



12-23-1852

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 06, No. 23): December 23, 1852

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 06, No. 23): December 23, 1852" (1852). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 282.  
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## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, DEC. 23, 1852.

**AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.**  
V. B. 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 office is 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.

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[For the Eastern Mail.]

## BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, Dec. 20th, 1852.

Since the Webster Obituaries, no event of unusual interest has occurred, if we except the burning of Chickering's piano forte Manufactory; a sad event, truly, accompanied as it was by the loss of life, and a large amount of property. In a former communication, written a short time after the destruction of the Tremont Temple by fire, I made some remarks upon the miserable state of the City Fire Department; and those reflections are fully justified, as thousands can bear witness, at every extensive conflagration. I do not mean to assert that the few firemen we have, are inefficient, but I do condemn the short-sighted policy of the past City Government, who have remodeled, curtailed and dispensed with, until there is but a mere apology for the active and energetic Department, once the pride of our City.

The election for Municipal officers resulted in the re-election of Mr. Seaver, the present incumbent, and a majority of the old board of Aldermen and Common Council. Dr. Smith, the opposing candidate for the Mayoralty, was quite popular, particularly among temperance men, but the injudicious conduct of a few of his temporary supporters destroyed confidence, and very many who were favorable to his election, could not, or did not dare to entrust the management of our city affairs into the hands of those whose hearts seemed intent only upon revenge and whose actions revealed the demagogue.

The foreign news brought by the steamers Arctic and Africa, is deemed highly favorable in a commercial point of view. The recent advance in cotton and breadstuffs has given new life and renewed activity to exports.—Louis Napoleon has at last reached the goal of his ambition, and has been proclaimed Emperor. That he is a shrewd, crafty and talented man, in some respects, no one can deny, and I must confess that he has much more energy of character than I ever gave him credit for. Yet what would be thought of a man in our republican country, who binds himself by solemn oaths to do as the constitution requires, and before the words have ceased to echo, deliberately tramples upon the very instrument he had sworn to abide by, saying to the 'dear people,' 'Since you have made me President, I'll make myself Emperor,'—and he has. One cannot refrain from smiling, yet the poor spiritless Frenchmen are to be pitied; but the recent farce of voting, enacted throughout France at the bayonet's point, is deserving the contempt of every friend of liberty. 'Tis true, the people had the privilege of voting, but they must vote *oui* or not at all. I hope to live to see that infamous, hypocritical, perjured man hauled from his usurped throne, and sent into the obscurity he deserves.

Business among our dry goods and boot and shoe merchants is not quite so active as a few weeks since. As the winter closes in fewer strangers visit us, and preparations are made for taking account of stock on hand, with the view of ascertaining the amount of profit or loss for the past year; and we'll venture to say that the majority of the trade will foot up very handsome returns for their enterprise and exertions.

Money is quite easy, and first class paper is readily discounted at the Banks at legal rates; loans on call with prime securities are made at the same, (6 per cent.) The New York Market has been quite 'tight' in a financial way for some days past, and money in good demand at 6 and 7 per cent. This stringency is probably but temporary, and after January 1st the New Yorkers will rejoice in 'abundant ease.'

The new Opera house and theatre has been located at last. It is designed to take in the Melodeon on Washington Street, and extending in rear to Mason Street. The cost of land, buildings and the erection of the theatre is estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to be divided into two hundred and fifty shares, of one thousand dollars each. If this enterprise is carried out we shall have what has long been needed, viz: a first class theatre, capable of holding three thousand persons.—But I am thinking that it will be a 'slow coach,' *nous verrons*. The National is the theatre at the present time, though yet unfinished, it is slightly fitted to witness the performance of Mr. G. V. Brooke, one of the best actors living; and he is supported by the most talented stock company that has graced the boards for many years. It is truly a treat to spend an evening at this favorite house of amusement; everything is done well. The Orchestra is very fair, and good order and decorum are preserved admirably. The 'Corsican Brothers,' a capital French play, is the attraction at this house now. Uncle Tom's Cabin is still the rage at the Museum, drawing full houses, and tears from hundreds of the unsophisticated. The play or plot is nothing, but the scenery, particularly the panorama of the Mississippi River, is alone worth the quarter.

At the Howard, Mrs. Warner, an English actress, and a very excellent one, too, so said, has been playing during the past fortnight, but the company engaged for the season are for the most part 'sticks,' and it is painful to see fine acting thrown away for the want of proper support.

