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Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. V.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, DEC. 25, 1851.

NO. 23

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

A WELCOME TO KOSSUTH.

BY LUTY LAKEWOOD.

Welcome, yes, welcome, thou noble one;
Freed from the tyrant's chain
Once more, we bless those free-toned waves
That bore thee o'er the main
To hail our land, and join the band
Who've gathered here, on Freedom's strand.
Let the old world boast her matchless wealth,
Of triumph and renown,
And hold aloft in conscious pride
The far descended crown;
But still nobler fame, and heroic name
The New World in its youth may claim.
Kossuth, thy name has echoed here
Through our deep wild woods,
For the noble call of a kindred soul
Wakes e'en the distant floods,
And the proud waves sing, borne on honours' breath,
News of the path of Freedom's wing.
Oh, has our guardian eagle bowed
Its noble head, to ead
Protecting laurels on loved brows,
In days that now are past;
And a snow white wreath, borne on honours' breath,
Lies on thy head, through life—through death.

MISCELLANY.

THE DILEMMA.

By St. Agatha! I believe there is something in the shape of a tear in those dark eyes of mine, about which the women rave so unmercifully, said the young Fitzclarences, as, after an absence of two years, he came once more in sight of his native village of Malhamdale. Standing upon the neighboring heights, he watched the curling smoke coming up from the cottage chimneys in the clear blue sky of evening, whilst, a little father off, the last beams of the setting sun were playing upon the western walls of his father's old baronial mansion, and about a mile to the right of it he could distinguish the trees and pleasure grounds of Sir Meredith Appleby's less ancient seat. Then he thought of Julia Appleby, the baronet's only child, his youthful playmate, his first friend, and his first love; and, as he thought of her, he sighed. I wonder why he sighed!—When they parted, two years before, he had been encouraged by their respective parents, (for there was nothing the old people wished more than a union between the two families,) they had sworn eternal fidelity, and plighted their hearts irrevocably to each other. Fitzclarences thought of all this, and again he sighed. Different people are differently affected by these things. After so long an absence many a man would, in the exuberance of his feelings, have thrown himself down upon the first bed of wild flowers, he came to, and spouted long speeches to himself out of known plays. Our hero preferred indulging in the following little soliloquy.

"My father was so amazingly glad to see me, and so will my mother, and so will my old friend the antediluvian butler, Morgan-ap-Morgan, and so will the pointer Juno, and so will my pony, Troulis;—a pretty figure, by the by, I should cut now upon Troulis, in this gay military garb of mine, with my sword rattling between his legs, and my white plumes streaming in the air like a rainbow over him! And Sir Meredith Appleby too, with his great gouty leg will hobble through the room, in ecstasy as soon as I present myself; and Julia—poor Julia, will blush, and smile, and come flying into my arms like a shuttlecock. Heigh! I am a very miserable young officer. The silly girl loves me; her imagination is all crammed with hearts and darts; she will bore me to death with her sighs and her tender glances, and her allusions to time past, and her hopes of time to come, and all the artillery of a love-sick child's brain. What, in the name of the Pleiades, am I to do? I believe I had a sort of penchant for her once, when I was a mere boy in my nurse's leading strings; I believe I did give her some slight hopes at one time or other; but now,—O! Rosalind! dear—delightful!"

Here his feelings overpowered him, and, pulling a miniature from his bosom, he covered it with kisses. Sorry am I to be obliged to confess that it was not the miniature of Julia.

"But what is to be done?" he at length resumed. "The poor girl will go mad; she will hang herself with her garters; or drown herself, like Ophelia, in a brook under a willow. And I shall be her murderer! I who have never yet knocked a man on the head in battle, will commence my warlike operations by breaking the heart of a woman! By St. Agatha! it must not be; I must be true to my engagement. I yes! though I myself become a martyr, I must obey the dictates of honor. Forgive me Rosalind, heavenly object of my adoration! Let not thy Fitzclarences—"

Here his voice became again inarticulate, and, as he wound down the hill, nothing was heard but the echoes of the melodious kisses he continued to lavish on the little brilliantly-set portrait he held in his hands.

