans of Turner and vicinity assembled at the Universalist meeting house, on Tuesday, the 6th day of January last.

The meeting was called to order by Isaac Chase, Esq., of Turner, and Hon. Isaac STRICKLAND, appointed President—Richard Hutchinson, Esq., of Hartford, and William Bray, Esq., of North Turner, were chosen Secretaries.

On motion of Col. Lee Strickland, of Livermore, a Committee of twenty-five were selected to report resolves expressing the sentiments of the meeting.

The following gentlemen composed the Committee: Lee Strickland, Joseph Tobin, D. W. Ludden, Ezekiah Griffith, George W. Springer, John Turner, Jr., Samuel Fuller, Joseph Beals, and R. D. Morse, of Livermore; R. Hutchinson, Isaac Fuller, Eliza Reynolds and Alonzo Fuller, of Hartford; Arch Leavitt, J. B. Pampill, Warren Richmond, Orren Leavitt, Isaac Chase, Branch Leavitt, Alvin Merrill and Lee Leavitt, of Turner; Thomas Chase, Jr., of Farmington; Reuben B. Jennings and Ephraim Low, of Buckfield; and Virgil D. Farris, of Paris.

The Committee having attended to the duty assigned them, Col. Strickland reported the following Resolutions:

Whereas, There are more than one third part of the democratic voters of this State who have no immediate political representation in the Legislature—Therefore,

Resolved, That it would be not only an act of courtesy, but justice, that such voters should have an opportunity to express their selection of all candidates for office, which their duty as well as interest call them to the ballot box to support.

Resolved, That we hold the elective franchise, unrestrained by arbitrary power, to be the highest prerogative granted to free men; but when the right of selecting candidates for the most important offices within their gift, is arbitrarily wrested from them, that prerogative becomes so encumbered, that it becomes unworthy the sovereignty of the people.

Resolved, That the Democratic members of the present Legislature be respectfully requested to forbear making any nomination for Governor, Electors, or Delegates at Large, as it is hoped and believed that they will assent to it for the best interest of the Democratic party to use their influence with the State Committee to call a State Convention at the earliest practicable day, to nominate a candidate for Governor, two Electors at Large, and two Delegates to attend a National Democratic Convention.

Resolved, That if the Democratic members of the Legislature, who were chosen more than sixteen months ago, and long before the Presidential question was agitated, should assume to dictate to the Democratic party, not only who should be candidates for Governor, but who should be candidates for Electors, and Delegates at Large, it would be an assumption of power not authorized by the people, and in no wise obligatory upon the Democratic party in this State.

Resolved, That it is the firm conviction of this meeting that, if the wishes of a large portion of the Democratic party should be disregarded, it would at least endanger the success of the Democratic candidates at the coming elections.

Resolved, That the approaching political crisis in this State is such as to justify every Democrat in making the strongest exertions to carry into effect the recommendations contained in the foregoing Resolutions.

After an animated discussion upon the adoption of the resolutions, in which Hon. Joseph Tobin, Thos. Chase, Jr., Esq., Hon. Virgil D. Farris, Calvin Merrill and Isaac Chase, Esq., and Dr. R. B. Jennings participated, they were passed by a vote of 125 to 2.

That the proceedings be signed by the President and Secretaries, and published in the Eastern Argus, Augusta Age, and other Democratic papers in the State.

ISAAC STRICKLAND, Pres't.
RICHARD HUTCHINSON, Sec'taries.
WILLIAM BRAY.

If you want to have that cramped, crooked and illegible chirography of yours made elegant, go to Kimball's Writing School, which is just opened. His terms are cheap enough—only \$1.00 for 24 lessons. We think he can "put you through in about 2.40."

GOVERNOR'S SALARIES.—The aggregate salaries of the Governors of the thirty-one States is \$72,766. Rhode Island gives the lowest in the list—\$400 per annum, and California the highest, \$10,000. The next in the list is Louisiana, the salary of whose Governor is \$6,000.

There are four Territories with salaried Governors, whose aggregate is \$10,500.

WHAT ARE WOMEN'S RIGHTS!—The Minden Herald, in reply to this question, very properly says that they are to have her "lord" with all her heart, and her "lady" as herself—and take good bread.

The Postmaster of Bangor has commenced suits in the U. S. District Court, against some individuals there for using postage stamps a second time. He had remonstrated with them (knowing the individuals) but to no effect, and on violating the law again, he took the legal course in the matter. The penalty is \$50 for each offence.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The British steam ship Asia, with dates from Liverpool to the 3d instant, arrived at N. Y. about 7 o'clock on Friday eve.

ENGLAND.—The London Morning Advertiser states that the cause of Lord Palmerston's resignation, was the interference, on the part of the Prime Minister, with the affairs of the Foreign Secretary; that Lord Palmerston, on ascertaining the fact, was indignant, and demanded an explanation. The answer of the Premier was vague and shuffling, and the result was a lengthy correspondence between the Foreign Secretary and the Premier. At the cabinet meeting, only nine out of fifteen members were present. Lord John Russell stated that, in consequence of some misunderstanding about foreign affairs, Lord Palmerston had thought fit to resign. His resignation was agreed to, without the real cause being understood. The Premier, it is said, wishes to place in the cabinet, in order to propitiate the people of England, liberal and independent men.

On the other hand, the News says, that it almost conclusively indicates treachery on the part of some members of the cabinet; that a conspiracy would seem to exist between some in Downing street and the court of Vienna, to sacrifice Lord Palmerston; and apparently that a closer alliance may be formed between England and Austria.

The Times states that the very last act of Palmerston was to express his unqualified approbation of Napoleon's coup d'etat.

It is understood that Lord Palmerston means to bring the whole matter before Parliament and some person, who professes to be well informed, asserts that, as usual on an event, Lord John Russell will resign previous to the commencement of the session.

FRANCE.—At the latest dates Paris was perfectly tranquil. The result of the Presidential election is as follows: Whole number of votes 8,116,773; for Louis Napoleon 7,439,219; against him 710,737—making his majority 6,708,479. He was inaugurated on Thursday the 1st inst., the ceremony passing off without the slightest disturbance.

On Wednesday evening, M. Baroche addressed a speech to the President, on presenting the result of the votes, to which Napoleon replied as follows:

"France has comprehended that I departed from legality, to return to right. Upwards of 7,000,000 votes have absolved me. My object was to save France, and perhaps Europe, from years of trouble and anarchy. I understood all the grandeur of my mission.—I do not deceive myself as to its difficulties, but with the counsel and support of all right-minded men, the devotedness of the army, and the protection which I shall to

