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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 15, No. 25): December 27, 1861

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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# MISCELLANY.

## A LITTLE WHILE.

BY DR. DONAR.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping,  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  
I shall be soon;  
Love, rest and home!  
Sweet home!  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the shining and the shading,  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
I shall be soon;  
Love, rest and home!  
Sweet home!  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the coming and the going,  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the parting and the meeting,  
I shall be soon;  
Love, rest and home!  
Sweet home!  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost and the fever,  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the cold and the heat,  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the ever and the never,  
I shall be soon;  
Love, rest and home!  
Sweet home!  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

From the Continental Monthly.

## The Old Time and the New.

When Mr. Smith runs over his scanty historical knowledge, things do not seem so bad on the whole with anybody. Mark Antony and Coriolanus and Francis the First, the plumed barons of the feudal days, and the embroidered and belted ladies, with the whole meretricious company of pages, fools, troubadours and heralds, seem on the whole to have had fine times of it. 'Bloweth seed and growth'—assuredly the sun shone then as now, people were as well as now—oh, 'twas pretty much the same in all ages. But when we come to the most unmistakable facts, all this sheen of gilded armor and egret-plumes, of jeweled goblet and altar lace, late mandolins, and lay, is cloth of gold over the ghastly, shrunken limbs of a leper. Pass over the glory of the knight and see how it was then with the multitude—with the millions. At most at first glance, in fact, your knight and dame turn out unwashed, scantily lined, living amid acent and sounds which no modern private soldier would endure. The venison party of high festival becomes the daily pork and mustard of home life, with an array of scrofula and cutaneous disorders that are horrible to think on. The household books of expenditure of the noblest families in England in the fourteenth century scarcely show as much linen used annually among a hundred people as would serve now for one mechanic. People of the highest rank slept naked to save night clothes. If in Flanders or in Italy we find during their high prosperity some exceptions to this knightly and chivalric piggishness and penury, it is none the less true that they outbalanced it by sundry and peculiar vices. And yet, bad as life then was, it is impossible for us to guess at, or realize, all its foulness. We know it mostly from poets, and the poet and historian, like the artist, have in every age lived quite out of the actual, and with all the tact of repulsion avoided common facts.

But it is with the multitude that truth and common sense and humanity have to deal. And here, whether in Greece or England, in Italy or in France, lies in the past an abyss of horror whose greatest wonder is, that we, who are only some three centuries distant, know so little of it. There is a favorite compensative theory that man is miraculously self-adaptive to all circumstances, and that deprived of modern comforts and luxuries he would only become more vigorous and independent—that in fact he was on the whole considerably happier under a feudal baron than he has been since. I will believe in this when I find that a man who has exchanged a stinging gout for a mere rheumatism finds himself entirely free from pain. No, the serfs of the Middle Ages were in no manner happy. Stiffed moans of misery, a sense of their wretchedness, agonies, sleep from poverty and by contrast of history—we feel that they were more miserable than jail prisoners at the present day—for then, as now, man groined at being an inferior, and had much more than that to groan over in those days of stripes and dirt. And yet every one of those serfs was God's child, as well as the baron who enslaved him. To himself he was a world with an eternity, and of as much importance as all other men. Through what strange heresies and insurrections, based either on innate passion or religious conviction, do we not find Republicanism bursting out in every age, from remote Etruscan rebellions down to Pensa's wars, Anabaptist uprisings, and Jack Cade out flamings. It was always there, that sense of political equality and right—it always goaded and tormented man, in the silent darkness of ignorance as in the broad light of learning.