Next morning, Sir Meredith Appleby was in the midst of a very sumptuous breakfast, (for, notwithstanding his gout, the baronet contrived to preserve his appetite,) and the pretty Julia was presiding over the tea and coffee at the other end of the table, with the long-eared spaniel sitting beside her, and ever and anon looking wistfully into her face, when a servant brought in, on a little silver tray, a letter for Sir Meredith. The old gentleman read it aloud; it was from the elder Fitzclarences.

"My dear friend, Alfred arrived last night. He and I will dine with you to day. Yours, Fitzclarences."

Julia's cheeks grew first as white as her brow, and then as red as her lips. As soon as breakfast was over, she retired to her own apartment, and thither we must for once, take the liberty of following her.

She sat herself down before her mirror, and deliberately took from her hair a very tasteful little knot of flaxen flowers, which she had fastened in it when she rose. One natural

ally expected that she was about to replace this ornament with something more splendid—a few jewels, perhaps; but she was not going to do any thing of the sort. She rang the bell: her confidential attendant Alice, answered the summons.

"Lo, Ma'am, said she, 'what is the matter? You look as ill as my aunt Bridget.'"

"You have heard me talk of Alfred Fitzclarences, Alice, have you not? said the lady languidly, and, at the same time, slightly blushing.

"O! yes, Ma'am, I think I have. He was to have been married to you before he went to the wars."

"He has returned, Alice, and he will break his heart if he finds I no longer love him. But he has been so long away; and Harry Dalton has been so constantly with me; and his tastes and mine are so congenial—I am sure you know, Alice, I am not fickle, but how could I avoid it? Harry Dalton is so handsome and so amiable!"

"To be sure, Ma'am, you had the best right to choose for yourself; and so Mr. Fitzclarences must just break his heart if he pleases, or else fight a desperate duel with Mr. Dalton, with his swords and guns."

"O! Alice, you frighten me to death. There shall be no duels fought for me. Tho' my bridal bed should be my grave, I shall be true to my word. The bare suspicion of my inconstancy would turn poor Alfred mad. I know how he hates you now. I must go to the altar, Alice, like a lamb to the slaughter. Were I to refuse him, you may depend upon it he would put an end to his existence with five loaded pistols. Only think of that Alice, what could I say for myself, were his remains found in his bed some morning!"

History does not report what Alice said her mistress might, under such circumstances, say for herself, but it is certain that they remained talking together till the third dinner-bell rang.

The Fitzclarences were both true to their engagement. Notwithstanding every exertion, however, on the part of the two old gentlemen, they could not exactly bring about that "flow of soul" which they had hoped to see animating the young people. At length, after the cloth was removed, and a few bumpers of claret had warmed Sir Meredith's heart, he said, boldly,

"Julia, my love, as Alfred does not seem to be much of a wine-bibber, suppose you show him the improvements in the gardens and hot-houses, while we sexagenarians remain where we are, to drink to the health of both, and talk over a few family matters."

Alfred, thus called upon, could not avoid rising from his seat, and offering Julia his arm. She took it with a blush, and they walked off together in silence.

"How devotedly he loves me!" thought Julia with a sigh. "No, no, I cannot break his heart!"

"Poor girl!" thought Alfred, bringing one of his whiskers more killingly over his cheek; "her affections are irrevocably fixed on me; the slightest attention calls to her face all the roses of Sharon."

They proceeded down a long gravel walk, bordered on both sides with fragrant and flowery shrubs; but, except as the pebbles rubbed against each other as they passed over them, not a sound was to be heard. Julia, however, was at length observed to hem twice, and we understand that Fitzclarences politely coughed an acknowledgment of the said hems. The lady stopped, and plucked a rose. Fitzclarences stopped also, and plucked a jonquil. Julia smiled; so did Alfred. Julia's smile was chased away by a sigh. Alfred immediately sighed too. Checking himself, however, he saw the absolute necessity of commencing a conversation.

"Miss Appleby!" said he at last.

