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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, JAN. 1, 1852. NO. 24.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
R. MAXHAM & D. B. WING.
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TERMS.
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If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FIREBIRD.

When the snow-flakes softly rustle
On the darkened window pane,
And the night winds moan and murmur,
In a wild and wild strain,
O, how welcome is the cheerful,
Brightly burning, red light,
Glowing from the evening fire,
Gleaming, sparkling, warm and bright.

How the mellow beams are dancing
On the ceiling and the wall,
Even within the heart's dark corners,
With a gentle glance they fall;
And the clear and pleasant radiance,
As in waves of gold it plays,
Melts the soul that's chilled with sadness,
Lights the eye with softened rays.

Loved ones meet around the fire-side,
Through the dreary winter eve,
While the storm without is wildest,
Tales of other days to weave;
Songs that to the heart are dearest,
Breathed upon the hallowed air,
Voices gay in mirth are mingled,
"Household words" are sweetest there.

How the aged and the weary
Look back to the happy hours,
By whose merry light they sported,
Ere they tasted night and mirth;
Though the glow has long been faded,
Fainter than of yore it burns,
When the spirit, worn with wandering,
To that cherished vision turns.

Then while falling snow-flakes rustle
On the darkened window pane,
Let us gather round the fire-side,
Heedless of the night wind's strain;
And when life's cold winter cometh,
Mid the darkness and the storm,
We'll again in memory's chamber,
Meet around the fire-side warm.

MISCELLANY.

KOSSUTH AND HUNGARY.

From the N. Y. Tribune.
BY FRANK GODWIN.

More than six hundred years ago the Hungarian nation possessed, what was a novelty and wonder for that time, a written constitution of government. But what is still more remarkable, is that that constitution might be called a free constitution. It was free in the same sense that the present English Government is called free; it provided for municipal institutions, it limited the powers of its monarchs and aristocracy, and it stipulated for the perpetual independence of the nation, and the preservation of certain great personal and popular rights. It was indeed, the *Magna Charta* of the realm.

Originally, the Magyar race, which was always the dominant race of Hungary, were in the habit of electing their own chiefs, and of determining all their affairs by a vote of the whole people. But after some years they conferred the supreme power upon a single elective monarch, who took the most solemn oath of fidelity to the Constitution, and who, as often happened in feudal times, was rather a friend of the people than a tyrant.

In the year 1526, the Emperor of Austria, by intermarriage and the consent of the nation, became King of Hungary, and during the next century, the crown was made hereditary in the House of Hapsburg; but in these arrangements it was expressly conditioned that the ancient Constitution should not be disturbed. The head of the State, though an Emperor in his own dominions, possessed of absolute and irresponsible power, was only a constitutional King in Hungary. He was a King, not by divine right, not according to his own will and pleasure, but a King by the consent of the Nation, sworn before God and man to maintain its Constitution and laws, and to protect the rights of its citizens. He was a King, too, whose acts might be reviewed by the Legislature, whose plans had to be submitted to the Counties, whose edicts were not laws until they had been approved by the municipal bodies. He was a King, then, whose authority was circumscribed and delegated, and whose fiat amounted to nothing if opposed to the spirit of the local administration.

This was the protection and safeguard of the people, but alas! it proved also the cause of their oppression and death. For it was readily conceived that the existence of such a nation of a nation with free municipal institutions and popular suffrage, must be in the nature of the case, a stumbling block and rock of offense to the ambitious designs of an absolute government. How could the two survive together? Absolutism, in its inmost heart, is exclusive, all-absorbing, unlimited, one. It has no brother, tolerates no rival. It is itself alone, or it is nothing. Accordingly, from the first moment when the royal crown of Hungary was placed upon the head of the Imperial ruler of Austria, the machinations of the latter to gain exclusive control of the former began, and they did not cease until all but the name of Magyar was blotted from the earth. The whole history of the dynasty of Hapsburg has been an unvarying record of its attempts to vanquish and absorb the Hungarian Constitution. Sometimes by open force, through a shallow pretence of legislation, and more often by systematic cunning and fraud, it has undermined, sapped, lopped off or extinguished, one after another of the bulwarks and popular defenses of the Hungarian system. Never in the dark annals of our race has tyranny been more systematic, more unrelenting, more inhuman, in wresting their rights from the hands of the governed, than Austria has been in her persecution of her independent and generous, but proud-spirited confederate.

Indeed, it is almost incredible to what heights of audacity and outrage she has been carried in her determination to crush this tenacious and obstinate nation into an obedient province, to convert a proud kingdom into a fawning and servile member of the empire. Our hearts sickened when the tale was told, or else grow tired in the tumult of their indignation. When we recall the atrocious careers, in this respect, of Leopold, of Joseph, of Maria Theresa, of Ferdinand, we have in our minds all that is cold and heartless in despotism. You will find a parallel only in the willfulness of oriental magnificences or in the malignity of an Iberian inquisition.

We cannot here, of course, enter into a history of the successive measures by which the Magyar nationality has been extinguished; the detail would open up a chapter too long and sorrowful; but we may say briefly that the end at which Austria aimed was no less comprehensive and magnificent in its wickedness than the complete and final destruction of the Magyars as a distinct people. It was a work begun in the first place by an open subversion of their Constitution; carried on by the suppression of their religion; protracted through the forced amalgamation of their language, and not even ending in the arbitrary proscription of the garments which they wore. An ordinary tyrant would have been satisfied with his assured and unquestioned supremacy over the civil life of his victim, or at most with penetrating into the conscience of his victim and tearing out the secret fiber of his faith, but the insatiable and omnivorous ambition of the Austrian oppressor, so long as the living obstacles to its power could talk to each other of their mutual sorrows and wrongs, or so long, when the tongue was silenced by a strange speech, as they could recognize each other by the fold of the attiler or wave of a plume, found their horrid work unfinished! Nothing but complete and irrevocable extinction could appease a malignity so exhaustless and fell.

When Joseph II. put on the imperial purple of Hapsburg, he had the temerity to reject the Hungarian Constitution; he refused to take the coronation oath, saying that the crown was his by hereditary descent; and he abolished municipal self-government, taking away thereby the elective franchise of the people even in the most trivial village affairs. Rodolph II., his successor, then undertook to exterminate the Protestants; shut up their religious edifices; admitted no man to citizenship who would not swear unqualified fidelity to the priests; seized and pillaged their villages; invaded the bed-chambers of women with brutal soldiery; dragged the peasants from their plows, to answer for opinions which they had not even whispered to the poor brutes they drove, and devoted to instant execution at the hands of the hangmen, who formed a regular train of his army, all who dared to speak of clemency, or to utter the slightest disapprobation of his cruelties. Yet, as if this were not enough, the Hungarian was forbidden to talk in his native speech. The laws, the deliberations, the lectures of Professors, the literature of books, nay, the common every-day conversations of the mechanics and the husbandmen, and, worse than all, the innocent prattle of the mother to her infant, could only be uttered in the language of the oppressor. The ancient songs of the people were no more heard in the corn-fields, the story teller was silent by his native hearth, the workman was dumb at his bench, and a hideous paralysis, as of nightmare, froze up the very currents of the soul. Manners and customs, too, as well as civilization and the laws, whatever might remind the Magyar of his former freedom and independence, whatever cherished within him the seeds of nationality and the hope of its resurrection, whatever endeared him to his brother and stood in the way of his total amalgamation with the race of his conqueror, all were washed away, as with a sponge, but a sponge wet and routine with his own heart's blood.