The Musical Education Society, Handel

and Hayden, together with the Germanians, have been giving concerts at the new Music Hall; a magnificent hall by the way, and well worthy of a visit if only to view its vast proportions.

The dancing season has fairly commenced. Balls are taking place nightly in different parts of the city, and our principal halls are crowded with the young and old. The bright eyes of youth flash with excitement, while the delicious music as it floats through the spacious rooms awakens in the minds of their daddys and mamas delightful reminiscences of former days, and the 'pigeon wing,' in all its antique beauty, rises before them; but the involuntary extension of their nether appendages reminds them instantly that 'times ain't now as they used to was.' More than one has found this to be the case, and among them.

CHIB DUDE.

## Prof. Hitchcock's Eulogy on Mr. Webster.

A EULOGY ON DANIEL WEBSTER, delivered before the students of Bowdoin College, by Roswell D. Hitchcock, College Professor of Natural and Revealed Religion, Brunswick; published by Geo. H. Griffin.

At any time for many years past we could lay our hand upon our heart, and assert our high estimate of the great talents of Daniel Webster. After the death of Adams and Clay—nay, even before—we could pronounce him in our humble opinion the greatest American statesman living. Since his death, we have learned that he was so much beyond our estimate that we are trying to forget that we ever formed any opinion relative to him. The eulogies that have deigned Jupiter to procure a spare seat on high Olympus, and the sermons that have martyred the martyrs to make room for the thirteenth apostle, have so bewildered us that we are glad to make the bliss of ignorance a shield from the folly of past wisdom.

If there was any lack of moral teaching in Mr. Webster's public or private life, his eulogists might claim that he has made full atonement by the countless sermons he has caused in his death. That strains of rare eloquence should find birth in these efforts, is not strange; but that eloquence should be so strained as to seem incapable of further attempts, is certainly, not patriotic towards the prolific future of our hopeful country. To those who have always lent their high and hearty commendation to build up the reputation of Mr. Webster, it is not pleasant to see their best efforts so far outstripped by modern converses as to be counted little better than the 'dammings of faint praise.' Dead men, we know, are always better than live ones—at least, the principle of 'treading lightly over the ashes of the dead' is apt to make them so. We naturally expected that the death of Mr. Webster would produce eulogies upon his life and character. We also expected these eulogies would take advantage of public sympathy and kindness to strain truth to its utmost tension. We did not, however, look for a series of eulogies in each House of Congress, or for the absurdly overwrought panegyric that has characterized many—we may say most—of these productions.

"We behold," says one writer, "a lofty and commanding intellect becoming obedient to the summons which ordered him from a world he loved but too well,"—as though such greatness might reasonably refuse to obey the summons of God; or question, perhaps, the constitutionality of the mandate. "He looked steadfastly," says the same eulogist, "in the face of the grim messenger, and calmly held out the hand of recognition as he approached. He accompanied him without a shudder within the gates of eternity, which swung wide to receive him." We will not say that such language is blasphemous; it is simply absurd without the charge. It is enough to concede to Mr. Webster all that God concedes to the noblest creature of his hand. That he was more than mortal we never saw reason to believe. That he had more of the elements of humanity than are essential to a perfect character, we would gladly find greater reason to doubt.

It could hardly be expected that Prof. Hitchcock would steer so widely from the wake of all other eulogists, as to escape every fault they present. He discourses with great beauty, beauty of thought and language. Most of his praise is well deserved; and there is reason to conclude that had he written for men of mature years, instead of an audience of young men in the first vigor of literary and political enthusiasm, the bitterest enemy of Daniel Webster—and no living man had more or bitterer—would have sought in vain for a sentiment with which to find fault. He, at least, is not one among the thousands whom Mr. Webster's death has converted to the ranks of his admirers. "No recent convert could possess his enthusiasm. Of this the reader may judge:

As in the old Roman legend, Romulus by apotheosis became Quirinus, dying as a King, that he might come back to the faith of his embosomed and struggling people as a Divinity, so now with us, "We have lost a Statesman; but we have gained a Sage. And for generations to come, neither President, nor Senator, nor Judicial Bench, shall wield half the power of this giant Shade. Death has crowned him more than Emperor. He now sits on Olympian Heights. His Opinions have swelled into Oracles. His words which before were battles, shall henceforth be victories."

