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Poetry.

The Happiest Time.

BY ELIZA COOK.

An Old Man sat in his chimney seat,
As the morning sunbeams crept in his feet,
And he watched the sunlight as it came
With a smile on his weathered frame.
He looked right on the Eastern sky,
But his breath grew long in a trembling sigh,
And those who heard it, soon drew near,
What Spirit had made him feel his cheer?

For the Old Man was not of the fair,
And his wrinkles told of his years;
His heart was among the sunless things,
That rarely are found by the honey-bee's wings;
He had no film of delicate skin,
No dew of emotion gathered in;
Oh! the Old Man's heart was of hoary kind,
That seemed to live not the sun or the wind.

He had lived in the world as millions live,
Ever more ready to take than give;
He had worked and weeded, and mowed and mown,
And he had seen the world as it is shown.

And just as he was about to die,
He had given his heart to his daughter,
Till she was a woman of years;
And his heart was still in her care.

The Old Man smiled again, and his
His heart was still in her care;
And his heart was still in her care;
And his heart was still in her care.

And where and when, cried out by his side,
"Have you found the happiest time in your life?"
"Come tell me freely, and let me know."
How the spark struck that yet can burn.
Was it when you stood in silent strength
With the light of youth, and felt that at length
Your heart's true home could win its way?

"The Old Man smiled again, and his
His heart was still in her care;
And his heart was still in her care;
And his heart was still in her care.

"Say, was it then when you were young,
The heart was still in her care;
And his heart was still in her care;
And his heart was still in her care.

"The Old Man smiled again, and his
His heart was still in her care;
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God only could force what would be the result. A few stray sheep were the only living objects to be seen, and they, as it were, were for protection from the piercing blast and shivering cold. Often did we express the wish that we had remained with our beloved friends. But as it was, there was no other alternative but to push on; to stop where we were, would be almost certain death. Suddenly, however, to our great joy, we discovered, through the denseness of the falling snow, a glimmering light at no great distance from us. This incident gave us renewed courage, and, quickening our steps, we soon arrived at the door, where, on rapping, a man, somewhat advanced in years, presented himself, kindly welcomed us to his humble home, and placing some chairs before a large fire, bade us, in broad Scottish accent, be seated.

"It's a cold night to cross the moor," said our host. I am glad you have got this length, for many a one has lost his life in a storm."

Addressing a young woman of about seventeen, who was sitting in the next room, and who we afterwards found to be his daughter, he said—"Leze ye get the kettle on." Only a few minutes elapsed before we were invited into a snug little room, where was a bright and cheerful fire, which seemed to welcome us. A neat little table was standing in the centre, covered with a cloth as white as the snow which was then falling without, on which was spread a variety of good and wholesome food. And after thanking God for his protection and shelter from the pitiless storm, in directing us to this hospitable mansion, and for his abundant mercies, the cold having sharpened our appetites, we were enabled to do ample justice to the supper so kindly provided by our benevolent host. Never was food eaten with a better relish.

Supper being ended, and the table removed we related to the good man at his request, our misadventures, and why it was that we found it necessary to trouble him, and intimated that we had our fears lest we should be a burden to him.

"O, donna say so," replied the good man, "for it is no more than one's duty to another. Never shall it be said that Robert Anderson, who has done so much for his people, is a burden to them."

The conversation then turned on the difference in people, on the various occupations of life, and the great contrast between rural and city life. He said that, if we were not too much worried, he would give a short account of a cousin of his—a proposal which we readily accepted to—when he related the following narrative:

"Well do I remember," said Mr. Anderson, "some thirty years ago, we had three miles to walk to school—I mean three cousins and myself. My uncle had a small farm adjoining that of my father, and being the only offspring, my grandfather divided the farm between them. When he departed this life, my cousins and myself, having no other company, were very happy together. Two girls and one son constituted my uncle's family. Jamie, the name of my cousin, was three years older than myself, and had no inclination for farming. At the age of fourteen he fathered his own kind of profession he would like to follow. He replied that he should like that of a cabinet maker. His father said to more. Shortly after, when he returned from school, Jamie observed that his mother appeared very dull. He inquired the cause.

"Well, my son, I must inform you. Your father has engaged you to a gentleman in Edinburgh."

Jamie could contain himself no longer. Clapping his hands, he cried out—"O mother, how happy I am! What a fine place to live in!"

His mother, who had endeavored to instill into his youthful mind sentiments of religion, and the fear of God, began, with tears trickling down her cheeks—"My son, that is what troubles me. How many youths like you have left their parents' roof, and gone to large cities, followed by a mother's prayers; have fallen into evil company, and consequently become dissipated; have ruined themselves, and have a disgrace to their friends and society. The misadventures from the path of rectitude are many. Such as evil companions, theatres, balls, and other influences that easily beguile youths like yourself. Always bear in mind, my son, that God, with an all-seeing eye, witnesses all your transgressions. Remember the Sabbath day; for an ill-spent Sabbath is an ill-spent week."

The tears ran down Jamie's face, as his mother spoke. O, who has the strong feeling of a mother! especially of a Christian mother! her words are kind, but weighty. The simple word mother has a sound stronger than the roar of an ocean! has a touch sharper than the point of a spear! and so it was with Jamie. The time soon arrived when he was to take his departure. Home never appeared so dear to Jamie as when taking leave of us all. Yes, home, sweet home it was to him!

It was a bright day in June when Jamie was seen wending his way down the glen, accompanied by his father. Even the little birds seemed conscious of Jamie's departure from his native hills. His mother stood at the door with an anxious look, taking a last lingering view of her child. A turn by the hill took him from her observing eye. She breathed a prayer to Heaven that he might be protected from all the snares of vice, and have fortitude to withstand the temptations which were sure to surround him. The place he had filled in the house was now vacant.

Nine months had passed away, when Jamie obtained leave from his employer to visit home. We were all, as you may suppose, happy to see him, though his stay was short. On the sixth day he took leave of us again,

but not until he had received another chapter of his mother's counsels. We had several visits from Jamie after this.

At length the term of his apprenticeship expired, with honor to himself, and he returned home with an excellent character. He did not remain long at home, but went to reside in the city of Glasgow, where he was greatly beloved and respected by all who knew him.

But alas! at last the temptation came; and it was too much for poor Jamie. In an evil hour he formed the acquaintance of evil companions, and associated with those who soon corrupted his morals. Ere long, he became familiar with all the wickedness of city life. My cousin, who was a good natured lad, was easily influenced, and at last fell into the habit of meeting them at their accustomed drinking haunts. And as Jamie could tell a good story, and sing a good song, he became a great favorite. As their nightly meetings became more frequent, they grew, of course, more dissipated—and Jamie was as led as the worst of them.

On Sunday night, at a late hour, after the meeting had broken up, Jamie and his companions were wandering along the street, amusing themselves, when a neighboring church clock announced the last hour of the night preceding the Sabbath. Although in a state of intoxication, the words of his pious mother suddenly came to Jamie's mind. He hastened home as speedily as possible, but could not sleep. He could not rid himself of portion of his good mother's words, "An ill-spent Sabbath is an ill-spent week."