Do you ask if inquiry so horrible was tamely submitted to?—no, you do not ask it, because your hearts have already given the reply. The Magyars were not a race to sink down sullenly under such oppression. If they had been, they might have deserved their fate. But they battled long and well against all the insidious and all the open inroads of the invader. They made gigantic efforts to heave off the incubus, they struggled like Sinbad with the old man on his back, they performed heroic efforts, and illuminated their annals with instances of devotion, of energy, of high-minded courage, but they labored in vain. The heel of the oppressor was on their neck, and for more than a century their faces were in the dust. Whatever of their old immunities remained was the grant of their sovereign, not their own right.

They submitted, but they did not yield. It was not in the power of man to utterly crush the hopes or break the will of such people. They bore their wrongs for that dreary century; they saw their names blotted out of the book of nations; they saw their institutions, their laws, their popular privileges, their literature, their commerce overturned and prostrate; but they were still Magyars and men, and still believed in the eternal God. But, alas! the old men laid themselves down in their graves, before the redeeming hour of God's justice had arrived.

Such, then, were the old relations between Hungary and Austria, and such the inheritance which either party had left to its successors. It was a contest of nation against nation—of an encroaching, insatiable and ambitious empire, with an independent, proud, and resisting kingdom. The eternal relations of the two, therefore, were those of incessant hostility.

When, therefore, in 1832, just after the second revolution of France had driven Charles the Xth from his throne and animated the popular heart of Europe with aspirations for change—when, we say, the National Diet was convoked in 1832, it was found to be a Diet which not only opposed Austria, but which cherished plans of internal reform. Although, by the Constitution, it was the sphere of all law to Hungary, it had not been assembled for full seven years before. When it did convene, the purposes of good which had been fermenting all over the land, in the secluded nook or less than in the magnate's parlor, were brot to a head. Its first proposal, though it was composed mainly of land holders, (to their glory be it said,) was the emancipation of the peasants—peasants, as we have seen, who had been reduced to a state of almost serfdom. Its next proposal was, to make every inhabitant of mature age a voter, thus placing the liberties of the nation on the most liberal and sure foundation. It then ordered the restoration of the native language of the people by new and strong enactments. It incorporated a college for the revival of the native literature. It stimulated industry by commencing a system of internal improvements, and thus for four years went on in the same wise and generous spirit to recover the lost prerogatives and enlarge the freedom of the whole people.

But all these measures were steadily resisted by the agents of the Austrian Government, who left no means untried to rebuke and suppress the rising spirit of democracy. They saw in the success of these measures the certain downfall of the Imperial power. From remonstrance and threats, they proceeded to open violence and persecution. Among the leaders of the movement was a venerable Magyar noble—noble alike by nature and position—the Baron Wesselényi, whose vehement words and determined spirit rallied his fellow-nobles to the great work of elevating and blessing the peasants. "Care not for the Imperial despots," said he, "whose policy from the beginning has been to oppose your good deeds and convert your land into a slavish province; but care for yourself and your people." His freedom of speech was thought likely to be contagious, and he was arraigned for treason. The Judges, who were the creatures of the house of Hapsburg, sentenced him to prison. At the same time, and by the same tribunal, several young men, charged with having held a political meeting, were condemned to the same dungeon. The civil law, which forbade such a sentence for such an offence, was expressly suspended, that the case might be determined by military rule. They went away doggedly to their living tomb.

But thank God, the work of that day was not yet done. Another culprit was called to the bar, who was, likewise, accused of the same offence. He was a young man of middling size, but of noble and impressive bearing. Already he had lain several months in prison. He was the son of a poor Hungarian estate agent of the North, who had educated him, had been a tutor in the family of a noble lady, had acquired some notions of the law, and some of public matters, and had been chosen even to sit in the Diet, as a representative of an absent magnate, where he could vote, but not speak. Brooding on the wants of his countrymen, he had thought that a knowledge of what was doing by their rulers might be of use to them, and he therefore wrote out and printed the debates, first, of the National Assembly, and then of the county meetings. As these debates, however, were apt to be a little free, the Government suppressed his reports by law. He then, to evade the law, lithographed his reports, and the lithographs were also suppressed. His next resort was to write out the debates, get them copied by a company of young men of his own sort, and have them transmitted everywhere as ordinary letters. But the Government followed him here too, for the Government kept the Post-Office, and his letters, by some curious hocus-pocus never got to their destination. In this dilemma, he finally established a post of his own, and making his copyists also carriers, in spite of the censorship of the press, and in spite of the hocus-pocus of the mails, found his dispatches safely delivered. It was not long before an edition of ten thousand copies was circulated in every hamlet and almost every house of the land. But such ingenuity, coupled with such energy, you may readily conceive was not to be endured. Accordingly, he was walking alone on the shores of the Danube, the eternal stars gazing softly down upon his meditations, the quiet waters rolling at his feet, he was suddenly seized by the minions of tyranny, blindfolded and cast into a dungeon. After a long confinement, he was at last brot into daylight for his trial. He came to the bar, and as the rumor of the extent of his good fortune had come to the ears of the judges, he came to listen to the result. His face was pale and haggard from long duress, but his step was firm, his head erect, and his eyes burning with unquenchable fire. As a lawyer he managed his own case, but had, as most of us have in such attempts, according to the old adage, a fool for his client. He met the accusations against him at every point; he foiled the skill of the attorney; he made the judges wince under his rebukes; he roused the people to fury by his appeals. "Never," says a historian, "has Hungary witnessed a more magnificent struggle for life and liberty." But what intellectual fire, what dignity and elevation of character, opposed to the predetermined will of Austrian despotism! He was condemned to a long and solitary imprisonment. His friends accompanied him to the dark and pestilent fortress of Buda, but as they walked along he was silent and subdued. His heart was too full for the vain relief of words; yet as they turned to depart, he said, "there is something here which cannot now be spoken." But, those nameless words have since been spoken, and in the glowing and deathless eloquence of Louis Kossuth are echoing round the world!

Happy fate! a martyr to a great principle, in his earliest youth he was secured to the cause of freedom forever; for he that suffers for a truth comes to love it with a double attachment, while he is thereafter enthroned in the hearts of all to whom it is dear. Kossuth, in his imprisonment suffered all the horrors which cluster about the life of the dungeon, yet his gain was infinitely great. The long hours of solitary toil, separated from the lives which too often dazzle and mislead the best constituted young men, preparing him for his great destiny. His studies made him familiar with the English tongue, and thro' that, with the inspirations of Milton's thoughts, and Cromwell's and Washington's deeds. They enabled him, at this late day, to commune with fifty millions of the most advanced people on the globe, and in those magnificent outbursts of high thoughts and generous sentiments which have lately thrilled us at Southampton and London, to urge these people to a glorious career.