The mere admirer of Mr. Webster might think this enough. An admission that he had faults that required extenuation or apology would hardly be expected to follow. But it does follow:

And yet it must probably be allowed, that there was at times an inextinguishable variance between his conduct and his convictions. And could he now speak back to us from beyond the veil, he would charge us on no account to deny or extenuate the fault.

This is mainly. Would it not be equally mainly in the writer to heed the "charge" of Mr. Webster not to "extenuate the fault?"—In the very next line he thus inveighs against those who hold Mr. Webster—not, as he does, "inextinguishable," but accountable, if not to man, at least to God, for the admitted "variance between his conduct and his convictions."

But what means all this clamor now ringing against his infractions of the moral law? Who are they that sit upon themselves to cast these stones? Who is the book of God? On what footing are mortals saved? In the book of God? It is written, that we are saved by grace; and that none shall ever walk in white upon the Heavenly Plains, but such as have washed their garments in the blood of Christ. Human guiltiness, more-

over, is not to be measured mercilessly, without regard to the temptations which assailed the shining soul. Great men must needs have great susceptibility to evil. The fire within burns through.

Thus to make intellectual greatness—the direct gift of God—an apology before men for "human guiltiness!" "Great men must needs have great susceptibility to evil," says Prof. Hitchcock. Having premised that Mr. Webster was the "foremost man of all the world," what a vast weight of sin might innocently rest upon his head! What a criterion of the intellectual "fire within" is "human guiltiness!" It is fortunate for the reader—but especially for the young men before whom the address was given—that so alarming an apology for wickedness in high places should be thus blundering in its logic.

But we are not inclined in this case, to insist upon perfect logic, or exact duty. Indeed, the liberality taught in the work before us would prompt us to overlook the plainest violation of the duties which a leader in politics or morals owes to those he assumes to teach. The public voice demands for Mr. Webster, not plainness of speech and cautious justice, but praise—eulogy, panegyric. This the address claims to be; and it most emphatically is. So far as this praise is just, so far Prof. Hitchcock has done himself honor. So far as he has endeavored to excuse a great man from the same accountability to God and the world that binds the humblest individual, so far he has done God and the world wrong—and we only say to him "See thou to that!"

## THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR DECEMBER.

That our readers may better judge of this closing number of the volume, we herewith present them a few 'specimen bricks,' commending to their special and careful attention the last one of the heap.

The following case, which will make some of our metropolitan lawyers 'rise in their boots,' was actually adjudicated in the year 1802, in the town of—, in the State of Rhode Island: *Sharks v. Ogle: Coram Hall Justice.*

Count: Trespass done by Michael, the hired man of Ogle, for fishing in the river illegally. Damage laid at fifty dollars.

*Upjohn for Defendant, and Plaintiff per se.*

*Upjohn:* Your honor, at nine o'clock, the time of return, I shall be ready in case Sharks v. Ogle.

*Justice:* You for Ogle?

*O:* Yes.

*J:* The deuce you are! The case is already disposed of, and I am now making up the judgment. I will admit no testimony, but if you have any thing to say I will hear you.

*O:* I will proceed as soon as your honor is at leisure.

*J:* I was only making up the judgment, Sir, I will hear you: go on.

*O:* I object to the decision of this case before the time assigned in the writ, and before I am heard.

*J:* Go on, Sir, I'll hear you. I can hear just as well while I am writing. It will make no difference.

*O:* This suit is brought by Plaintiff v. Defendant for damage done by Michael. It should have been brought v. Michael the trespasser.

*J:* Sue a beggar and—Well, go on. I'll hear all you have to say.

*O:* The defendant cannot be connected with the transaction, nor is he sought to be. Beside, the statute (page 105) requires notice of six days to defendant in all actions, and here is only one day's notice.

*J:* Notice seems to have been sufficient to bring you here! But go on, I'll hear you. You don't disturb me.

*O:* The statute also requires (page 185) the writ to be under seal. This writ has no seal.

*J:* Mr. Sharks just run your eye over that bill of costs, and see if costs are high enough. Go on, Sir: I hear every word you say.

*O:* This writ is directed to a sheriff, and is served by a town-sergeant. Your honor cannot proceed.

*J:* Then this not a court? Ha! ha! Go on. We do proceed, you see!

*O:* It is no trespass to fish in the river.

*J:* Ah! ha! No trespass to trample down clover, eh?