In the morning Jamie rose early, with the fumes of last night's debauch in his head; he went out, and fell in with some of his companions, who proposed to have a morning glass. Glass after glass were drunk, and from this time he was an altered man. He grew careless; and few and far between were his letters to his fond and doting parents, and frequent were the disappointments of his anxious mother. One day, however, she received a letter from an unknown hand, informing her that her son had left Glasgow, and had gone to some new place. O what a shock it gave us all! But you may well imagine a mother's feelings. Had she known where to have found her son, she would have hastened to meet him; but that was not for her to know. Jamie's conduct was more trying to her feelings than would have been his death; yet her humble prayers were poured out to God that He would protect her child, that He would once more return her wandering boy. Week after week passed away, and no account came from Jamie. Some thought he was dead; but still a hope was cherished in the breasts of his parents that they should again behold the long lost son.

Five years passed away, and in the meantime his father had the misfortune to lose a leg by falling from a roof, and was obliged to employ help in cultivating his farm, which soon brought him into embarrassed circumstances; so much so that he was compelled to mortgage his farm to obtain money for his support. When the mortgage expired, the poor old man found it necessary to sell his farm in order to meet his demands. The place was at last sold for the sum of £100. The sale was to take place. The people had assembled, and the hour had arrived when his poor unfortunate uncle with his wife and family were to take leave of their home and lands, and the auctioneer had already commenced the sale, when a stranger was seen running toward them, waving his handkerchief. All eyes were turned upon him when he came up, and said to the auctioneer, "Stop the sale!"

The astonished clerk demanded "By whose authority?"

"By mine," was the reply. "I'll pay the debt."

"Your security," said the clerk.

When the man, taking the purse from his pocket, and showing it to him, said—"It's in my hands."

Great was the curiosity manifested by the people to know who the stranger was, as he retired with the clerk and auctioneer. My uncle, aunt, and every one there, were very soon told. My father and myself were at the sale. The stranger, beckoning my father to approach, said—"Sir, I wish you, with me, to witness this transaction."

Great was our surprise when our eyes fell on the paper, and we saw the name of James Anderson! It was Jamie again. Nine years had gone by since he left us, and time had wrought a great change on him.

The people having dispersed, the mortgage and notes against his father were delivered to him, and the next thing was to make himself known to his parents. We decided to accompany him, and on our arrival my father introduced him by saying—

"Brother, this is the good man whom a kind Providence has sent to save your firm from being knocked off under the hammer, and you turned penniless upon the tender mercies of a cold world—he has paid the debt and the farm is still yours! He has now a little business to transact with you."

"God be praised," exclaimed my aged uncle, which was all he could utter, such was the depth of his gratitude towards the stranger.

"My dear sir," replied the stranger, "give yourself no further uneasiness, I have the mortgage which has been the means of causing you such deep distress. I felt that it would have been a sad thing for you, at your advanced age, to be deprived of the home of your childhood, the place for many long years of your soul's delight. When I heard of the intended sale of your farm, I resolved in my own mind that it should never be done; and I now retain your cancelled mortgage, and notes, wishing you health and happiness for the remainder of your days. You have withstood the shock of affliction, may God give you and your strength to support that of joy. A cloudy morning often gives a shining day."

The stranger then took the aged couple by the hand and made himself known. Said he, "He who stands before you now is your long lost son."

The scene that followed can better be imagined than described. The aged father with the tears coursing down his furrowed, and care worn cheeks, returned thanks to an all-wise, and superintending Father in heaven, grateful that he had remembered so unworthily an object in this dark hour of sore trial! Grateful that a long lost and dutiful son had again returned to bless and cheer him in his descent down the dreary life! Grateful that though his Jamie had wandered far away from the paths of virtue; yet how he had returned, clothed in his right mind, and unlike the "prodigal son," he did not return to have his own wants relieved, but came with plenty to relieve the wants of his aged and distressed parents. The good mother in the mean time became almost frantic with joy; and could hardly find words to express the thankfulness she felt to her heavenly Father for the mark of favor he had bestowed on her in returning to her embrace this long lost and darling boy. "How much better," he would exclaim, "God to me than I deserve; but how could I ever ask or think!" His sisters gave their brother an affectionate welcome, and done all in their power for his comfort and pleasure.

"After the first joyous feelings of his aged parents had become a little subsided, and the family and a few intimate friends were left by themselves, Jamie related to them his history during the time of his unaccountable absence from his country, nearly in the following words:—"One night in Glasgow, I had been drinking with the crew of a merchant ship, then in port, who invited me to go on board their vessel with them. This invitation, in a thoughtless moment, I accepted. During the night a favorable breeze sprang up, and the vessel set sail, and when I awoke in the morning I found, to my great surprise and sorrow, that I was far away at sea! Now finding myself, on account of various habits and practices far from friends and country, I began seriously to reflect on my present condition. The images of my good old father and mother vividly presented themselves to my mind. How distressed would they be could they know of my conduct and situation. Carried away against my wishes, through my own fault, and going in a direction I knew not whither, without money, friends, motive or character, it seemed as though my heart would sink within me. Feeling a sense of my degradation and unworthiness, and feeling lonely, I resolved by the help of God, that I would from this time, become a different man and forsake forever my evil companions and habits. I immediately went to the captain and stated to him the whole story how it happened; I was on board his ship and asked his advice. The captain, being a kind hearted man, after telling me there was no alternative, I must remain with the ship till the end of the voyage—offered to give me my passage to the Cape of Good Hope, as that would be the first place the ship would touch at. On my arrival I wrote home to my dear parents, but to my great grief I could get no return. I feared that either my letter never arrived at its destination, or that you felt that your son had so long treated you with neglect that it was best not to notice it. I soon found employment in Cape Town, and in two years after my arrival, such was my good fortune, I became a partner in the firm which first gave me employment; and after eight years of very successful business, I was enabled to purchase a property of my own, and I found the property to be an ample return. Feeling no longer a desire to remain away from my own country, I embarked on the first opportunity on board a ship direct to Greenwich, and after a passage of forty-two days arrived at that port in safety, and the same night I was conveyed to Glasgow. The next morning I took coach for Edinburgh, and while there on taking up a newspaper, to my surprise and distress, I noticed that the residence of my aged parents, and the home of my youth, was advertised for sale at auction; the next morning I started before the break of day for this dear home of my youth, resolved if money could stop the sale it should be done; and I resolved at the same time, as God had given me a competency, to spend the rest of my days happily by exerting myself to make others happy."

Thus ends the story. Truly there is more joy over a sinner that repenteth than over ninety-nine just persons that need no repentance; and so it was in the case of Jamie Anderson. When our kind host had finished his narrative we retired to rest. The next morning at early dawn we took our departure. It was our first visit, but not our last, for strange as it may seem, Jamie—the very same who was desired to put the kettle on—and myself became acquainted with each other, not without this short acquaintance, and I am happy to say that she is now my dear wife, and as good a wife as a man ever was blessed with.

Ex-Senator Benton said recently, in conversation with a gentleman who spoke of his being the last of the group—"Clay, Webster and Calhoun are gone; years ago Dr. told me, 'When these men are dead, you will be fresh and vigorous as ever.' My habits of living do it; until I was thirty I drank nothing, Sir! Since then I have drank only what circumstances made it fit. I should drink water and moderation keep me in health and strength. Besides, I adopt the Roman regimen—bath with cold water, and rub dry. That's exercise. None of your common flesh-brushes, but such as they rub horses legs with Sir!"