Meantime, while the young advocate was learning to read Shakespeare by the faint light of his dungeon grate, and pondering his own and his country's destiny, in the slow hours of the night, the rumor of his condemnation flew on the wings of birds to every corner of the land. The people, nobles and peasants alike, instinctively knew their friend, and took up his cause. Even as far off as the Austrian capital the Democratic instinct recognized his man, and made common cause with the masses of Hungary. Associations were formed in Vienna, as well as in all the chief towns and villages of the Magyar land, to sustain the natural rights of humanity against the arrogant pretensions of reigning families. Three years of busy agitation accomplished the work of twenty years of slow-moving discussion. When, in 1844, Kossuth was released from his cell, he found his companion, the old Baron Wesselényi, blind, under the cruel treatment he had received—the young Lovassai a maniac—he found three others ready for death under the diseases they had contracted. Heaven pity the sufferers; but he found the eyes of the people open, their judgments sane, and their bodies strong to do the work of the time. Condemned for the sake of the press, his first act was to establish a press, the *Pesti Hirlap*—the first liberal newspaper in the east of Europe. The Satraps of Austria tried to strangle it; but they tried in vain; it flatters had gone too far; the Democratic spirit was up; and for six years, Kossuth and his friends battled with injustice, both at home and abroad, as the infant Hercules in his cradle battled with the serpents. At the same time, Wesselényi, the blind old baron, travelled from one end of the Kingdom to the other, not to arouse the people, for they were already aroused, but to keep alive and concentrate the fire. He was received with open doors and the warm blessings of the heart, while Kossuth—this was in 1847—was returned by acclamation a member of the National Assembly for Pesth. He immediately took his seat, not as formerly to vote, without speaking, for an algent magnate, but to vote and speak in the living present, for himself and the people; and that voting and that speaking, you may depend upon it, from these precedents, were both effective.

The National Assembly, at that time, was divided into three parties; 1. old Conservatives, who were reluctant to break the ties with Austria, and who were also unwilling to break the chains of the people; 2. the Progressives, who were determined to do both; and the extreme Socialists, who were determined to build up entirely new laws and new social arrangements. Kossuth sided with the middle party. He disliked the former, and distrusted the theories of the latter; but whatever his differences with either, he captured very soon, by his burning eloquence and energy, to fuse them all into one, and to make of them the single, united Hungarian party. "The parliamentary speeches of Kossuth were like flaming arrows, which he hurled into kindred minds, to urge them to a fanatic enthusiasm." "His oratory," continues the same writer, "was like a large battery with heavy ordnance discharging the most fearful missiles. The poisonous sting of his replies, his despotic power in the House, his intrigues out of doors, had the power of an army against the stand-still policy of Metternich." Thus, he vanquished the Conservatives, while, on the other hand, the ultra-Socialists, melted by his fire, rushed into his arms as the most wise and judicious leader they could adopt.

Kossuth's policy, as unfolded in a programme published in 1847, had two aspects; the one relating to foreign and international affairs, and the other to the domestic administration. With regard to Austria, it simply asserted that the independence and integrity of the Kingdom should be maintained on the old basis of the laws and Constitution, but that the king should act, not through foreigners, but native Hungarians. Nothing like a revolt, however, from the Austrian connection was proposed. "The patriots meant to go back to the old system, under which they had some opportunity of managing their own affairs." They even professed the warmest attachment to the throne so long as they were permitted the exercise of their rights, dating back some eight hundred years. They were not then either rebels or revolutionists, but erred rather on the side of devotion to law and order.

But their internal policy showed that while they could be tolerant, moderate and even too loyal to a House which had inflicted so many wrongs upon them, they were determined to be fearless and just in respect to the people. They proclaimed their objects in the following propositions:

1. That all the peasants of the Kingdom, whatever might be their religion or race, should be at once exempted from all arbitrary dues and obligations to their landlords, for which the latter were to receive an indemnity from the State.
2. That, without exception of religion or race, all the inhabitants of the country, noble and non-noble, should be declared equal before the law.
3. That every inhabitant whose income amounted to ten pounds, (fifty dollars), which included all persons not vagabonds or State paupers, should possess the elective franchise.
4. That every inhabitant should have his equal proportion of the expense of Government by being taxed on his income.
5. That the Hungarian Diet, not the Chancery at Vienna, should decide on the employment of the public revenue.
6. That the revenue and other National interests should be put into the hands of a Cabinet of native Ministers, who would be responsible to the people whose interests they represented.

Besides these more general principles, it was proposed that all real estate, should be held responsible for owner's debts; that the whole tithing system, which had been so oppressive to the poor, should be abolished; that the nobles, though they were about to relinquish more than half their possessions, should be taxed on what remained; that the Jewish and foreign inhabitants should no longer be subject to special legislation, but be brought under the laws common to all the citizens; and that eight millions of dollars should be immediately expended in works of internal improvement.

These laws were all regularly carried thro' both Chambers, and five millions of serfs, raised in one day to the dignity of landholders and free citizens—the most generous and sublime legislative act on record.

As the first step to the realization of the foreign policy, Kossuth moved the appointment of an independent Hungarian Ministry. The day he made the motion, news came by telegraph of the outbreak of the late French Revolution. All minds were so excited that the motion was carried by storm. A committee was at once appointed, with Kossuth at the head, to repair to the Emperor, and to demand the new cabinet. It reached Vienna on the 15th March, 1848, when they found the Austrian people themselves in arms against the Government. Its chairman was lifted literally on the hands of the excited masses into the imperial palace. But what a scene was that! On the one side, the Emperor, representing the imperial glories of five hundred years, with his glittering train of statesmen and soldiers; on the other, the poor advocate, lately a prisoner, with no other weapon but his tongue and his cause, the cause of thirty millions of freemen. Modestly, but firmly, he stated his demands; the Emperor hesitated; the ministers and gay folks around smiled in scorn; but the loud clamors of the people, came up from the streets, and the echoes of the Paris bruit had not yet died away. The Emperor relaxed and granted all that was asked. Kossuth and his deputation returned, to tell the news to grateful Hungary, which, in the frenzy of its happiness, strewed his path with flowers and sent up his name in the same breath which bore their praises to God.

Now, mark the double-distilled and infernal treachery of this Emperor and his tribe; mark, how the cup was dashed from his lips that would have drunk oblivion for all the past, and infinite joy for the future from its contents; mark, what infamous wrongs the people have always to revenge or pardon! While the valleys of Hungary were still vocal with the songs of rejoicing; while the bonfires were yet unextinguished upon the hills, this lying Emperor, through his agents, was secretly stirring up among the different people of Hungary, a relentless and bloody war of races. The Croats, the Serbians, the Wallachs, the Slaves, the Rels, the Saxons, by gold, by argument, by appeals to traditional and religious prejudice, by menaces, by every means that power is quick to handle, were made to believe that the Magyars, in their schemes of emancipation, meant not to do good to the whole, but simply meant to elevate themselves at the expense of all the rest. Absurd and shameful! pretence! Yet these races, misled and backed by the prestige and power of the Empire, believed the devilish calumny and rose to arms. They even, down with the usurping Magyar! and set to work at butchery and outrage. Shame, shame again, on Austria, to have seen these poor deceived and benighted peasants, with the assassin's knife, upon their best friends! A treble shame upon the falsehood and cruelty! But the Magyars met the unexpected reverse with surprise and sorrow, but with insight and bravery. They proceeded to quell the turbulence, but, to do so, did not forget that the authors of it resided, not in the provinces, but in Vienna. Betrayed at the very moment of fruition, after the struggles and sufferings of centuries, they had nothing to do but to fight. Kossuth, rising in the Assembly to state the desperate condition of affairs, moved an instant levy of troops. But he has lately told the story of this scene himself, and no tongue but his own should attempt to do it again.