*O:* But the action is not for trespassing in the clover.

*J:* Go on, Sir. The bill of costs right, Mr. Sharks?

*O:* The damage is laid in the writ at fifty dollars. Now your honor has exceeded his jurisdiction. A Justice cannot give judgment for over twenty dollars, nor have jurisdiction where more is laid.

*J:* Why, Squire, you talk as one of the foolish women talk, as Solomon said on a similar occasion. Cannot give judgment for more than twenty dollars—umph!—I have, Squire Upjohn: yes, I already have given judgment for more than double that amount, and costs to match. Don't trouble the court any farther with such futile objections. The court is adjourned, and no appeal allowed!

Children's Grammar is a curious kind of 'article,' isn't it? A dear little girl of four years, (oh, how short!) just now prattling about the editorial chair, and looking wistfully up at the Iowa papers that sent the snuffum with their fragrance, asked: Fader, give me a one, give me two ones. Then, alluding to an elder sister, who had been similarly favored, she added: Her had two ones. This seems, after all, to be 'about right' for a child's grammar. Apropos to children: here is a little anecdote that reaches us from a correspondent at Nashua, New Hampshire: We have a little girl living in our family, whom, for certain characteristics, we call 'Topsy.' She is a bit of a rogue in school. One day she was recounting some of her exploits upon that field, and was reprimanded gently for them. 'Why,' said she, 'the teacher didn't see.' 'No, but God saw you,' was the reply. 'Oh, psha!' cried she, 'He didn't care anything about it!'

Among the many beautiful monuments to children in Greenwood Cemetery, few will be found more chaste, or with an inscription more appropriate and touching, than one soon to be placed in that hallowed ground by Mr. William Okell, over the remains of a lovely boy, of eight years, recently deceased. On a pure white marble tablet, surrounded by a wreath of exquisitely-carved roses and faded lilies, are the words, 'CHAUNCEY, our only Boy,' and on the reverse, these:

'Our God, to call us homeward, His only Son sent down, And now, still more to tempt our hearts, Has taken up our own!'

What a consolation to the bereaved mother who daily visits the grave where the remains of her beloved boy lie in their last repose!—It is well with the child 'early called to heaven.'

They have a veritable YELLO-WELUSH down in Texas. He says, 'Cattle thrive there; and that he can raise 'as much stalk, blud-stalk,' as he wishes, 'without no feed.' He has got 'two thousand akers of good land,' and 'is going to fusing stalk onto it,' of most every kind, in good earnest. Well, 'success to him!' say we, and some slight schooling after he gets rich.

We were amused by a remark made by our friend BAYARD TAYLOR, in one of his letters to the 'Tribune' daily journal, from Damascus. He says the 'street called Straight' is not now to be found among the zig-zag thoroughfares of that ancient city. But St. Paul doesn't say that it was a straight street: he says only that it was 'called Straight.' They call the little green at the head of Broadway 'Union Square,' but it ain't square, notwithstanding. It's as 'round as a losses' 'ead.' The 'surroundings' and 'additaments' are very pretty, certainly, but the 'square' is an oval.

A Texas correspondent writes: 'Some gentlemen were engaged in conversation the other day, when the subject of fighting came up, which, by the way, is a pretty fruitful topic down here in Texas; and several persons were named as being 'some' in a 'rough-and-tumble' fight; and among others, a man belonging to one of the churches in town was considered to be 'about the toughest customer to handle.' 'Yes,' remarked the parson of the very church to which the man belonged, 'I believe that brother D—, unrestrained by grace, could whip any man of his inches in the State!' A cool clerical proviso that!

'I send you,' writes a correspondent from Seneca county, 'the following true incident, thinking that it may possibly do to go with the "tooth-brush" that belonged to the boat.' It is a positive fact: A 'Sucker,' apparently for the first time out from his native 'grove,' hearing me, just after dinner, at the 'Hardy House,' at Lasalle, asking the clerk for a quill, turned to me and said, 'Stranger, did you want a quill for a tooth-pick?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'it was for that purpose.' 'Well,' said he, taking from his pocket what looked to be a dried sprig of balm, 'here is a piece of a 'yarb' that grows on the prairie: after you dry it, it gets as hard as a bone, and makes a right smart pick. I have used this two weeks: you may have it. I know where I can get more!' He evidently thought me 'stuck-up' when I thanked him, and declined his friendly offer.