Set bounds to your zeal by discretion, to error by truth, to passion by reason, to divisions by charity.

Miseries of a School-boy.

Rev. H. W. Beecher, in the N. Y. Independent, discourses as follows upon the above topic:

It was my misfortune, in boyhood to go to a District School. It was a little square pine building, blazing in the sun, upon the highway, without a tree for shade or sight near it; without bush, yard, fence or circumstance to take off its bare, cold, hard, hateful look. Before the door, in winter, was the pile of wood for fuel, and in the summer, there were all the claps of the winter's wood. In winter, we were squeezed into the recess of the furthest corner, among little boys, who seemed to be sent to school merely just to fill the clunks between the bigger boys. Certainly we were never sent for any such absurd purposes as an education. There were the great scholars, the school in the winter was for them, not for such puny creatures. We were read and spelt twice a day, unless something happened to prevent. For the rest of the time we were busy in keeping still. And a time we always had of it. Our shoes always would be scraping on the floor or knocking the shins of the urinals who were also being "educated." All of our little legs together, (poor, tired, nervous, restless legs with nothing to do) would fill up the corner with such a noise, that every ten or fifteen minutes, the master would bring down his two-footed helmsman on the deck with a clap that sent shivers through our hearts, to think how that would have felt, if it had fallen some where else; and then, with a look that swept us all into utter extremity, of stillness, he would cry, "Silence! in the corner!" It would last for a few minutes; but, long memories are not expensive. Microscopic memories of the boys had mischief, and some had mischief, and some had mischief together. The consequence was that just when we were most afraid to laugh, we saw the most comical things. Temptations, which we could have vanquished with a smile, out in free air, were irresistible in our little corner, where a laugh and a snarl were very apt to follow each other. So, we would hold on and fill up too! till by-and-by the weakest would get a mere whiff of a laugh, and then down went all the precautions, and we went off and another, and another, touching the others off like a pack of frolics. It was in vain to deny it. But as the process of snapping out heads, and pulling our ears went on with punitive sobriety, we ended in tears, with tearful eyes, and blushing lips, declared "we didn't mean to," and that was true; and that "we wouldn't do any more," and that was a falsehood, however unintentional, for we never failed to do just so again, and that about once an hour all day long.

Besides this, our principle business was to shake and shiver at the beginning of the school for very cold; and to sweat and stew the rest of the time, before the fervid glances of a great black iron box stove, red-hot. There was one event of horror and two of pleasure; the first was the act of going to school, accompanied by the leaving of the master's corner, and the other, there he is; the master is coming; the black iron box stove, and the noisy clattering of our seats. The other two events of pleasure, were play-fest and dismissal. On our day, there be anything worse for a lively, muscular, northful, active little boy, than going to a winter district school! Yes, going to a summer district school! There is no comparison. The one is the Miltonic deep below the deepest depth. A winter district school, sharp, precise, unapproachable, keen and snarling. Of all ingenious ways of fretting little boys, doubtless his ways were the most expert. Not a tree to shelter the house, the sun went down on the shingles and clapboards till the pine knots shed pitchy tears; and the air was redolent of hot pine wood smoke. The benches were slabs with legs in them. The desks were slabs at an angle, set, locked, scratched; each year's edition of book-keeping literature overlying its predecessor, until it was mere mottos and carvings two or three inches deep. But if we cut a morsel, or stuck in a pin, or poked off splinters, the little sharp-eyed mistress was on hand, and one look of her eye was worse than a silver in our hand, and one nip of her fingers was equal to a job of a pin; for we had tried both.

We followed that old Polyglott, the skunk, black head, and heard him describe the way they talked at the winding up of the Tower of Babel. We thought every man would talk that way on, rejoicing as it grew. Now and then a "reluctant bird" would flutter on the very window-sill, turn his little head sideways and peer in on the melody of boys and girls. Long before we knew it was in Scripture, we sighed; "Oh that we had the wings of a bird!" we would fly away and be out of this hateful school. As for learning, the sum of all that we ever got at a district school, would not cover the first ten letters of the alphabet. One good, kind, story-teller, Bible-rehearsing aunt at home, with apples and ginger-bread, presents this short acquaintance, and I am happy to say that she is now my dear wife, and as good a wife as a man ever was blessed with.

Ex-Senator Benton said recently, in conversation with a gentleman who spoke of his being the last of the group—"Clay, Webster and Calhoun are gone; years ago Dr. told me, 'When these men are dead, you will be fresh and vigorous as ever.' My habits of living do it; until I was thirty I drank nothing, Sir! Since then I have drank only what circumstances made it fit. I should drink water and moderation keep me in health and strength. Besides, I adopt the Roman regimen—bath with cold water, and rub dry. That's exercise. None of your common flesh-brushes, but such as they rub horses legs with Sir!"

Set bounds to your zeal by discretion, to error by truth, to passion by reason, to divisions by charity.

There is a beautiful house in Salisbury, Conn., just on the edge of the woods. It is worth going miles to see how a school house ought to look. But generally the barest spot is chosen, the most utterly homely building erected, without a tree or shrub and those that can't do better pass their pitiful grime of childhood education there.

We are prejudiced of course. Our views and feelings are not to be trusted. They are good for nothing but to show what an influence our school days had upon us. We abhor the thought of a school. We do not go into them if we can avoid it. Our boyhood experience has pervaded our memory with such images, as breed repugnance to district schools, which we fear we shall not lay aside, until we lay aside everything in the grave. We are sincerely glad, that it is not so with everybody. There are thousands who revert with pleasure to those days. We are glad of it. But we look on such with astonishment.

A Bishop Becomes To. We copy the following from the Boston Her., of February 16th:

Among the passengers in the Arabia, from this port, yesterday, was Bishop Fitzpatrick. He expected to have taken passage with his friend Bedini, but—circumstances prevented. What they were need not be repeated. There is, however, an incident connected with, or that preceded the departure of the Bishop, which is worth mentioning, since it looked some what as though it might interfere a little with his getting off. Late, in the Court of Common Pleas, one Felix McGuire brought a suit to recover damages, the opposing party being no other than the Bishop of Boston. The battle was toughly fought and the Bishop was beaten. The jury returned damages between \$700 and \$800. The needed suit was this, in brief: McGuire resides in East Boston; some three years since, priest Charles McCullough, of that ward, through various representations, induced McGuire, who is an industrious, prudent man, to put his money (some \$700.) into the church enterprise, an edifice being at that time in process of erection. McGuire finally put it all in, receiving certain papers from the priest that were not worth a copper. By and by he wanted the money, but could not get it. He did, however, get certain documents from the Bishop, showing that his money had been put somewhere, and where it brought him no bread and butter, linen or coal. He ran and ran, from Dan to Beersheba, but not a single penny could he get. He finally brought the suit and recovered.

But now a new difficulty came. The Bishop was written and written to by counsel, of the judgment that had been brought against him, and that he was expected to "pay up." Not an iota of notice was taken of it. Finally Tuesday night came. It was rumored that the Bishop would sail yesterday, and a full Babel took ship from some down the harbor. An execution was hurried up, and a well known Deputy Sheriff in Court square, proceeded to the residence of the Bishop in Franklin street, to serve it. He called twice. Bishop not in. He called three times. Bishop not in again. But so happened this last time that the officer, knowing the Bishop was in, for he saw him through the window, eating supper. So the first servant was told—he equivocated. The Sheriff went in—saw the "holy man," who received him with an air of cordiality as slow as it was heartless, and at once proceeded to business. Ten thousand hems and ha's, and other foldings were put forth by the Bishop, who evidently felt that he had caught where the "law" was short.