At a late Birmingham festival he spoke thus: "Three years ago, yonder house of Austria, which had chiefly me to thank for not having been swept away by the revolution of Vienna, in March, 1848, having in return answered by the most sacrilegious conspiracy against the chartered rights, freedom and national existence of my native land, it became my share, being then member of the ministry, to present the back of the nation to the deadly stroke aimed at its very life, or to bear up against the horrors of fate, and manfully to fight the battles of legitimate defence. Scarcely had I spoken the words, scarcely had I added that defence would require 200,000 men and 800,000,000 florins, when the spirit of freedom moved through the hall, and nearly 400 representatives rose as one man, and lifting their right arm toward God, solemnly swore, 'We grant it; freedom or death!' (Cheers.) There they stood with uplifted arms, in calm and silent majesty, awaiting what further words might fall from my lips. And for my self, sure it was my duty to speak; but the grandeur of the moment and the rushing waves of sentiment benumbed my tongue. A burning tear fell from my eye, and a sigh of adoration to the Almighty God fluttered on my lips, and bowing low before the majesty of my people, as I bow now before you, gentlemen, (hear, hear,) I left the tribune, silently, speechless, mute." (M. Kossuth paused a moment, apparently somewhat moved. Pardon me my emotion, gentlemen; hear, hear, the shadow of our martyrs, whose names I see here, pass before my eyes, and I hear the millions of my nation once more shout, 'Freedom or death!')

It is needless for us to add that this sublime act of courage took the brave heart of the English into tumultuous shouts, even while their manly cheeks were wet with tears. The Magyars fought with a desperation and valor which equals the most heroic achievements of the most heroic ages. They drove the perfidious Austrians, with his mercenary bands of Croats and savages, clear from their native soil; they declared their independence forever; they organized a provisional government with a view to the more deliberate formation of a new nation; when they disgraced and routed enemy, sacrificing his own dignity and power to the aggressive despotism of the Czar, brought upon Hungary all the horrors of a Russian invasion. But in that extremity even, the Magyar did not quail. He grappled with the fierce Northern Bear, and would have throttled him, had not a second Arnold appeared to make him blush for their kind. In the person of Arthur Gorgey, "Beasts! what sagacity and power, this side of Heaven, can cope with external invasion and internal treachery?" Hungary felt, but not with her gallant defence had made her a friend to every noble mind. Her glorious chieftain fell, but even the Turk, smitten with admiration of his great qualities, gave him an asylum through a prison.

Now in the course of time, by the happy intervention of England and the United States—and we glory that our nation has shined with this great people from which it has sprung, the honor of the deed—this criminal, this outcast, this exile, has been restored to freedom. In the flush of his gratitude he has repaired to the shores of Great Britain to thank the nation for his deliverance. He has been received nobly, grandly—as the representative of a beneficent truth should always be received. It is true that *The Times*, the time-serving organ of a class which has spit its venomous slanders upon him; has swelled, and spluttered, and blabbed in its impotent malice; it is true that the fabled leaders of public opinion—that inflated and consequential set—have abstained from participating in his reception; but the people of England—the true, the hardworking, the spontaneous masses—have welcomed him, with a triumph which no laureled conqueror has ever received. They have greeted forth their arms, and raised their hearts, with a fraternal, pulsive, enthusiastic feeling, that does honor to their nature, and makes all of us proud that we are men. Therefore, God bless the people! English, Irish, or American, God bless the people! When diplomats doubt, and politicians stand aloof, and merchants quaver, the people are true, and uncalculating, and right. They do not stand shivering on any petty punctilios of etiquette; they do not ask how their action may influence this movement or that; but consulting the God-inspired instincts of their hearts, they pour out their gratulation, and joy to all who have nobly done or nobly dared for the rights of humanity.

This, then, has been the Past of Hungary. Her history is before you; her ancient and deep-seated love of freedom; her heroic struggles to maintain it; her gallant and noble spirit resisting to the last; and her sorrowful yet glorious fall.

You have seen the character of her devoted champion and friend—so wise in council, so pure in aim, so persuasive in speech, so energetic and almost omnipotent in action; so dreaded by his enemies, so beloved and idolized by his friends. You know her cause and her man, and the questions spring, exultingly to your hearts, whether such principles and such chiefs belong wholly to the past? Are they to have no future? Yes, in humanity's name, in God's name, yes! Another hour and Hungary must soon come, and when that hour comes, it will be from people that have seen the world. Knowing her wrongs and her rights, we, among the rest cannot stand as before, in a sensible and lifeless to her appeals. No! Heaven forbid.—[N. Y. Tribune, 18th March 1848.]

Six Reasons for Planting an Orchard.

1. Would you leave an inheritance to your children? Plant an orchard. No other investment of money and labor will, in the long run, pay so well.
2. Would you make home pleasant—the abode of the social virtues? Plant an orchard. Nothing better promotes among neighbors a feeling of kindness and good will than a treat of good fruit, often repeated.
3. Would you remove from your children the strongest temptations to steal? Plant an orchard. If children cannot obtain fruit at home, they are very apt to steal it; and when they have learned to steal fruit, they are in a fair way to learn to steal horses.
4. Would you cultivate a constant feeling of thankfulness toward the great Giver of all good? Plant an orchard. By having constantly before you one of the greatest blessings given to man, you must be hardened indeed if you are not influenced by a spirit of humility and thankfulness.
5. Would you have your children love their home, respect their parents while living, and venerate their memory when dead—in all their wanderings look back upon the home of their youth as a sacred spot—an oasis in the great wilderness of the world? Then plant an orchard.
6. In short, if you wish to avail yourself of the blessings of a bountiful providence which are within your reach, you must plant an orchard. And when you do it, see that you plant good fruit. Don't plant crab-apple trees, nor wild plum, nor Indian peaches. The best are the cheapest.

VERMONT LEGISLATURE. The Legislature of Vermont has passed a law forbidding any Railroad Company employing any person as conductor, engineer, brakeman, or switchman, who drinks ardent spirits. Here is the third section.

Sec. 3. "If any railroad company shall employ, or retain in its service, any conductor, engineer, brakeman, or switchman, who shall make use of intoxicating liquors as beverage, such fact being known to the President, Superintendent, or any one of the Directors of such road, such corporation, upon conviction thereof in the county court, shall forfeit and pay into the treasury of the State, a sum of not less than three hundred, nor more than three thousand dollars, together with costs of prosecution; and shall also be liable for all damages which any person may sustain by the employment or retention of such conductor, engineer, brakeman, or switchman."

Maine should pass such a law forthwith. It is a matter of life and death to the State, but it will draw a different and a better class of men into it. If no railroad or steamboat is allowed to hazard the safety of travelers by employing "run drunks," there will be a great safety to the People hereafter.—[Bangor.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HE SLUMBERS IN THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RING OF GOLD."

His earthly sorrows all are o'er,
Serenely rests his weary head;
He loved the life he led in the sea,
And now he sleeps with ocean's dead.