An unknown lady friend and correspondent, from a midland county of the Empire State, which we had recently visited, whom we hope some day to meet, and whose 'good works,' ours' and us-ward, have touched us very nearly, among other pleasant things, jots down the following:

'I should like to introduce to the juvenile who furnishes so many droll little "side dishes" for the "Table," two brothers of mine, who would, I think, find him a congenial spirit.—The oldest has been almost from infancy a suffering and crippled invalid; but his mind has far outgrown his years, and no one could look upon that broad, white forehead, stamped with the seal of too-early-developed intellect, or gaze into those large lustrous eyes, without reading there a tale of precocious wisdom, bought at the bitter price of weeks and months of imprisonment on a couch of pain. The youngest, yclept "Muggins," by a loving household, is as veritable a spirit of fun and harmless mischief as ever ruled the hearts of parrots, sister, and brothers. He was once pleading for those sweets in which heroes of six summers specially delight, and being denied the boon, promised with great energy to 'save it' instead of appropriating it to the purpose originally designed. 'Yes,' said grave Willie, his senior by four years, 'I guess you'll save it as the whale saved Jonah!' This was a staggerer to 'Muggins,' and furnished him food for tho't for the space of one minute. He once commenced his evening prayer as follows, "O God! Johnny Brown is a very naughty boy; now, God, I tell you he is!" Was not that emphatic? The young Pharisee had not a tho't of levity or irreverence in thus confessing the sins of another than himself.'

What a beautiful figure that was, once employed by a good old 'Father Taylor,' the sailor preacher and true seaman's friend, of Boston: 'The small boat rides in beauty and in safety upon the calm surface of an unruddered ocean: it is when the winds whistle and the tempests roar, that the skill of the pilot is called into action. The lightest feather floats up on the air, and is carried along with the wind: it is the thunder-cloud alone, which, by the force of its own current, comes booming along against it.'

Here are 'Some Thoughts on Love,' from a Summer Letter, written at a 'Watering-Place,' which will doubtless hit the fancy of some heart-heated reader: 'Seriously, J—, it is my duty to impress upon you the certain fact that one half of our young people lose their senses when they lose their hearts. One of our party has already written five letters to his lady love, and goes about sighing and groaning in a most pitiable manner. He has no appetite, and sleeps up at the top of the house, close to the moon. He cannot stand by one of the columns of the piazza without putting his arm around its waist, and I caught him kissing 'an apple to-day because it had red cheeks.' To these extremities may a man be reduced in the flower of his years by yielding to a sickly sentimentality! I believe in love; yea, and true love, too; and in my way I claim to love as much as any man, and to have as warm a heart. True, I have never sat night after night in a darkened room with some half-sleeping girl, and imagined she was an angel. It's all a humbug, J—; the fairest woman can consume her share of bread-and-butter, and her fairy fingers could 'repair the damage' if you should be so unfortunate as to tear your shirt. There—I feel better now!

A correspondent from a pleasant village in the 'Southern Tier,' writes us: 'I hardly think your December number will be complete without the following: Parson F—, while on this place, and now pastor of the first Presbyterian Church in Utica, fully appreciating the power of Mammon as a prop of the ministry, but deploring ignorance, whether found in palace or hovel, was sadly disturbed at the illiterate condition of the wife of his most wealthy parishioner, and set himself about the laudable project of enlightening her upon sacred things by a loan of D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation. Upon being asked shortly after by her spiritual guide how she liked it, she answered: "La! Mr. F.—, to tell the truth, I read no farther than to where he gives an account of Luther's diet on Worms, and then threw the book down in disgust!"

Our forty-first volume will appear upon new type throughout; and, so far as externals go, our popular printer says, 'it shall not be excelled by any Magazine in the world.' We

will try to make the internal agree with the external excellence of the work. Our contributors were never of a higher order, or more numerous, and our portfolios are literally groaning with communications, of the best, in prose and verse, awaiting insertion. The volume will be stereotyped, the constantly increasing favor of the public compelling us to anticipate extensive demands, beyond our ordinary large editions. With gratitude for the past, pleasure in contemplation of the present, and reliable trust in the future, we shall endeavor to enter upon the best volume of 'The Knickerbocker' that has ever yet appeared. You know us, reader; therefore, 'wait and see' whether we 'keep the word of promise to the ear' only, or in 'right good faith.'