Fitzpatrick thought that there was an indecent haste in the proceedings, but the officer hadn't any ears for talk, and named the alternative. He wasn't going to make any difference between a Bishop and a worldly-wise preacher or a bad carrier. Finding things were getting hot and close, the Bishop made out a check for the amount of the judgment, which the officer took, and left. Good care was taken to present it to the bank at an early hour, for the purpose of giving time to institute further proceedings, had it not been duly honored.

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From Laurie Todd.

In 1794 a man named Noah, who kept an extensive shoe-store in Maiden Lane, forged a note, was tried for so doing, and sentenced to be hung. If my memory be correct the gallows was erected in the Park, where now stands the Surrogate's Office. There were present on that occasion some ten thousand persons. We stood for two long hours, watching the vibrations of the fatal rope, as its iron hook swung round with the breeze, when at last the sheriff mounted the scaffold and announced a reprieve. I must confess I was sorely disappointed, having never seen an execution, and I had come to see how matters were arranged. I had lost a quarter of a day's time; went home, vexed with the Governor for interfering with the sheriff, and hangedman for not carrying out the sentence, and with myself, for being so foolish and wicked, as you will see in the sequel. At that time the first State Prison was being built, near what is now the foot of Canal street. This Society of Friends were the first promoters of this humane system, and it was through their influence with the Governor that Noah was rescued from the gallows, and his sentence altered to State Prison for life. Thus Noah was probably the first State prisoner in the world. Having learned the art of shoemaking, they gave him a stool, looms and awls; the next sentence-day an acquisition was made to his live stock, and to them he taught the same trade; thus commenced the mammoth manufacture of boots and shoes in the State Prison. About three years after, I was permitted to view the interior. There stood Noah, came in hand, reproving some, instructing others, and laying the rod on the shoulders of the sullen. After having faithfully served seven years in the prison, the friends finally obtained from the Governor an unconditional pardon; and he was discharged (as his friends said) a reformed man.

Under that impression, the men who had saved his life advanced him money, and he opened a shoe store in Pearl street. They furnished him notes, and some of them became his cash customers. He was soon in a thriving way—winning money as the saying is—and joined the society of friends, from gratitude, I suppose. He donned the drab-colored coat, and said that and show on all proper occasions. Most of his work was done by men who worked in their own dwellings. One day he gave a journeyman a pair of boots, all out of make. "Now, friend," said Noah, "these will finish those boots, and return them to me on fourth-day evening; I have promised them to a customer at that time." The man replied, "You shall have them." The boots were not brought to him until fifth day evening. Noah was very angry, and commenced a long exordium on the high crime and misdemeanor of disappointment. Noah, at last, drew up to recover his breath, when the workman replied, "Sir, I am a poor man, with a wife and three children, one of them but two days old; I had to set the pair of boots to my wife, and cook for the children; therefore, as you will perceive, it was impossible to finish them sooner." Noah refused to accept any excuse, and continued to point out the evil consequences of disappointment. The man became angry, the Scotch blood boiled in his veins, and forswore himself to be a virtue. The journeyman replied, "I know, sir, it is a sore feeling to be disappointed; remember, about going up to Park to see you hung, and I never was more disappointed in all my life as when the sheriff announced a reprieve."

Noah was dumb, he opened not his mouth; he paid the man for making the boots, and gave him another pair to make; but from that day forward the word disappointment was never heard to proceed from his lips.

Noah went on prospering and to prosper; he was held up as a going-stock to France, England and Spain, as a fine specimen of reformation. One day he obtained a few extra endorsements, and his notes were shined in Wall St.; borrowed some thousands more, which he packed, with other movables, in his trunk, and suddenly left for parts unknown, in company with one of the dear sisters to cheer him on the way, thus leaving his friends to solve the problem whether hugging or shoe-making was the best mode of reform in all criminal cases. As far as I could learn he was never heard from.

LAURIE TODD.

Kennison. The editor of the Wilmington (Del.) Herald, who appears to know all about the matter, thus discourses about Kinning:

"Of course, you must be taller than the lady you intend to kiss. Take her right hand in yours, and draw her gently to you. Pass your left arm over her right shoulder, diagonally across her back under her left arm, and press her to your bosom. At the same time she will throw her head back, and you have nothing to do but lean a little forward and press your lips to hers, and the thing is done. Don't make a noise over it, as if you were firing percussion caps, or trying the water-cocks of a steam engine, nor pounce down upon it like a hungry hawk upon and innocent dove, but gently fold the damsel in your arms, without deranging the economy of her tippet or ruff, and by a sweet pressure upon her mouth level in the sweet blissfulness of your situation, without smothering your lips on it as you would ever roast duck."

NOEL COCHRAN. A short time since a movement was made in a parish in this State to displace, on account of his age, a venerable clergyman from the post he had long filled with honor. A petition was prepared, addressed to him, asking him to resign his pastoral charge. One of the most influential members of the society was waited upon, and requested to head the paper. He said he would consent to the movement on one condition only, viz: that those most active in the measure would first secure the services of a clergyman who would agree never to grow old. (Boston Transcript.)

Land Agent's Report.

The report of Hon. Asen P. Morrill, late land agent, gives a clear and succinct account of the operations of the land department during the past year as follows:—

"Of lands granted to literary institutions, and other purposes, there have been conveyed 14,553 acres.

Of lands reverted there have been sold 9,970 acres, for the sum of \$3,098.96.

Of lands owned in severalty there have been sold 57,778 acres, for the sum of \$8,870.49.

Of lands undivided, I have sold 311,570 acres, for the sum of \$140,196.93.

9,054 acres have been sold jointly by the agents of Maine and Massachusetts, for the sum of \$9,413.16.

Of lands reserved for public use, I have sold the timber and grass upon 64,602 acres, for the sum of \$18,719.93.

This department has paid into the treasury during the past year \$7,747.51."

The report then gives an account of the expenditure of the appropriations on the different roads and bridges.

On the subject of the lands purchased of Massachusetts, and the policy to be adopted, in reference to them, the Land Agent remarks:—

"The commissioners appointed for the purpose of buying Massachusetts' interest in all lands in this State, have succeeded in closing the purchase. Maine thereby acquires a title of some fifty townships. A considerable portion of these lands, more especially those embraced in the first six ranges of townships west from the east line of the State, is of good quality for settling purposes, and not properly considered timber lands, yet nearly all have more or less timber upon them of considerable value. If the State designs to keep these lands for actual settlers as they may be wanted in future years, it would be good policy, undoubtedly, to give the land agent authority to grant permits to cut timber on these townships from year to year. This operation will not retard materially the settlement of these tracts, and the timber will be cut under proper permits from the State, that otherwise would be cut by trespass. The lands will not be so stripped of timber that an abundance will not be left for all purposes of building as the towns become settled, and the State will realize an amount that will go very far toward paying the cost of purchase.