"Sir?"

"It is two years, I think since we parted."

"Yes, two years on the fifteenth of this month."

Alfred was silent.

"How she adores me!" thought he; "she can tell to a moment how long it is since we last met."

There was a pause.

"You have seen, no doubt, a great deal since you left Malhamdale?" said Julia.

"O! a very great deal!" replied her lover.

Miss Appleby hemmed once more, and drew in a vast mouthful of courage.

"I am told the ladies of England and Ireland are much more attractive than those of Wales."

"Generally speaking, I believe they are."

"Sir?"

"That is—I mean—I beg your pardon—the truth is—I should have said—that—that—you have dropped your rose."

Fitzclarences stooped to pick it up, but, in so doing, the little miniature which he wore round his neck escaped from under his waistcoat, and, though he did not observe it, it was hanging conspicuously on his breast, like an order, when he presented the flower to Julia.

"Good heavens! Alfred, that is my cousin Rosalind!"

"Your cousin Rosalind! where? how? the miniature! It is all over with me! The murder is out! Lord bless me! Julia, how pale you have grown; yet hear me! I be comforted. I am a very wretch; but I shall be faithful; do not turn away, love; do not weep; Julia! Julia! what is the matter with you? She is in hysterics; she will go distracted! Julia! I will marry you! I swear to you by—"

"Do not swear by anything at all," cried Julia; "lest you should be transported for perjury. You are my own—my very best Alfred!"

"Mad, quite mad," thought Alfred.

"I wear a miniature, too," proceeded the lady; and she pulled from the loveliest bosom in the world the likeness, set in brilliants, of a youth provokingly handsome, but not Fitzclarences.

"Julia!"

"Alfred!"

"We have both been faithless!"

"And now we are both happy."

"By St. Agatha! we are;—only I cannot help wondering at your taste, Julia; that strapping fellow has actually no whiskers!"

"Neither has my cousin Rosalind; yet you found her irresistible!"

"Well, I believe you are right, and besides, do justice—I beg your pardon, I was going to quote Latin."

Punch wittily recommends, as a sure preventive of railway collisions, that each train have one of the directors actually fastened in a neat iron chair placed directly in front of the

locomotive. We have not the least doubt but this would be found a most effective remedy for collisions, running off the track, and the various other accidents that so frequently occur on railroads. As to its effect upon the speed, we are not prepared to give an opinion.

The way to Fortune.

OR, 'IT IS BETTER TO WORK THAN TO BEAT.'

Let no poor boy, after reading the following interesting fact, ever despair of making a respectable living.

A gentleman was once walking down one of the streets of P—, when a beggar loudly craved for 'a few coppers for a night's lodging.' The gentleman looked earnestly at the poor man and inquired, 'Why do you not work? you should be ashamed of begging.' 'Oh, sir, I do not know where to get employment.' 'Nonsense!' replied the gentleman, 'you can work if you will.'

Now listen to me. I was once a beggar like you. A gentleman gave me a crown piece, and said to me, 'Work, and don't beg; God helps those who help themselves.' I immediately left P—, and got out of the way of my old companions. I remembered the advice given me by my mother before she died, and I began to pray to God to keep me from sin, and give me his help day by day. I went round to the houses in the country places, and with part of my five shillings, bought old rags. These I took to the paper mill and sold them at a profit. I was always willing to give a fair price for the things I bought, and did not try to sell them for more than I believed they were worth. I determined to be honest, and God prospered me. My purchase and profits became larger and larger, and now I have got more than ten thousand crown pieces that I can call my own. One great thing that has contributed to my success is this, I have kept from drink and tobacco.

As the gentleman spoke, he took out his purse, and drew from it a five shilling piece, and handing it to the astonished beggar, he said, 'Now you have the same chance of getting on in the world as I had. Go and work and never let me see you begging again. If I do, I will hand you over to the police.'

Years passed away. The gentleman had forgotten the circumstance, until one day when travelling through P—, he entered a respectable looking bookseller's shop in order to purchase some books that he wanted.