The postage on the Knickerbocker is only 2 cents a number, when prepaid, and those who wish for an early copy would do well to order it of the publisher, Samuel Hueston, 139 Nassau street, New-York. It can be obtained, however, of C. K. Mathews, Waterville, Price \$3.

## The Lyceum.

Mr. Abbott's lecture, drew a good audience and the campaign is well opened for the winter. It was in the highest degree interesting; and the strong and vivid picture given of the horrors of iron-footed war must have operated as a strong appeal in behalf of peace. In this view, at least, its usefulness can hardly be questioned.

An appointment was made for a lecture this evening, by Mr. Judd of Augusta, and on Wednesday evening next, by Prof. Hitchcock, of Brunswick. Nothing is now necessary but a liberal sale of tickets to secure a profitable course of lectures, that shall extend through the winter.

## A Good Time in Winslow.

A very pleasant evening entertainment came off in Winslow last Thursday evening, at the close of Mr. Perley's writing school. The church was filled with an audience that gave evidence of ample satisfaction. The entertainment embraced declamation, the recitation of original poems, the reading of a manuscript village newspaper, the award of a premium, complimentary sentiments, &c. The Waterville Glee Club were present by invitation, and were received with the cordiality that greets them wherever they are heard. The entertainment was arranged by the young ladies and gentlemen of the writing class, and certainly spoke well for their good taste and literary acquirements. Many of the articles in the paper indicated talent and skill in composition. At the close a couple of beautiful books were presented, with appropriate remarks, one to Miss Barrett and the other to Mr. Perley, in token of the high satisfaction and profit derived from their instruction.—Large numbers of the young people of Waterville mingled with those of Winslow, and the occasion must have been one of much social pleasure and profit.

The Junior acknowledges the receipt of that free ticket (transferred) for Salt River, from his kind friend of the Yankee Blade, but he can't consent to go on that excursion, even with a "chalked hat." No sir-ree! Not by a long chalk. He didn't vote that ticket, any more than did the worshipful editor of the Blade; therefore "I pass," old friend, and transfer it to the Senior, who (sub-rosa, mind) is an original, first love, true blue, up and down, no mistake, never surrender, dyed-in-the-wool Scott man, who makes bold to say he voted for old "Hasty-plate," and what's more, he isn't ashamed to own it! He's bound to go, he is. That "chaos of literature" you may forward at your convenience.

(SENIOR EDITOR, SOLUS.) Ahem! where's the Cap'n's office—we're off in good company. Here are our credentials:

## Railroad for Salt River.

THE Locomotive, Austrian Despot, will start forthwith for the above delightful locality, stopping at the Salt River Station, to take up Old Soldiers, touching at the Post Office, Mint, Navy Yard, etc.

RICH BROOKS, Engineer.

FERRY INDIGNATION, Fireman.

To prevent accidents the Fire will be in the rear.

TICKET FOR SOUP!

As the Steamboat passes the "Site of the Military Hospital," the passengers will be regaled with "Snapper Soup," cooked in the waters of the "Blue Lick" and waiting upon by "Old Soldiers."

On the back the ticket now has the following endorsements:

As Mr. Mathews did not vote for Scott, he begs to decline the ticket, and to "chalk the hat" of his friend, Daniel R. Wing.

W. W. MATTHEWS.

I pass, "D. R. WING.

Amos T. Stand, E. MATHAM.

## Now Is the Time!

We have always noticed that our best subscribers pay for their papers about the first of sleighing. This is the time for bringing in produce or wood; and such as pay money are very likely to have a little on hand. We really hope that such as can will relieve us of the expense of sending a collector to their doors, or a bill in their papers, as we have commenced doing to some extent, and must do thoroughly if we pay our debts. Now, reader, take this hint kindly, and either remit to us by mail or come and shake hands with us the first time you come to our village. Don't forget.

We have on file two pretty hard 'cuds' on the subject of tobacco, which we can't conveniently give this week. To the defendants in this question we say, Courage, gentlemen!—We are in this mire with you; we 'puff' a little, you know. When our turn comes, and we have time for the task, we shall crush all these arguments into thin air as quickly as we ever did the same thing to a 'sweet Havana!' Courage, then, till our turn comes, and see us floor the whole posse.

We learn with deep regret that Mr. Woodward, the popular landlord of the U. S. Hotel at Portland, died suddenly of apoplexy on Saturday morning last. He was highly esteemed by an extensive acquaintance, especially among the travelling public, throughout New England.