It is an object of high importance to encourage the settlement of the lands of the State by our citizens, and as far as possible prevent emigration to other territory. To this end, laws of the most liberal character have marked the policy of the State towards actual settlers. Ten townships of the best land in the county of Androscoggin, were set apart for settlement, by the land agent, in 1850, under authority of an act of the Legislature of that year, at the low price of fifty cents per acre, payable wholly in road labor. A few other townships should be opened under the same law the coming season, and mostly from those bought of Mass. These additional townships are not required for settlement, because those previously designated have been taken up and settled, but for the reason that they lie contiguous to townships which are being well settled, and an extension of roads through them becomes necessary.

I cannot doubt that the true policy of the State is to continue the sale of her timber lands yearly, until the whole shall have been disposed of at fair prices, and the proceeds passed into the treasury. It is expensive keeping these lands from trespass operations, and with the utmost vigilance of the land department, the timber will disappear. These lands can be sold at a valuation; and by the provisions of the present law of the State, regulating the sales of public lands, all persons who wish to purchase, can have a fair opportunity for competition. They are more economically managed and protected from trespass when owned by individuals, than when in possession of the State. There is not that disposition, or I might say determination to trespass on lands owned by individuals, that exists relative to lands owned by the State. I can see no advantage likely to accrue to the State by keeping her lands longer than to obtain their fair value.

The Androscoggin county is destined to be a good agricultural district, but the tide of emigration, which for many causes, has had for years a western tendency, will cause that territory to fill up with a moderate pace; but let the liberal policy which the State has heretofore pursued, be continued, and in due time these rich lands will be settled with a thriving population."

In reference to the recent large sales of the public lands of the State, the Land Agent indicates the policy he has pursued under the authority of the Legislature of the State, as follows:—

"On the 21st of February last, I had before the House an account of sales of undivided lands made by me under resolve approved March 31, 1850, embracing the sales in that date, which are now continued in this report, a resolve was passed, authorizing the land agent, under the direction of the Governor and Council, to sell any of the undivided lands that the interests of this State might seem to require. None of the undivided lands had been sold for two years, and during that time numerous applications had been made by parties wishing to purchase, when authority should be given by the agent to sell. I applied to the Governor and Council for direction under said resolve, and was directed to sell within a limited time, and it was the opinion of that branch of the government, and I was so informed,

that the interest of the State was to sell any and all of those lands for which fair prices could be obtained. Under these instructions and the authority of the Legislature, I gave encouragement to numerous applicants, that at a proper time I would fix prices on tracts applied for. With this encouragement many explorations were made by parties intending to purchase, and I felt under obligation to sell at full and fair prices if applicants saw fit to pay those prices.

In order to give parties time to explore and cause explorations to be made for the information of this office, and finding also that the demand for lands was improving, I delayed making prices until very late in the season, or Fall of 1852, and continued the sales into the winter of 1853. These are, in brief, the authorities and circumstances under which I have acted. The sales I have made will range very much higher than any ever before made by the two States, considering the amount of timber and location of said tracts. It has been my earnest endeavor to obtain fair prices for the State for all the lands sold, and if I have not succeeded it has not been for want of effort.

The great responsibility resting on the land agent, under existing laws, led me in my last annual report to suggest an entire change in the mode of sales. The general principles of these suggestions were incorporated into a law at the last session of the Legislature; this will greatly relieve the land agent of onerous duties, and most undesirable responsibilities.

The term of my official appointment will expire in June next. I have for a long time desired to leave the office, and it will be gratifying to me to have a successor appointed at an early day."

Maine Legislature.

TUESDAY, March 21.

In the Senate, of motion of Mr. Drake. Ordered, That all petitions received after the 21st day of March inst., be referred to the next Legislature.

Finally Passed—Bills to increase the capital stock of Traders' Bank, Bangor; do. of Lewiston Falls Bank; do. of Atlantic Bank, Portland; do. of Richmond Bank.

In the House, bill to increase the capital stock of Ellsworth Bank came up on its passage to be engrossed.

FRIDAY, 24.

SENATE. Committee on banks and banking, reported a bill to establish the New Castle Bank. Read and assigned.

Bill to incorporate the city of Rockland, was read once.

Legislation incidental—on an order that witnesses' fees be increased.

Leave to withdraw—on sundry petitions in relation to homestead law.

House. Bill to establish the county of King was read the third time.

Mr. Frost of Woolwich, advocated the bill at length. He commented upon the extent of territory of Lincoln county—its extent of sea coast, its population, the difficulty in its inhabitants of the western towns experience in getting across the river at certain seasons, the large amount of court business, etc. He moved to amend by adding Woolwich to the proposed county. The motion prevailed, 78 to 39.

SATURDAY, 25.

SENATE. Appropriating \$2000 for a Geological Survey, by Mr. Torrey, was referred to committee on Agriculture.

Mr. Spedford, by leave, laid on the table the following order:

Ordered, That the committee on the Judiciary be directed to inquire into the expediency of authorizing the appointment of some suitable person to incorporate the amendments to the revised statutes into the body of the statutes, and the publication of a new edition of said statutes in that form. Adopted.

House. The bill from the Senate authorizing the County Commissioners of Cumberland to lay out a bridge over Fore river, in said county, was read twice, and Wednesday next assigned.

Bill from the Senate to facilitate the detection, and prevent the circulation of counterfeit bank bills was read twice, and Monday assigned.

MONDAY, March 27.

SENATE. Bill to incorporate the Bethel Boom Company was taken up. Mr. Vinton moved to amend the bill changing the location of the boom in some respects, and perfecting its details. The amendment was adopted.

Mr. Hayes moved to strike out the clause allowing the corporations to take lands on statute compensation.

Mr. Davis considered that an essential clause.

Mr. McCobb doubted the propriety of striking out this section.

Mr. Hayes withdrew his amendment, and the bill was ordered to be printed.

UNCONSTITUTIONAL. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts, has decided that the fourth section of the liquor law of that State is unconstitutional. This provision is that which authorizes search and seizure—the objections being to the form of proceedings, but not denying the right of search and seizure under further restrictions.

We have examined our law as amended last winter, in connection with this decision, and are confident that it is exempt from the principal objections of the Massachusetts Judges. The law there will probably be amended by the present Legislature. This may be done in such a manner as to remove the objection urged, without impairing the stringency or efficiency of the law.

Their decision that the officer was liable, because the magistrate, owing to the unconstitutionality of the law, had no jurisdiction, is absurd when viewed in the light of common sense and common justice—let it be what it will in the eyes of lawyers. If an officer must study the constitution and all the subtleties of constitutional commentaries, before serving a precept, rogues will have a large court to get a good start of him. Our Supreme Court, if I may so say, has decided, in effect, that it was none of his business—be it not a judge of the law; and that if his warrant is in due form, he cannot refuse to serve it. If it is true, certain he cannot be injured for it. It would be a singular burlesque upon jurisprudence, if an officer were liable for not doing a thing, and on the other hand liable for doing it.

[Gardner Journal.]

The Oxford Democrat.

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Land Agent's Report.

To-day we lay before our readers part of the Report of A. P. Morrill, late Land Agent of Maine. The whole Report is too voluminous for publication; and therefore only that portion of it is transferred to our columns which will give a bird's eye view of the general management of the office—the aggregate sales—and such other matters as may be of the greatest general interest.