Deep through the bottom of the sea
Where restless billows ever flow,
With pale, pale face, and powerless limbs;
He lies to the rest below.

His long, bright locks of curling hair,
So soft, and fair, and light of yore,
Now sink and heavy in the sea,
The summer winds shall wave no more.

High o'er his head the coral reefs
A canopy of art could frame,
And tho' no epitaph it bears,
His shall be no forgotten name.

"Life's fitful dream" for him is past;
Long, undisturbed his sleep shall be;
Our Father, may we meet at last,
And spend the life to come with thee.

New York, Dec. 29th, 1851.

MISCELLANY.

Perversions of the Doctrine of Providence.

With a leer of unbelief, and a bite of sarcasm, Macaulay records one of the most striking events of Providence, in a way to throw contempt on the Christian doctrine of Providence, by misrepresenting it. Alluding to the destruction of the Spanish Armada, and the descent of the Prince of Orange upon England, for the discomfiture of Popery there, the distinguished historian said:

"The weather had indeed served the Protestant cause so well, that some men, of more piety than judgment, believed the ordinary laws of nature to have been suspended, for the preservation of the liberty and religion of England. Exactly a hundred years before this, they said, the Armada, invincible by men, had been scattered by the wrath of God. Civil freedom and divine truth were again in jeopardy, and again the obedient elements had fought for the good cause. The wind had blown strong from the East, while the Prince wished to sail down the channel—had turned to the South, when he wished to enter the bay of Torbay—had sunk to a calm, during the disembarkation, and as soon as the disembarkation was completed, had risen to a storm and met the pursuers in the fleet."

A writer of Macaulay's intelligence ought to be able to write out a description of such an event of Providence, without throwing over it a foul stroke, to obscure the glory of God in it, and misrepresent the views of Christians about it. He should have known that Christians can see signal interpositions of Providence, when there are no miracles, and no suspension of nature's laws. The Christian doctrine of Providence is, that the laws of nature, which are the settled modes of God's working, were made for the very purpose, that God might do the very things which he does in great and small, and in just the way and time in which he does them. Or, to be more specific, God settled the laws which generate and control the winds (among other purposes), that he might use the winds as his instruments of preserving, as he did, the liberty and religion of England, in the case referred to. Macaulay uses the phrase "obedient elements" in irony. But it was sober truth. The elements obeyed, in that instance, the purpose for which the laws of winds were made, and also the control of Him who rides upon the wings of the wind.

What is plainer, than that God, in settling the laws of physical nature, or in other words, the fixed courses of his own working in physical nature, settled and arranged them as he did, that he might through them do the very things which he does. And if that be so, there is no event—if we except miracles performed for the purpose of showing the laws of nature suspended—there is no event, of which it may not be said that it was contemplated when the laws of nature were made, and that they were made for the very purpose of bringing it about. There is no suspension of a law, but a wise, and to a human view, it may be a wonderful, execution of it.

The laws of nature, so far from being a cumbersome machinery, preventing God from unexpected and short turns of his hands, to execute any design, that he will, or to convey any gift that he will, are made with divine skill, adjusted to this very purpose. They are so framed as to be used as his arms, through which he may reach us, and touch the springs of our control and our supplies, with a freer hand than the musician touches the keys of his instrument. If every gift of God were conveyed to us by an angel, as a special messenger, or if every event were appointed to us by a simple exertion of God's will, or a simple word spoken, God could not be more free and unembarrassed, in the appointments of events to men, than he is now, in all his outgoings to us, through the established order of physical causes.

A Puritan Recorder.

A Kitchen Scene.

Well, Dinah, here I come to cook the dinner. Mamma has tucked my curls closely under this cap, my arms are as bare as if I were going to a dance, and with this hideous apron I must suit your taste."

Dinah—showing the whites of her eyes in the most extraordinary manner. "Yes, missy; but is that a cook book sticking out of your apron pocket?"

"No, lynx-eye! you know very well that it is a very interesting novel that I intend to read while the meat is roasting, and recollect that you are to say nothing about it."

"But, missy, you know that I have my orders not to touch the dinner, and you read that book, do mean black as Dinah's face—what do you?"

"Oh, mind your wash tub, Dinah, and leave me to manage. A pie of pork to roast, eh? Lucky I'm no Jew; here's the dredging box and salt, so I'll commence operation."

Mrs. Clement, Elsie's mother, was a thorough New England housekeeper. Married when a mere child, totally ignorant of domestic affairs, she had experienced, of course, innumerable mortifications; in consequence, and having, by perseverance and energy, made herself acquainted with all the details of domestic economy, she determined Elsie should begin in time to make herself useful as a housekeeper, and so, at a suitable age, she said:

"But, return we to our heroine. There she sat, with her little slippered foot peeping from beneath her neat gingham morning dress, her shining hair confined under her snowy cap of muslin, and in her hands the book referred to by Dinah. Dinah herself stood near, at the wash tub; over her apron, looking over her shoulder and muttering: 'never saw a gal yet do twofigs well as one!' But, after watching some time, and seeing the salt and flour duly applied, and the meat occasionally turned, she ceased to reiterate."

At length the meat and novel being done, Elsie jumped from her chair, spatters a handful of soap-suds in Dinah's face, and says: "Look here, my dear woolly pate! there's your meat done to a turn, and your gravy comes in fault, which translated into African means, you

could not do better yourself. Now do your duty as I have done mine, dish it up properly, and I'll speak a good word for you to Pomposy; so now I'll make the custard, and then dress for dinner."

This being accomplished, with a skip and a bound, she vanished.

The last shining curl was just arranged to her satisfaction, when Dinah presented herself at the door, with both hands raised, and her face blacker than ever. "Oh, Lor! oh, Lor! Miss Elsie, it only wants five minutes to dinner, and young Mr. Alfred—coming home with your papa, Lor! bless my soul, 'tis too much for this nigger, if he thinks I cook dat dinner! oh, Lor!"

"What on earth do you mean?" said Elsie, with a vague foreshadowing of some impending evil.

"Oh, Lor!" said Dinah, sitting down in a chair, and wiping perspiration from her face with the corner of her apron. "You take de cup of salaratus, and you baste de meat and season de gravy wid it—and you put pepper-mint in de custards instead of de essence of lemon; Land of Goshen! dis nigger nuber so deposed in all her life! only wants five minutes to dinner, oh, Lor!—all for dat novel book, Miss Elsie!"

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JAN. 1, 1852.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

E. B. SIMONSON, General Newspaper Collecting Agent, is authorized to collect our bills. Office in Augusta, over the store of Messrs. Caldwell & Co., with A. B. Nichols; residence at Brown's Corner.

W. T. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Scollay's Building, Court st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PATTENGILL & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State St., Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

Professor Whateaway.

With what majestic strides science is making her way over the world, in this nineteenth century! The flight of the iron horse is not more rapid or resistless. She stops not to reason upon the present or calculate the future. A bog or a bridge, a ravine or a mountain, is no obstacle to her speed. She digs, or glides, or leaps, or climbs, to make every thing yield to progress. She snatches up steam in her flight, and walks over the wires arm in arm with electricity. What was once her barrier has become her plaything. Her crucible holds the bowels of the earth, and her scale tell the grains of the spheres. Mighty indeed is her march, O invincible goddess, when the elements dangle at thy girdle, and thou playest with infinity as with a shuttlecock!