He had not been many minutes in conversation with the bookseller, before the latter eagerly looking into the face of his customer, inquired, 'Sir, are not you the gentleman who, several years ago, gave a five shilling piece to a poor beggar at the end of this street?'

'Yes! I remember it well.'

'Then sir, this house, this well stocked shop is the fruit of that five shilling piece.' Tears of gratitude trickled down his cheeks as he introduced the gentleman to his happy wife and children. He was regarded as their benefactor. When gathered round the table to partake of a cup of tea, the bookseller recounted his history from the above eventful day. It was very similar to that of the welcome visitor. By industry, honesty and dependence upon God's help, he had risen step by step from buying rags, to selling papers and tracts in the street, then to keeping an old book shop, and ultimately to be the owner of one of the best circulating libraries in the place. Before the happy party separated, the large old family Bible was brought out, out of which a Psalm of thanksgiving was read, and then all bent affectionately after the gentleman who could not express the feelings of those who formed that group. For some moments, silence, intermingled by subdued sobs evidenced the gratitude to the almighty Disposer of all events, which was ascending to heaven.

When they rose, and bid each other farewell, the bookseller said, 'Thank God, I have found your words to be true. God helps those who help themselves.' 'It is better to work than to beg.'

He might have known Better.

BY A. D. RICHARDSON.

'Willard, said James Willard to his help-mate, one morning as he came to breakfast, 'neighbor Thompson's barn was burned down last night.' 'Burned down?' interrogated Mrs. Willard much surprised.

'Yes. It was not discovered until it was so far gone as to render it impossible to save anything. I have just been down there, and it is a heap of ruins.'

'How unfortunate! His health has been so poor this winter, that he has been unable to work, and I fear this will quite dishearten him.'

'His property was not insured, and so it is all a dead loss.'

'I really pity him.'

'He should have seen that his property was insured; the policy ran out a week since.'

'But he is none the less to be pitied for not having attended to it in season.'

'He might have known better,' said Willard firmly, and so ended the conversation.

Willard was a man, who, when his opinion was once formed was immovable as a rock. He was kind in all his social relations, and scrupulously honest in all dealings with his neighbors; but he lacked that charity, for the faults of others which we are so often sadly in need of in this world. His neighbor Thompson, a worthy man, had indeed been unfortunate. His health had been his lot for a long time, and the last night's conflagration had destroyed a greater part of his property.

An open, kind-hearted man was Thompson, as many could testify and ready to do a kind action to any one in distress. So when the hand of misfortune was laid heavily upon him, true friends were not wanting to assist and comfort him.

'Look at this, Mr. Willard,' said one of his neighbors to that individual as he was laboring in his field on the day of the commencement of our tale. As he spoke he handed him a paper.

'Ah, a subscription for Thompson,' said Willard as he glanced over it.

'Yes,' replied his neighbor, and it has been generously responded to wherever it has been carried. Now we hope you will follow the example of our friends, as your name will afford encouragement to others.'

'Do you not know that he has brought all this upon himself?' said Willard sharply.

'True he has been rather negligent but he has had much more to distract his mind. Besides you know he was always ready to assist those in distress; so it is no more than justice in us to be generous to him.'

'I like to see a man take care of his property; if we give to make up every loss caused by carelessness, we should have nothing left.'

'But we are all liable to mistakes, and we should exercise charity towards our fellow-men.'

'All this sounds very well, but I will never give my property to encourage such negligence,' said Willard firmly.

His neighbor would have said more, but he knew him to be a decided man, and that opposition would render him the more firm, so he left him with anything but pleasant feelings. Those of Willard were anything but enviable. For some time he felt uncomfortable; but he concluded not to mention the matter to his wife as he was sure her views on the subject would not coincide with his. Generously, indeed, had those rough men responded to the suggestion that something should be done to lighten the trouble which had fallen upon Thompson, and when the list was completed a sum was raised nearly sufficient to cover the loss. Thus were his health and spirits returned. He was not ignorant of the feelings of Willard concerning his misfortune, but instead of cherishing any animosity towards him on that account, he only smiled quietly, and remarked that time might change his opinion. Time passed on, and still Willard was prospered in his worldly affairs, but he, too, was destined to drink of adversity's cup. Two or three unfortunate seasons had sadly diminished his competence, and the loss of his most valuable horse was added to his misfortunes. About this period, one of those wild speculations which have ruined so many, began to rage. The late misfortunes of Willard had disheartened him, and he embarked in the mad current in hope of gaining what he had lost.