In submitting an abstract of this Report we speak for it the candid attention of the reader. It will be remembered that the distinguished gentleman who has served as Land Agent during the last two years, with such signal ability, was last year, assailed for his shrewdness, perverseness and partiality in the sale of the public lands. The assaults, however, never came forth boldly, like men, and preferred these charges; but they kept crawling out of sight, and endeavored to accomplish their purpose by queries, insinuations and sneers. The position which Mr. Morrill occupied before the people as the Democratic candidate for Governor, was the cause for these assaults. The object was to diminish the confidence of the people in one of the best Land Agents the State has ever had; and especially to diminish his vote for Governor.

However much or little these assaults, coming from the sources they did, may have effected the honorable character and standing of the gentleman in question, the last part of the Report which we publish before, is a triumphant refutation of all these unjust insinuations. It shows as beyond all question or cavil that in the sale of the public lands, Mr. Morrill has at all times scrupulously observed the laws of the State, and the directions which had been given from time to time by the Legislature. It shows further that he has not moved a step in the delicate and important trust committed to his care, without cautiously consulting, not only the laws of the State; but also the Governor and Council with whom he was intimately associated. So therefore if any mistake or fault were committed, the Land Agent will not bear the responsibility alone.

The truth is, the assurance comes from all quarters—from foes as well as friends—from Whigs as well as Democrats—from all honorable men that the Land Office will under the charge of Hon. A. P. Morrill be managed prudently, faithfully and judiciously.

These assaults, if they have done harm, can do so no more. The character of the man against whom they have been aimed is beyond their reach. They fall harmlessly at his feet. Like all the insinuations and subtleties of rage and malice, these attacks will only come home to plague their authors. The object against whom they have been directed, while calmly engaged in the ordinary affairs of life, Cincinnati-like, surrounded with the pleasing reflections of unostentatious retirement—blessed with a happy home among his intelligent fellow-citizens—with no ambitious aspirations unattained—will look with patience and resignation on the position which posterity or a discriminating public may assign him. He need not fear that justice will not be awarded; or that his reputation will suffer by the onslaughts of passion or prejudice. The people are his friends.

The Continuance of the Earth.

The question of Terrestrial existence is one which at the present time is attracting an unusual degree of attention. There is a class in the community who entertain the opinion that in the course of the present year the Earth will be rolled together as a scroll;—that the elements will melt with fervent heat; and that time will be no more. On this question we confess ourselves utterly incompetent to give any light; yet there are those who have made it a study; and are able to present theories and speculations which may be worthy of consideration.

A writer in the Ellsworth Herald whose initials are "J. H. S.," has entered into a calculation how long it will be before the Earth, subjected to past and present causes, will be destroyed. His figures, calculations and conclusions are plausible, and we commend them or rather a part of them to all concerned. If it be true that 91,225,163 years will elapse before the Earth will be demolished, all ordinary citizens may wait the dread event with patience and a marked degree of unconcern. This writer thus remarks:

"Again, our years are growing shorter. From an Eclipse recorded in Alexander's time, the year is found to be 12' shorter. Hence we have a decrease of 12' in 2150 years. If this be correct, time will cease to be no longer, in 91,225,163 years. The cause of this diminution is in consequence of the eccentricity of the Earth's orbit decreasing and the attraction of gravitation predominating over the repulsion which is the only cause of all motion.

The conclusion then, is, that our Moon will fall upon our Earth, in 4,661,250 years; our Earth into the Sun, in about 94,225,163 years. As one of the Satellites of Saturn is 121,000 miles from the planet, so this Satellite will be the first to disappear from the Solar System; our Moon next; Mercury next, Venus next, and then goes our Earth. They will fall into the Sun and become melted matter; then pass off into Cometary matter by repulsion, and powder or cool off and form again a new planet. It will then be without form and void. Then the process will go on and on in infinitum. Worlds, as well as animals

and vegetables, are formed and decomposed by the great process of Attraction and Repulsion; and by the motion of matter, in time and space. Eternity is the era of Nature; and space, her great laboratory. All is done by the motion of matter, in space and time, forming a great circuit of motion.

I conclude, then, that our Earth will be ground up, about the time above specified, as drawn from Astronomical calculation; and I am decidedly of the opinion, that we can reckon with a much greater degree of certainty from these facts, where figures are made to speak, than from the profoundly hieroglyphical and symbolical language of Revelation. Who can cipher out the scope of Revelation? No one. With exact ninety can the perturbations of the planets, be calculated; even to a decimal. The fact really is, says Professor Warrell, that changes are taking place in the heavenly bodies, which have gone on progressively from the first dawn of science. The causes act perpetually, and it has the whole extent of time to work in. The consequence must be, in the lapse of ages, a destruction of our System and the formation of a new; the same is observed in other apartments of Nature.

Many more facts on this subject, might be given, were it necessary. But my sheet being full, I must leave the rest to a more convenient time. Our earth will not be destroyed this year, unless God's vast machine wears out. Let us be easy until our own bodily machine has performed its great circuit of motion and fall into the grand central Sun of Universes."

Remarks of Mr. Dunnell of Hebron.

In House of Representatives Mar. 15, 1854, on a motion to amend the Bill to incorporate the County of Androscoggin.

The able and satisfactory efforts of Mr. D. together with those of most of the Representatives of this County to prevent the dismembering of Old Oxford will meet the hearty approbation of their constituents. The statistics, facts and arguments contained in Mr. D.'s speech, before the House deserve more than a passing notice; and we therefore trust for the greater part of them to our columns. In these remarks in relation to his amendment it will be seen that Mr. D. should be awarded credit for industry in research and ability in argument. If energetic and faithful efforts, well presented, could have prevented the separation of Turner and Livermore from this County such an event would not have been accomplished. Such an act on the part of the Legislature at the addition of these two townships to the new County may be wise; yet at the present time we are unable to comprehend wherefore. The following are Mr. D.'s remarks.

Mr. D. said: In defense of the motion which I have now made, to strike out the towns of Turner and Livermore, I would ask the indulgence of the House, in setting forth the reasons which have induced me to make it; and had I more experience in this kind of speaking, I think I could succeed in convincing the members of this House that my reasons, at least, are good, and ought to have an influence upon the votes they are about to give. I shall, however, set forth these reasons as best I can, and rely upon the good sense and usual fairness displayed by the members.

I move this amendment from a sense of duty, which I owe to my constituents, and to the whole country, a part of which I have the honor to represent.

When it is proposed to strike from the County of Oxford two of its most wealthy, flourishing towns, I cannot be at loss to know what my duty is. It is, beyond a doubt, my duty to earnestly protest against such a measure; and, in doing so, I shall labor to show, in the first place, that the remaining towns embraced within this bill, will form a county with a brighter future than our own county, with all its present territory.

The County of Androscoggin will have the elements of a great and rapid growth. The population of Oxford county in 1840, was 33,251; and in 1850, it was 29,861 showing an increase, during the ten years, of only 1,514, or at the rate of 4 per cent. It is also a fact beyond the power of contradiction, that there were on the line of the A. & St. L. R. R. in 1850, within the limits of the county, at the time the census was taken, not less than 600 Irish inhabitants, thereby reducing the per cent. of increase, during the ten years, to 1-1/2 per cent. This estimate is approved by the gentleman from Portland, Mr. Wood, who was the contractor on that road.