But we are in no rhapsody. We see only the visible, and feel only the tangible. Science herself is not above scanning the every-day and home-made. Slow or swift, she may stub her toe like a school boy, or smash up like a locomotive. Though she put on immortality, her robes take fire from her own friction; or if she walk with the lightning, she may bruise her nose against a post. The boy that plays at blind-man's-buff is even safer than she; for he feels as he goes, while she scans her path after it is passed over.

How blindly science chooses her votaries! Time was when her circle was honorable, and her ways hallowed;—when wise men sought her favor, and followed her with reverence. Now buffoons are her messmates, and she plays with them, while young clowns grow fat in the light of her countenance. Learning has come to be counted a shadow, and bombast and humbug receive the hieroglyphics of the pyramids. O, goddess of Babylon, how art thou fallen! when gay deceivers play with the hem of thy garment, and the multitude grunt thy praise from the gutter!

[NOTICE.—Professor Thimblegame will give his wonderful exhibition of tricks with the magic box, the automaton fortune teller, and the learned pig, at the Town Hall, the coming week. To be assisted by Professor Bumpus, who feels of the heads of the audience at 50 cents each; and Professor Scalpel, who removes corns with no injury but the loss of the toe! The performances to be interspersed with negro songs by Professor Semiquaver, and various horripiles and fandangoes by Professor Tiptoe. The latter gentleman will amuse the rabble by shouldering his leg, and holding his great toe in his mouth!]

Paragraphs in the Boston Papers.

An old gentleman stepped on an apple core, yesterday, in Main-st., and would very likely have broken his neck if he had slipped down. Fortunately he caught hold of a curb stone and saved his life.

A beautiful horse belonging to Dr. B., who resides in Temple-st., took fright last week and ran rapidly into Main-st., thence down Main to the head of Silver-st., where he stopped. The doctor was uninjured.

A fine little boy, son of Mr. W., of College-st., had his pocket picked of a nice doughnut yesterday morning while on his way to school. Constable K. is in pursuit of the robber, but up to six and a half minutes past 9 o'clock this morning he had not been taken.

Between 11 and 12 o'clock last night watchman Piper, of the north watch, saw a large dog enter the passage in the rear of Boutelle Block and stop under the window of No. 21-12.

The dog discovered his pursuers, and took to flight. The alarm of fire yesterday was caused by an Irishman burning a match to light his pipe.

Two boys were arrested yesterday for picking up straws from spittoons at the Elmwood Hotel. They were bailed by the Philanthropic Society.

Quite a snow came off in West Court yesterday, originating in a game of marbles between two boys. One of the boys had his hair badly pulled, and his trousers torn.

A Frenchman, employed at the stable of Messrs. Horse, Colt & Co., in Main-st., was badly injured yesterday by hitting his shin

against a sleigh runner. He was taken to the village hospital.

[For further particulars see Boston daily papers.]

Juvenile Singing School.

It is with much pleasure that I perceive in your paper of last week, a notice of a juvenile singing school, about to commence in this village. The only way to train up a singing community, is to place the children at an early age under tuition for this purpose; and long experience has demonstrated that all children with perhaps an occasional exception, can, with proper training, be taught to sing. The inflections of the voice in reading, and in common conversation, are as varied and as delicate as musical intonations, and as difficult of acquisition; and yet, from constant repetition, children who are supposed to be entirely destitute of musical susceptibility, learn to read and speak with propriety, at a very early age.

The same attention to music would evidently be followed by equally satisfactory results. There is, moreover, a delicate musical susceptibility in childhood, which if not improved, is soon impaired, and may be finally lost. Hence the well known fact that children when placed under proper instructions, make more rapid proficiency in music, with the same effort, than adults.

It is a sad mistake to regard music as an idle and useless accomplishment. There is no branch of education that contributes more largely to the refinement of society, or that gives a purer zest to social life, to say nothing of its higher and holier uses in the worship of God. It is not a little discreditable to our village that this branch of education has been so generally neglected. Our singing, the little that we have, is a disgrace to us. It will not be easy, I imagine, to find any where in this region, a village so large as Waterville, with so little music. There is at least abundant room for improvement, and it is time we were about it.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Moore will find himself so liberally patronized as to be encouraged to prolong his school through the year. Parents, who know what is good for the little folks, will give them a chance to try their vocal powers, in Mr. Moore's singing school; and those of more advanced age will find every needed assistance in his evening class.

Music.

We somewhat reluctantly permit our correspondent to say that the singing of our village "is a disgrace to us,"—but we do it to secure the commendation he justly bestows upon the proposed juvenile school. We can very confidently say that the performances of the choir in three of our churches not only give good satisfaction, but are by no means derogatory to the musical taste of our village. Each of these choirs embraces musical talent rarely excelled in country villages; and though at times the critical ear may find ground of complaint, it will generally discover full cause to be satisfied, or even to commend.

FESTIVAL. The annual installation of officers of Waterville Lodge took place at their hall on Tuesday evening, and was made the occasion of an address by Rev. Mr. Gardner. A small audience, such as the room permitted, witnessed the ceremonies. The address, like its author, was plain, candid and strong; exhibiting briefly some of the principles of the

have in times past been brought against it. The occasion was a pleasant one to the audience, and a profitable one to the order.

NOVEL ATTRACTION.—The subscribers to Sartain's Magazine will receive, with the February number, a highly-finished and beautiful representation of "THE NEW CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON," engraved on steel in the line manner, and by special permission, direct from the authentic government plans.

This superb building, when completed conformable with the adopted designs, as shown in the engravings, will be one of the most magnificent structures in the world, and altogether worthy of a great and powerful nation. It rivals in grandeur and vastness the famous edifices of the Russian autocrat at St. Petersburg, while it surpasses them in elegance of design and purity of taste.

Besides the large engraving on steel, the accompanying descriptive article will be suitably illustrated by other engraved views of this noble pile of architectural beauty.

The same number will contain also the promised engraving, on steel, of Blanchard's great picture, representing "COLUMBUS AND HIS COMPANIONS ATTENDING THE FIRST CHRISTIAN RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES IN THE NEW WORLD." These two plates are of themselves worth a year's subscription to the Magazine, and those wishing to secure them should send their subscription and address without delay. All postmasters are agents. Subscriptions received at this office.

FORRESTER'S BOYS AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE.—Here is a nice thing for a New Year's present to the little folks, which will continue to delight them once a month for a whole year. It is made up of articles adapted to please and instruct children, and with its interesting stories and sketches, and its fine embellishments, will hardly fail to awaken an interest in the dustiest mind. We have just received the number for January, which to say the least, does not detract from its high reputation as a well conducted magazine for youth. It is published by Bradbury & Guild, 120 Washington st., Boston, at \$1 a year.

THAW.—It has been raining for about 24 hours, with a strong wind that contributes its part in the work of melting the snow, of which an abundance yet remains.

GLAXON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-BOOK COMPANION is to be issued for the next year in a greatly improved form. Its typographical appearance and pictorial department have al-

ways been beautiful, but are to be rendered still more attractive for the future. Price \$3 per annum, or six cents single copy.