His more reflecting friends advised him to desist; but the excitement of his feelings was not unlike that of the gambler whose all is at stake. But he was not alone. There were thousands, who, like himself, had placed their all at stake and anxiously they waited for the

denouement. At length it came—the bubble burst and their golden hopes were wrecked. But how the tidings wrung the hearts of those whose interests were at stake. These men forgot in the weight of their own misfortunes to say to their brother, 'he might have known better.' Despair filled the heart of Willard, for ruin stared him in the face. The old homestead, where his ancestors had lived for three or four generations, must be sacrificed, and after the hand of age had scattered silver among his locks, have no home for his family that he could call his own. The cold, calculating man of the world had fallen into the furnace of affliction, and he found it warmer than he had ever anticipated. One morning after he had examined every hope or shadow of hope, and found them all futile, he met his neighbor Thompson. It is needless to say that the sight of him caused twinges of conscience, but the affability of his friend soon drove those uncomfortable feelings away. Thompson kindly inquired into the state of his affairs, and believing him to be a friend indeed, his unfortunate neighbor kept nothing back, but told him all. Immediately he offered to advance a sum of money sufficient to ward off the blow and wait his own convenience to have it settled. Tears of gratitude chased down the stern man's cheek, as he thankfully accepted the offer. After several years of persevering industry he again found himself the proprietor of his early home. He had learned a lesson which only experience could have taught him, and he was never again heard to remark of an unfortunate friend, 'he might have known better.'—(Odd Fellow.)

Anecdotes of Children.

"A country school-mistress," writes a townsman, "a short time ago related her 'experience' to me, and among other incidents mentioned this—The school, as usual in New England, was required to read the Scriptures in rotation at the morning devotions; and one morning a 'smart' little girl, of seven or eight years of age, was sent studying her verse in anticipation of her turn, so as to be able to go through without a blunder. Her verse was: 'He that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad.' With her toes up to the mark, and her eyes sparkling with conscious ability to do it up right, she burst out at the top of her lungs, and on the gallop, 'He that gathereth not with me, scattereth a board!' A little boy, of six years, belonging to her 'parish,' while undressing for bed one night, with his arms over his head, tying his night-dress on the back of his neck, was heard muttering aloud as follows: 'I can beat Tom Tucker; I can write my name in writin'; I can tell the time o' day by the clock; I can spell Nebuchadnezzar; and I can tie a double-bow knot!' Another little fellow, of four, waiting in a mud-puddle after a shower, came across in audible reverie: 'Worms are the snakes' babies; little mice are the rats' babies; and the stars are the moon's babies!' This last makes us think of a stanza in a 'cradle-song' from the German—

"Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs; I guess,
The fair moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!"

Posthumous Charity.

Old Gripes is dead at last! He is really gone; his mummied body is confined; his cold, fish like eyes look colder and more fish like than ever. Nobody sheds a tear for Old Gripes, but everybody wonders 'how he'll cut up.' Not that he will be handed over to the anatomist, for no sensible surgeon would take him as a gift. He was too close an economist to leave a body round and sound enough for even the skelpet. No chick or child follows him grave-ward; but joyful heirs, or those who hope to be such, honor him with a stately funeral.—There are 'weepers' in abundance, but they stream from the hat, not from the heart. No poor widows, orphaned children, nor humble tenants, are there to mourn his loss, and bless his memory. The hearts of God's jewels—the poor—are not the urns that enclose the memories of such men.

But who is old Gripes? Don't you know dear reader? Well I will tell you. He is the man who while living had but one idea. That idea was a golden one. His whole aim and effort was to accumulate.