These figures, which are incapable of lying, show the very small increase in the population of our county. We will now look at the population of the 12 towns embraced in the bill, Livermore and Turner being excluded.

In 1840, it was 18,103; and in 1850, it was 21,150, showing an increase of 3,047, or at the rate of 18 1-2 per cent. Another very significant fact shows itself when looking at this matter of population. The increase in the population of Livermore from 1840 to 1850, was 1,783; making an increase of 508 more in that one town, than in the whole County of Oxford. This great discrepancy in the growth of the County of Oxford and these 12 towns since 1850, would be trebled, could we know the exact increase which has taken place since that time. I have referred to these facts, that the members of the House may see, that in their hot haste to create a new county, taking in all the towns in this bill, they inflict upon the County of Oxford an injury, they inflict upon the County of Oxford an injury of no small moment. This injury is unequalled for, for I have already shown that but a few years would elapse before the new county, in point of population even, would be equal to that of Oxford. I need not enlarge upon this point, but would now turn to that of valuation. Here we shall see in still stronger light, the even present superiority of the new county. The valuation of the estates in our county, in 1850, was \$5,319,240, and that of the 12 towns, \$3,128,869. There have been additions to the taxable property of Livermore, since 1850, \$1,700,000, making \$4,828,869 as the present valuation of the 12 towns, and should those of Turner and Livermore be added, it would become \$5,519,329, and that of Oxford \$4,638,875, or nearly one million less than that of the new county. I would call the attention of the House to this fact, and inquire if there is the least shadow of a right in this encroaching upon our territory, take therefrom about one-seventh of its whole taxable property, and giving it to a county possessed of the elements of almost unsurpassed growth. There is no

need for this dismembering of the County of Oxford. It is altogether unequalled for. I shall be told that 12 towns would make a very small, meagre county. I answer that such is not the case, but that extent of territory, by no means, constitutes a county. Nor has territory hardly any connection with the true idea of a county. Wealth and population are the grand and essential concomitants of a county. It is upon this idea that the Committee on incorporation of counties acted, when it granted the prayer of the petitioners for the County of King. I say, then, to the Androscoggin county men, you do not need Livermore and Turner as much as we do. These two towns are equal to one-seventh of our whole county, showing that we have a valuation equal to but fourteen such towns as these are. Now shall two towns be taken from us, leaving what is equivalent to only 12, and asking 14 to them; I wish some one to show to the House, if it is possible to be done, the reason for such a kind of legislation. It is to this very point that I call attention, and challenge a refutation of this premise in my argument. I need not recount the exertions which have been made to get this Bill to its present position. Its conception was the result of almost infinite labor. Livermore Falls has been well nigh depopulated at every stage in the advancement of this Bill. Its doctors, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, wire-pullers and log-rollers generally have come down upon us with what has hitherto proved an irresistible force. More buttons have been pulled on this Bill, than on every other which has come before the present Legislature. Those who have not seen fit to go with the multitude, in favor of this new county, have been called narrow minded, and the representatives of some "two acre lot." These friends of this Bill have shown not a little bad taste in their very great zeal to carry it through this House. Still I am willing to accord to the people of this enterprising village all the credit which is due them, and it is of no small amount. Here I wish to say, that a county with a village of such prospects, and such increasing wealth, situated as this village is in the midst of three 12 flourishing and productive towns, has no claims upon these two towns, which I would have struck out of this Bill, and it is to this very point to which I call the candid and serious attention of this House. For a moment let us look at Livermore Falls. They claim for it a growth, the next ten years, equal to that of Lowell during any ten years since it has been made a manufacturing town. This they may do with all possible assurance. They have a waterfall of 50 feet, where Lowell has but 30, and a volume of water equal. Already may be heard the whirl of 70,000 spindles; and all this has sprung up within the last two or three years, as if by magic. Even now are being laid the deep foundations for future erections. One seems, in looking in upon Livermore Falls, to catch the feeling of wonder and admiration, which seized hold of Aeneas, as, in company with the fair-eyed and white-armed Dido, he surveyed the towering wonders of New Carthage. It is in consequence of this very great growth of Livermore Falls, which is more than treble that of Oxford county, that I use as an argument in favor of my amendment, the proposition that the County of Androscoggin will have sufficient wealth and population without the towns of Turner and Livermore.

Let us now look at the injury which must be inflicted upon the County of Oxford, if these two towns are taken from us. We have already said that the taxable property of Oxford county is \$5,319,240, and that of the towns of Turner and Livermore, \$600,165, or about one-seventh of the whole taxable property. The valuation of these two towns taken from that of the county, will leave only \$4,638,875, a sum smaller than is owned by other of the ten original counties in the State. It also leaves our population less. We would submit to all this, if we had the rich and productive towns which, in Franklin county, line the Sandy River, or had a territory such as is embraced within the County of Piscataquis, or that garden of Maine, the Aramoosook. But we have no such territory. With the exception of 7 or 8 lower, the surface of Oxford county is rough, rocky and mountainous, unfitted for a high state of cultivation. The original settlers of a great part of our county, seemed bound, if not in the words of Daniel Webster, "to re-enact an act of God," yet to disannul one of his evident decrees, by supplanting a lower order of his creation. The veritable bear should have been allowed to roam its mountains unmolested. Yet, with all these disadvantages, we wish to remain as we are. Old Oxford is a classic name. It embraces within its limits classic ground.

The opposition of the gentleman from Bethel, Mr. Frost, to this Bill, is honorable to himself and to his constituents. He opposes it from a belief that the time has not yet come in the history of the county, when a part of its territory should be set off to that of any other. I have endeavored to set forth the reasons for the amendment, which I have offered, and to show the injustice which will be done to our whole county. I call upon the members of this House to regard these facts, and to suffer the County of Oxford to remain as she is. If the members of the House refuse to adopt this amendment, they will inflict a gross and glaring wrong to the whole County of Oxford. She does not deserve such treatment. She has struggled against a want of the natural elements of growth, and a rough and uneven surface. She is comparatively poor, and it is now proposed to take from her few resources, and add them to a county, as I have shown, of equal wealth, and of the most flattering prospects.

I ask the members of this House to regard these facts, which I have now stated. They are facts, and I feel free to challenge their refutation.

Our friend S. will find that his favor has been "unrequited"—according to Legislative parlance. He is nevertheless entitled to our thanks.

INSOLVENT LAW. The Argus and the Kennebec Journal concur in the opinion that the people of Maine should be blessed with an Insolvent Law.

Neal Dow has been nominated for Mayor of Portland.

TRUTH POINTEDLY EXPRESSED. The New Orleans Crescent contains the following pungent remarks in relation to the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise. The disposition of the Crescent to connect President Pierce with this measure we fully believe, from his former pledges and assurances does him great injustice. This Journal thus remarks:

"The great argument which the friends of fresh disturbance and renewed agitation on the slave question are now employing in behalf of their pestilent Nebraska bill, is, that they disturb matters to prevent disturbance, and agitate us for quiet's sake. We humbly thank you, Mr. Pierce, illustrious promoter of Free Soilers! We are infinitely beholden to you, Mr. Douglas, most diminutive of giants! But really, gentlemen, we do not enjoy the plan of letting you break our head in order to have you plaster it. We hate your cudgel; we abominate your salvo. You shan't make for yourselves, as you hope to do, either your Presidential scepter of that, or your royal anoint our head nor yours. We'll run no such risk to oblige you. We are very well as we are, and choose to stay so."