CHANGE.—The passenger train of cars now leaves Waterville at a quarter past 10 A. M., and a quarter past 2 P. M.

KOSSUTH IN PHILADELPHIA.—Kossuth remained in Philadelphia through Thursday and Friday—part of the time sick in bed—and was expected to visit Baltimore, where he had declined a public reception, though he intended to address the people; and on Monday he was engaged to be in Washington.

Though too unwell to be present but a few moments, a Corporation dinner was given him on Thursday evening, and he made a brief speech, urging, as he has in all his speeches, the doctrine of intervention, as a duty of the U. S. towards the struggling nations of Europe. Major General Patterson having been toasted, said, in allusion to the question of interfering in the affairs of foreign nations, that we were not now prepared, in respect to our military establishment, for any such step; and he deprecated the occasion which would render necessary in this country a large standing army, well drilled and well disciplined, which would be indispensable if we were to undertake a crusade against the monarchial governments of Europe.—Judge Kane, of the U. S. District Court, was for fighting if necessary; he believed it was the duty of the U. S. to aid all people, no matter where they were, who were struggling for freedom. He said that the eloquence of the Hungarian leader would teach us to review the political dogmas which had come down from our ancestors. Alexander Cummings, of the Evening Bulletin, echoed Judge Kane's sentiments; but Martin McMichael of the North American, was opposed to all governmental interference with the affairs of foreign nations. Judge Kelley went for intervention.

On Friday Kossuth received a delegation from Harrisburg, who invited him to the Capitol. He declined the invitation for the present. In his speech to the delegation, Kossuth urged the importance of the immediate decision on the part of the people of the U. S. in regard to non-intervention—declared that every moment's delay threatened fatal consequences.

THE THRASHER CASE.—In the House, yesterday, the Speaker laid before the House a communication from the State department in reply to a resolution for information, stating there is no doubt that John S. Thrasher is a citizen of the United States. Nor is there any doubt he has resided in Cuba, for a considerable number of years engaged in business, although the precise period and duration of such residence are not known.

On this point the department have sought in vain for exact information. Thrasher has made no communication to the department, although he has through the press addressed a general letter and remonstrance to the government and people of the United States. There is no evidence in the possession of the government to show what was his purpose, or if it required his return to his native country at any fixed or definite time. Other members of his family are understood to be like himself, residents in Cuba, his father having gone there some years ago. These are all the known general facts respecting the nature of his residence in Havana, which have come to the knowledge of the department.

The Secretary discusses the general question as to Thrasher's right to exemption from Spanish law and authority on the ground of his being a native born citizen of the United States. If, he says, Thrasher in his arrest and imprisonment did not enjoy the benefits which native born Spanish subjects enjoy in like cases, but was more partially treated or more severely punished for the reason that he was a native born citizen of the United States, it would be a clear case of the violation of treaty obligations, and would demand the interposition of the Government, but there is no proof in the Department of any such treatment.

Secretary refers to various despatches which have been received. The communications were referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, with instructions, on the motion of Mr. Brooks, to examine into the laws of domicile on the island of Cuba, and to see if they are not proper matters for negotiation and treaty with Spain.

A NEW YORK DIVINE. In the great Forster Divorce case, one Rev. E. L. Magoon was put upon the stand relative to some fact, and it was sought to refresh his memory by the date of a note he had written to Mrs. Forest. The divine said "he has no doubt the note was couched in the language of regard he honestly felt for her." Mr. O'Connor produced the interesting epistle, which read significantly thus:

"Dear 'Kate'—Your kind invitation to 'eatin,' at three P. M., came to hand at eleven this morning. I forthwith posted to your tabernacle and now here I sit, to say that it is impossible utterly to be with you as desired."

At the hour named the dead are to be buried, and at almost every other hour for many days and nights to come, I shall be up to my eyes in work. Last week I was in four great congregations in Providence, Boston, and Salem, next week—no matter. Wife send lots of love. Yours, pertinaciously, MAGOON.

TRIAL OF MR. TONGUE. Mr. Tongue was charged with being "unruly, evil, and full of deadly poison;" and in proof of the charge the law-book was produced, and a passage cited from James iii. 8. The defendant replied, that if it were not for Mr. Heart, who lived a little way below him, he should be as innocent as his neighbors, Mr. Nose, or the Messrs. Eyes, and in support of his position, he cited a passage from the same law-book, Matthew xv. 18.

The court decided that the defence was a sound one, and that nothing really good could be expected from Mr. Tongue until a radical change took place in his neighbor Heart.

If our young readers approve of this decision, we advise them to have the Mr. Heart that lives nearest to them set right as soon as possible, as it will make all the difference in the world with the whole neighborhood.

The report that Commodore Ap. Catesby Jones was wounded during the fighting in Paris, is not true. The editor of the Philadelphia Bulletin says that he has seen a letter from the Commodore himself, written at Washington city, Dec. 15th, in which he makes no mention of the fact, and he seems to write as well as he did before the newspapers deprived him of his finger, and laid him up with a broken leg. It must be another of the Jones family that was shot.

FROM MEXICO.—Texas papers of the 3d, received at New Orleans the 23d, state that the revolutionists in Mexico have again commenced a struggle against government. Carvajal attacked the Mexican General in Caralvo and after two days' hard fighting took nearly the whole town and drove the Mexicans into a fortified house where they were completely pent up. All their provisions were taken by

Carvajal. The revolutionists had ten killed, including Lieut. Graham and Capt. Chaiul.

The latest accounts say that Carvajal was about to attack the Mexicans in their last position. Engagements most desperate and bloody. The Mexicans were driven from Mier to Caralvo—40 miles. The Government troops were completely broken up.

THE FIRE AT WASHINGTON.

The Library, and the Document Room above it, are completely burned out, and fully three-fourths of the Library is consumed, including the most valuable portion of the same. Many of the books are rare works, and can never be replaced. No serious damage has been done to any other part of the Capitol, except by water. The fire was first discovered about sunrise, by a watchman, and some time elapsed before the general alarm was given. The watchmen endeavored for one or two hours to extinguish the flames with buckets, but unsuccessfully. The engines were delayed, having been during the latter part of the night at another fire, which destroyed Baker's Hotel, in the rear of the Intelligence office and the Franklin Inn, at the corner of 8th and D streets. The flames at the Capitol would have been subdued at a much earlier period, but the intense cold weather made the hose nearly unserviceable by freezing.

All the fire companies belonging to Washington, and one or two from Alexandria, were on hand, rendering efficient services. President Fillmore, the Mayor, Speaker Boyd, and numerous members and officers of Congress, were early on the ground, rendering all the aid in their power.

The Library of Jefferson, one of the most celebrated in the country and which was the most prominent attraction of the Library room, shared in the general ruin, not even a single volume being saved. The smoke was so dense that persons who rushed in were unable to save anything, except some four or five portraits of the Presidents. The marble busts, a number of splendid cases, one of them containing 1200 bronzed medals, together with all the magnificent works of art in the cases, were consumed. The books in an adjoining room, numbering over 20,000 volumes, including the Law Library, were saved.

The roof of the Library was wood, covered with cement and cased over with copper. It has fallen in. A 27 inch wall separates the Library from the rest of the building, and was the means of staying the progress of the flames. The parapet wall has expanded, so as to render its removal necessary.