THE BOSTON ALMANAC is received, and is all we expected. Every body should have it who goes to Boston—and especially those who don't. For sale at the bookstores.

ENGLISH BUTTER ON BOSTON BREAD.—There were 1083 firkins of butter brought to this port by the last steamer from Europe. It is generally of the most delicious sort. At the same time there are tuns of butter held from the market, in New Hampshire, in order to obtain high prices. Butter can be brought from the most distant counties in England, and sold at a lower price than what is demanded for that made in this vicinity. The English article, too, is generally much superior. We must import butter if we want it for twenty-five cents a pound, retail.—[Bee.]

DUNN & Co's EXPRESS.—Longley & Co's Express, so favorably known for promptness and accuracy, has passed into the hands of Hon. R. B. Dunn, of Waterville, and associates, in whose hands it needs no commendation to secure the confidence of the business public. Fellows & Co., well tried and never found wanting, continue the Agents at this place.—Of course the old Conductors, whose pleasant and obliging manners have contributed so much to establish this line, will continue at their post.

Thanks to the author of "The Nine O'clock Bell," for her favor. It will appear next week.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY WITH INTENT TO KILL.—Benjamin Getchell was yesterday tried before the court now in session in this city, convicted, and sentenced to the State Prison for life, for highway robbery with intent to kill. The assault and robbery were committed upon the person of one David Moore, of Poland.

Moore was in court and testified to the principal facts, which were all corroborated by many collateral facts and circumstances testified to by a very simple minded man, of rather weak intellect, and still suffers from the effects of the injuries he received. He stated that Getchell overtook him on Tukey's bridge, when he was counting his money. Moore went on his way out on the old road towards Yarmouth. Getchell followed, and overtook him some five or six miles out, joined him, and entered into conversation, saying that he was going the same way, and proposed that they should keep company.

Very soon he hauled out a bottle, and urged him to drink. Moore declined, and Getchell then thrust the bottle into one of Moore's side pockets, saying that he might yet want to drink just before coming to a thick woods. Getchell got over the fence under pretence of getting some apples, and returned with a stake, ostensibly for a cane. They proceeded a short distance further, when Getchell struck Moore a heavy blow over the head, and felled him to the ground. He then robbed him of his money, struck him another blow over the head, and then dragged him into the bushes, where, the bushes being so thick, that he could not strike him, he punched him in the face and eyes with the ragged end of the club, and after jabbing him shockingly with the broken stake, left him for dead—exclaiming,—"lay there, you are dead now."

Moore, left alone, managed to crawl to the house of Mr. Henry Sturdivant, of Cumberland, where he was cared for.

The money of which Getchell robbed Moore consisted of two twenty dollar gold pieces; and two such pieces were traced to Getchell, which he passed immediately after the robbery—one to the keeper of the toll-house at Martin's Point bridge, and the other to Mr. Otis C. Merrill, trader in this city.

The small bottle which Getchell thrust into Moore's pocket, and from which he tried to persuade Moore to drink, was found in his pocket at Mr. Sturdivant's and produced in court, together with a small phial of prussic acid which was taken from Getchell at the time of his arrest. The bottle taken from Moore, half full of liquor, had a strong smell of the peach blossom and of bitter almonds, so characteristic of prussic acid. The contents have not been analyzed, but it is inferred that the liquor had been drugged with prussic acid, and that if Moore had partaken of it no blow would have been necessary to have enabled Getchell to commit the robbery.

Getchell had no counsel, and offered no evidence. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, without leaving their seats, and Judge Wells forthwith sentenced him to State Prison for life.—[Portland Advertiser.]

FIRE IN GARDINER.—A fire broke out in the Post Office block about two o'clock this (Saturday) morning. When first discovered it appeared to be in the passage between the first and second flights of stairs and under the latter. For some time it was impossible to ascertain its exact location, or gain access to it, and it soon made its way into the third story and from that through the roof.

In the second story, the barber shop of J. N. Brown was riddled—tools and furniture a complete loss. Damage about \$200—covered by insurance.

Drs. S. & C. W. Whitmore loss in library, medicines, etc., probably \$400.

The office of D. Nutting, Esq., was somewhat damaged—papers and furniture scorched, &c. A part of the books and papers of the city have been kept in Mr. Nutting's office—these were