To accomplish this, he coined money from tears, and enriched his land with the hearts blood of poverty. From the starving he would steal the last support—legally, mark you—and in the dead of winter he would drive the sick and dying homeless into the streets. We was it to the man who once got into his clothes. Like the slimy anaconda, he would gradually enfold his victims in his snaking embrace, until he had extracted from them all that made life endurable, and then throw them hopeless and helpless, beggars upon the world's great highway.

But Old Gripes was a very religious man. None were more scrupulously regular, or more profoundly devout, in their worship. His god, however, was not He who made the heavens and the earth, and whose loftiest attributes are charity and love. He knelt to his iron-clasped chest, and bowed his head reverentially before his potential money-bags. These were divinities he could see and handle. His gods were in the form of golden eagles, not on the wing and afar off, but close at hand and tangible.

Well, all his long life had he thus lived. Nobody loved him, for he loved nobody. Isolated from all but his gold, he stood alone in the vast, bustling mart of men, like the seared and riven oak in the boundless forest. None cried as he passed along, 'God bless him!' but alone, with shaking limbs and shivering frame, he groped his solitary way, through an abounding harvest of groans, and tears, and starvation, down to the tomb.

Yet now that he is buried, old Gripes has suddenly become a distinguished man. His vile life seems to have been the mere chrysalis of a large and beautiful soul. What means it? Why does the press so laud the virtues of grinding and grinding old Gripes? Why do the churches that once passed him hopelessly by, now raise him to a niche among the saints of the day?

The answer is at hand. The Will has been opened, and the expected heirs have inherited not but disappointment. The old miser, fearful of the future, has undertaken to purchase salvation, by giving all his vast and blood-bought goods to colleges and minor charities. He thought that money would buy anything, even 'life eternal.'

Now we don't object to posthumous benevolence. But we do object, in the first place, to such creatures as old Gripes living a life infamous in its legalized villainy, and then being glorified because of this last, tardy, and selfish act. In truth had strict justice been done, this accumulated pile of plunder would have been distributed among the poor whom he had robbed.

The daily life of goodness is the true life.—The feeding the hungry, the clothing the naked, the visiting the sick and those in prison, day by day, is that which God most approves. He that does it glorifies himself, and need not wait for posthumous renown. Posthumous! such men never die. They live as long as the hearts of the poor live—not entombed, but thrived there.—[Portland Eclectic.]

Shakespeare Improved.

The scene is Buffalo—the green-room of the theatre. Time—afternoon. On that eventful night Charlotte Cushman was to astonish the Buffaloes by her terrible acting, as Mrs. Macbeth. But the Mr. Macbeth, in attempting to get properly drunk for the part, overstepped the boundary, became stupidly intoxicated, and woke up with a fit of the strongest kind of 'delirious triangles.' The manager tore his hair, and swore at the prompter; the prompter kicked the call boy; and that juvenile retorted by getting up an amateur combat with a youth who brought somebody's 'dresses' to the theatre. The day wore on. 'What shall we do for a Macbeth? Finally a youth of the fruitful dramatic family of Adams volunteered. He played Yankee business ably, and, as he said, never read the 'old ones' (meaning Macbeth) more than two or three times in his life; he was however known to have a strong memory, and it was resolved to let him do the best he could with it. He got along very decently till the banquet scene which, as the play is now acted, commences the third act. When the ghost of Banquo walked in pointing to the bloody wound in his throat, our friend was all taken aback. His speech should have been:

Avant and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee! Thy bones are unwelcome—thy blood is cold! Only that speckle the pleasure of the time!

Instead of which our hero burst out with—'You git out! Go hide yourself—yer ain't got no marrer in yer bones—no warm in yer blood—yer git no speckleration in yer eyes—you git out!'

After the roars of laughter—in which Banquo's ghost heartily joined—had subsided in part, Miss Cushman advanced to the front, looking as stern and sour as a pickled Alpine crack, and said in the words of the text:

Think of this good deed.
But as a thing of custom, 'tis no other.
Only it speckle the pleasure of the time!