In conclusion, addressing its Southern readers in plain language, it says:

"Hark ye, gentlemen of the South! When you were stronger, you got the old Compromise; now, when you are weaker, you had better stick to it. Nay, stick to all the Compromises; for be assured that the next agitation—that is to say, this, if you are drawn into it—will, in all human probability, be the last. There'll never be another Compromise; rely on that easy prophecy."

THE LATE SNOW STORM. The snow storm of Thursday and Friday, last week, was one of the severest of the season. The snow fell to the depth of 18 inches in this vicinity; and the wind which followed, during some three days, piled up some of the most formidable drifts. The Portland Advertiser thus speaks of it:

"The snow storm of Thursday deserves to rank among the severest ones of the past Winter. Between Lewiston and Waterville the snow is said to have been two feet in depth, so that Friday morning's train from Portland to Waterville did not reach W. till late Saturday A. M., having spent a night on the road. In Lowell we learn that there were eighteen inches of snow. It is supposed that the storm has interrupted the passage of trains from Livermore, as the mails due from that region Friday and Saturday have not yet arrived. The Kennebec and Island Pond trains have also been detained by the snow.

ASSISTANT POST MASTER GENERAL. Owing to the death of S. Hobbie, Assistant P. M. General, Horatio King Esq. has been appointed to supply his place. The patronage which this office wields is not second to any in the P. O. Department. It is a lucrative post of honor. We hear willing testimony to the ability, fidelity and capacity of Mr. King. A more competent officer for the place, could not have been found. His numerous friends in this region—the place of his nativity and early political efforts—will congratulate him on this new promotion. Mr. King affords a striking instance of what a man can do, and be, by the exercise of industry, integrity and perseverance. His example is worthy of imitation. It illustrates and embellishes New England character. The President will find in him an officer prompt in the performance of official duty.

THE LIBERALS ALL PROVIDED FOR. The one idea Liberals who entertain the doctrine that temperance consists in free trade in ardent spirits and therefore that they should flow in a river rather than in a rivulet, are now fully provided with intellectual entertainment. The Chandler Liberals—composed of Whigs and Democrats—have an organ in the Portland Expositor. The Whig Liberals who are particularly invited to subscribe to "The Liberal"—a new paper just started in Bangor by Mr. Brewster will have an organ after their own heart. The off and on Liberals—who are Neutral to-day, and Independent to-morrow—who shuffle from one side to the other of every political or moral question—who are composed of a few disappointed office growing grumblers—these, will find scripture, temperance and aristocratical one-sidedness in "The Liberal." Liberalism in the amiable and versatile Norway Advertiser. Every shade of Liberalism will now be supplied.

FILTERING AGAIN—ANOTHER SPARK.—The grandfather of "Bogues," alias the "writer" of the Norway Advertiser, perpetrates the following:

"The quack editor of the Rom Organ published at Paris, is trying to make it appear that Thomas Jefferson was an abolitionist."

The same Editor and his correspondents have a great deal about certain epithetical terms. Nearly a column in their last abolition sheet was devoted almost wholly to the reiteration of the term "Bogus," "Rammed," "Nigger." For them to refer so frequently in almost every article they write to their own names appears rather egotistical."

The "writer" mistakes. We have not stolen or coveted his occupation of being the "quack editor of a rom organ." This mistake is quite natural and excusable considering that he "has been struggling so long with his neck enclosed in the one idea 'Liberal' jug handle."

Sometime ago this "writer" said of the Democrat:

"We wash our hands of it henceforth and forever." What, not keep a solemn promise! Who can count the number of times this promise has been broken! This amiable coalition author, distinguished for everything but truth, candor and magnanimity should turn his attention to the inside of the platter, and not subject his ex-Priestly character so often to the enquiry "Can he keep a promise?"

"DISBANDING THE PARTY." The Portland Expositor calls for a Mass Convention to nominate a Governor. It says it will have one; and it must be called by the Chandler State Committee. Thereupon the Age calls upon the Democratic Party not to disband. The Age is behind the times. The disbanding took place two years ago. The call is too late. The true Democratic Bugle note we hope and have faith, will yet be sounded when the scattered forces will again unite; but at what particular point of time we are unable to predict. It will probably be when the doctrines of Liberty and obedience to law pervade the minds of the people, and are advocated with one accord by the Democratic press.

Correspondence of the Democrat.

Augusta March 25th, 1854.

Mr. Editor:—The Committee on Rail Roads and Bridges have been engaged for several days giving a hearing on the Petitions of sundry citizens of this State, for a charter for a Rail Road from Mechanic Falls, to connect with the Kennebec and Portland Rail Road near Presumpscot Bridge, also a petition for a charter for a road from Canton to Quebec. F. O. J. Smith appears for the Petition in both of these matters. The Grand Trunk Railway and Androscoggin Rail Road together with sundry citizens remonstrated against both of these Petitions. Messrs. Shipley and Barnes of Portland, appear for the remonstrants. There has been a good deal of "sharp shooting" between Counsel in these cases, and if those who have listened to these examinations have not been instructed, they have frequently been amused. The Committee may report favorably as to the first mentioned project—but, as to the last scheme for a road from Canton to Canada, the idea is preposterous; and no committee of sane men would ever grant a charter for such a purpose. For the Legislature to give a single adventurer, a charter for a road, which would never be built and which would not pay its running expenses if it was built, and which would only be used as a cudgel to beat out the brains of honest enterprising men who are already embarked with their reputation and property in useful public enterprises of this kind, would be extreme folly, and gross injustice.

A Bill to make a new County out of what remains of the County of Lincoln, on the West side of the Kennebec River has passed the Senate and will probably pass the House. It is to be called the County of "King" in honor of the late Governor King, and Bath will probably be the Shire town.

But few public Acts, have as yet been passed. There has been and there now is a great amount of business before the several Committees of a local, private character, and from the best information I can obtain I think the Legislature will not adjourn until about the middle of April.

Many of the appointments of Gov. Crosby are far from being satisfactory to the Whig party—although he has, as they say, appointed some good men to office—yet the Whigs complain that the Gov. is under the influence of the "Liberal" portion of the party and that neither petitions nor remonstrances are heeded, unless sanctioned by "Phoebe Miles" & Co. How this I neither know nor care. The election of Crosby to the gubernatorial Chair both last year and this was the result of a miserable, unprincipled Coalition,—disgraceful in the extreme to all who had any thing to do with it, while it was an outrage upon the people of the State. This was more especially the case the present year—and if any especial good can grow out of it to the citizens of the State, no doubt they would all be glad to see it. The political atmosphere around the Capitol, is at the present time calm. The Pillsbury members of the Legislature, a few evenings since held a caucus and were visited by some of their friends from abroad, and among others was a prominent politician from the County of York. This gentleman made a speech in which he very coolly told them that the Nebraska Bill was a party measure, that it would be made a test of a man's democracy hereafter, and that they (the Pillsbury democrats) might as well make up their minds to take the dose, first as last, for take it they must. Some of their number thought this a piece of cool impudence after they had recorded their votes in the Legislature against this measure, while Mr. Hilliard of