At one time it was feared that the domes, as well as the roof, of both houses would catch fire. Water had to be conveyed into the Capitol from the basin to the grounds, there being no reservoirs in the buildings, and an engine was shortly after introduced into the Rotunda, and did good service. The floor of the Rotunda, and all the main passage-ways, were about with water, and strewn with old carpets, hose and rubbish. The roof fell in at half past 11.

The Senate chamber, House of Representatives and Supreme Court rooms, remains undisturbed. All the valuable papers were removed from the Chamber, but have since been replaced.

About a dozen watchmen were stationed about the buildings, and it is thought that, had they attended to their duties, the flames might have been put out before serious damage had been done. The Marines stationed at Washington were on the spot, by order of the Government.

Nothing is destroyed but the wing containing the Library. The external appearance of the building is unchanged, save the blackened windows of the Library portico.

Among the few articles saved from the flames, is the original Declaration of Independence.

The whole matter will undergo a strict investigation. It is conjectured that 10,000 volumes were destroyed by the fire, as also the marble busts of Washington, Jefferson, Lafayette, Taylor and others. The portraits of Ex-Presidents,

medals and curiosities, were likewise consumed. The estimated value of the books, which, it is thought can be replaced, is \$250,000. The damage to the Capitol is \$10,000. The walls of the Library are standing, and have a firm appearance.

The origin of the fire has been ascertained beyond a doubt. On the removal of the rubbish, one of the timbers of an alcove entering the wall on the east side of the library, exactly where the fire was first discovered, was found to extend into a defective wall leading from the committee room, where the wood was kept. This timber was mostly consumed, while others, in the other part of the wall, were but slightly burned. The chimney connecting with this fire, is also ascertained to have been on fire, and is considered satisfactory proof of the cause.

The New York Times in its notice of the fire at the Capitol says:

"The Library occupied three apartments in the main building. The main room was a very large one, ninety-two by thirty-four feet, with a gallery around it. There were six recesses, or alcoves, on either side. The number of volumes upon the shelves was about 55,000; all of them works of the highest value; and many of them wholly irreplaceable."

It will be remembered that one Congressional library shared an Alexandrian fate, when the British troops burnt the Capitol in 1814. As the nucleus of a fresh collection, the library of Thomas Jefferson, consisting of 7,000 volumes, was purchased in 1815, for \$23,000. To this there has been a steady accretion. Five thousand dollars have usually been appropriated by Congress each year for the purchase of highly valuable additions; and an average of 1,500 volumes has been procured annually. There were besides, the series of magnificent medals, struck by Denon, in commemoration of Napoleon's campaigns, and presented by the Emperor to the American Government; maps; paintings and busts of the several Presidents. The collection of manuscripts was not of much importance.

While we have much reason to be grateful that the element spared the rest of the building, the loss to the library is almost irreparable. Young nations seldom have too many books; and American scholars have always lamented the scarcity and dispersion of their literary resources. The Congressional Library was one of the largest in the country. Those of Harvard University, and of the Library Company of Philadelphia, alone exceeded it, we believe, in point of number. But its peculiar value lay in its rich accumulation of historical materials, documents, tracts, speeches, pamphlets, reports, &c., &c., which made it almost indispensable at the seat of Government. No other collection can at all supply its place. The libraries of the various departments, and of the Patent Office, will now doubtless be thrown open to those who have been entitled to use the larger collection.

DEATH OF JENNY LIND'S MOTHER. The New York papers inform us that Jenny Lind

received, by the Canada, the melancholy intelligence of the sudden death of her mother, and that she has consequently relinquished the design of giving her farewell concerts in New York—the first of which had been announced for this evening. It is presumed she will soon take her final departure from this country. [Traveller, Tues.]

FRENCH ITEMS.—New York, Dec. 24th.—Private letters from Havre, to the 8th inst., state that the number of persons killed in the late emeute is much larger than reported in the papers. Two Americans, named Martin and Stafford, are reported killed. Col. Stuart, of Philadelphia, had a very narrow escape.

All business was at a stand still. The office of Livingston, Wells & Co., of New York, was open, however, though most of the offices and shops in Paris were closed during the affray.

The impression in Paris is, that large amounts of money and goods will be sent as soon as possible to the United States.

KOSSUTH AND THE LADIES.—Kossuth addressed the ladies at Tripler Hall, New York, on Saturday the 20th. He appeared to them to lend their influence, which he knew was mighty, to the cause of his suffering country. Hon. George Bancroft, presided at the meeting, and Rev. Dr. Tyng delivered the address. A committee of ladies was formed to collect subscriptions, etc.

Some of the ladies supposing that Kossuth would not be less obliging than Mr. Clay, made advances for a kiss, but he resisted the temptation and ungraciously replied, "no, no." Self-denying Kossuth!

GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK. One of the most extensive and destructive fires which has occurred in New York for many years, broke out on Saturday morning about six o'clock. It commenced in J. H. Cook's chair manufactory, rear of No. 15 Bowery; and thence spread to all the adjoining buildings in Bowery and Division streets, consuming or injuring some 30 buildings. The loss is variously estimated at from \$100,000 to \$150,000. So intense was the cold, that the firemen who had charge of the hose, were encased in ice, and many of the gallant fellows, it is feared, were frost-bitten. The buildings destroyed with most of their contents, extended from No. 8 to No. 32 on Division street, and from 7 to 17 on the Bowery.—[Traveller.]

FIRE AT SACCARATPA. The paper mill at Saccaratpa village was entirely destroyed by fire on Saturday morning last, with all its contents. The fire took about 1 o'clock in the morning from the boiler or furnace mouth, and whilst the watchman for the first part of the night had gone to call the other, it was occupied and carried on by Mr. Gillpatrick, who had just put in some new machinery.

LIBEL SUIT. W. R. W. Arey, of Frankfort, at the late Supreme Judicial Court, held at Belfast, recovered against the publishers of The Cold Water Fountain \$200 and costs, for alleged libellous articles, railing Arey, who is an apothecary, as a rumormonger, and applying gross epithets to himself and family.

The book-case which the queen of England is about to present to the emperor of Austria will cost \$50,000. If she would give him the New Testament, worth one dollar, and then give him \$49,999 to read it, there might be some prospect of improvement in the young rascal. [Post.]

BORROWING. "Mother wants to know if you won't please to lend her a preserving kettle, 'cause as how she wants to preserve."

"We would with pleasure; but the truth is, the last time we loaned it to your mother, she preserved it so effectually that we have not seen it since."

"Well, you needn't be so sassy about your old kettle. Guess it was full of holes when we borrowed it, and mother wouldn't a troubled you again, only we seed you bringing home a new one."

states that on Tuesday of last week the liquors taken from the steamer Boston were spilled.—There were several barrels and two pipes.

BOSTON MUNICIPAL ELECTION. At the trial on Thursday, Seaver, whig, was elected Mayor by a majority. The vacancies in the board of Aldermen were filled with whigs.

ENTHUSIASTIC.—Lieut. Massenberg of the 'Blues,' at whose house Kossuth lodged whilst he was in London, has sold out his commission in the British army, and having arrived here has placed himself at the disposition of Kossuth for the