The retort was so apt that the 'onus' was now on the Yankee. He went through with the piece after a fashion but never undertook 'serious business' again.—[Carpenter Bag.]

THE JEWEL OF MASSACHUSETTS.—Mr. Winthrop, in an address delivered on the 9th ult., at an agricultural dinner at Northampton, Mass., thus happily alluded to the Common Schools of New England:—

"Other nations may boast of their magnificent gems and monster diamonds. Our Commonwealth is our Common School system. This is our 'Mountain of Light,' not snatched, indeed, from a barbarous foe—not designed only to deck a royal brow, or to irradiate a Crystal Palace; but whose pure and penetrating rays illumines every brow, and enlightens every mind, and cheers every heart and every hearthstone in the land, and which supplies from its exhaustless mines, ornaments of grace unto the neck, of every son and daughter of New England."

THE STEAMER WHICH IS TO RUN THIRTY MILES AN HOUR.—Mr. Schouler, in a letter from Washington, says:

There is a drawing in the Navy Department, of a new steamboat, which is about to be built in New York for the Hudson River; and which is to make the trip from New York to Albany in five hours. She is intended to compete with the New York and Albany railroad. By the kindness of Commodore Skinner, we obtained her proportions, which are as follows: Length of keel, 500 feet; length of deck, 850 feet. She looks like a sword fish. There is 75 feet of keel at each end, extending out from the deck, which shows itself above water; and which is sharp and pointed like the sword of a sword-fish. Both ends of the boat are alike, and her engines are to work both ways. She is not intended to turn round, but to work like a ferry boat. She is to be called the *George Washington*, and to have accommodations for three thousand passengers. She will make the passage of 150 miles in five hours. She has been designed and modelled by Mr. Davidson of New York.

MR. WEBSTER AND HUNGARY. The indignity bestowed upon Mr. Webster at the recent dinner given to Kossuth by 'the Press' in New York, has not escaped general notice. The Albany Register speaks warmly upon the subject, as follows:

"Among the disgraceful scenes at the Press Dinner, given in New York, was the hissing when the letter of Mr. Webster was read. The letter is brief and appropriate; but because Mr. Webster does not go out of his way to indulge in demagoguism—which is not his custom in such cases—the very patriotic gentlemen assembled must vent their indignation."

In his reply to Count Hulseman Mr. Webster not only exhibited his earnest and honest sympathy for the suffering Hungarians, but did more for the cause of republican liberty in Europe, than a wilderness of Greeleys, Raymonds, and Parks Goodwins and the whole crew of small demagogues could accomplish in a life-time lengthened out to the age of Methuselah."

The National Intelligencer, according to a telegraphic report this morning, also expresses its surprise that no toast was drunk at the 'press' dinner to the President, and that Mr. Webster's letter was received with hisses. "It says the first movement made for the release of Kossuth was made by Mr. Webster; and but for the influence of his letter to the American Minister at Constantinople, Kossuth would still be a prisoner at Asia Minor."

The rum trade must, indeed, be on its last legs when it is driven to the pockets of the dealers.

Whig from Ellsworth that Charles Lunt, was committed to jail some weeks since for attesting and robbery, attested suicide last Friday evening by himself with a handkerchief; he was dissected soon after, however, and cut down by jailor. Life was nearly extinct, but he is covered.

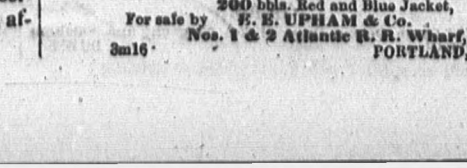
THE GREAT TELEGRAPH CASE.
 Washington Telegraph states that the Telegraph has been finally and amicably settled by compromise, which will prevent its being tried in the Supreme Court.

MISCELLANY.

MERRY OLD CHRISTMAS.

humorous work of creation; for it is only re-
ter its death."

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WATERVILLE, Nov. 6, 1851. 16 SAMUEL DOOLITTLE
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