So long as European society consisted in a great measure of war tempered by agriculture, there could be but little progress towards a better state of things. But the germ of industry sprouted and grew, though slowly. Merchants bought social privileges for money; even law was grudgingly sold them, and they continued to buy. Against the old idealism, against bugbears and mythology, fairy tales and astrology, dreams, spells, charms, mattered exorcisms, commandments to obey master, ship and serfdom, *de jure divino*, customs, mists, and lies infinite; slowly rose that stupendous power of truth and of Nature which had hitherto in humanity only visited the world in broken gleams. We may assume different eras for this dividing point between immaturity and progress, between slavery and freedom. In religion, Christianity appears as first offering future happiness for the people and for all. The revival of letters and the Reformation were glorious storms, battering down thousands of old barriers. But in a temporal and worldly point of view the name of Bacon, perhaps, since a name is still necessary, best distinguishes between the old and the new. From him—or his age—dates that grappling with facts, that classifying of all knowledge as soon as obtained, that *Wissenschaft* or Science which never goes backward; in fine, that information which by its dissemination continually equalizes men and renders rank futile. With science, labor and the laboring man began at once to rise. Comfort and cleanliness and health for the many took the place of ancient deprivation and dirt—whether of body or of soul. Humanity began to improve—for, with all the legends of the Middle Ages, it is apparent enough that their heroes or soldiers were not so strong or large as the men of the present day. And through all, amid struggles and strivings and subtle drawbacks and deceptions, worked and won its way the great power of Republicanism or of Progress, destroying, one by one, illusions, and building up in their stead fair and enduring realities.

It is but a few decades since the greater portion of all intellectual or inventive effort was devoted to setting off rank, to exalting

# The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, DEC. 27, 1861.

NO. 25.

## The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... DEC. 26, 1861.

### AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PATTENGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scofield's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

### ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

Relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING,' or 'EASTERN MAIL OFFICE.'

### Christmas.

THE TREE, at the Baptist church on Christmas eve, was fruitful not merely of a rich harvest of presents; the whole audience went home richer and better for the pleasant social and moral interview. In the matter of ornamentation there was evidence of nice taste and much labor, for which somebody is entitled to hearty thanks. Mr. Pepper, the pastor, introduced the festival with a few words of welcome, after which Prof. Lyford made some very pleasant and profitable remarks upon the origin and character of Christmas. There was good music by the choir, and better still, to some at least, by a class of little girls, who had been trained for a few days by Mrs. Pepper. The distribution of presents closed the good time—the first of the kind in this society—but henceforth, we cannot doubt, to have an annual welcome. The audience was large, notwithstanding the neglect of kind old Santa Claus to arouse his friend Morrell, to clear the walks of snow. That snow fell was one of the "christmas things" very much missed on this occasion.

A VISIT.—There was a pleasant gathering at the residence of Rev. Mr. Hawes, of the Congregational church, on Wednesday evening, on which occasion his parishioners made him a social call, to the number of a house full; as somebody said, "bringing large bundles and leaving a small purse." This last was only a "little side matter," and not generally understood or intended, but the refreshments gave evidence of being premeditated. The visit was one of that pleasant kind which ought to be more frequent. The younger members of the congregation made their visit in the afternoon; and to both we venture to say, it was one of the pleasantest items of Christmas.

FIREMEN'S CHRISTMAS.—Contrary to a common fashion among firemen, there is always a good time when the two fire companies of our village meet together in a social way. So it was on Wednesday evening, when they met at the hall of Ticonic Ones, by invitation of Mr. Blumenthal, for a social supper. Mr. B. was the occupant of the house partially burnt a few weeks ago on Silver-street; and to manifest his gratitude for their services on that occasion he invited the firemen to an oyster supper. He found himself the honored host of some seventy good natured and hungry guests, who testified very heartily their appreciation of the kindness which brought them together. Pleasant speeches from Mr. Blumenthal, foreman Bartlett and Caffrey, Chief Engineer Getchell, and others, and patriotic songs by Messrs. Chandler, Tozier, Blackman and Boucher, consumed a half hour before supper; and when a goodly number of bowls had been filled and emptied, and another trio of well sung songs had been cheered as they deserved, Mr. Foreman Bartlett closed the evening with a call for three cheers for the flag of freedom, and three more for the brother firemen in the army. A more pleasant evening has not been enjoyed by the Waterville firemen.

DESERTION.—Several soldiers, Frenchmen, who had enlisted in this place, and on further counsel with their wives concluded it was safer to "cut for Canada," commenced their tracks that way, last week under convoy of a cunning fellow named Jo. Razer. Capt. Heath followed them to the line, but could do nothing on the other side. Jo is a match for about six Yankees.

OYSTERS!—James Freeman, 85 Federal street, Portland—so well known in all Down East for his superior oysters, is now distributing from a fresh cargo just from Virginia. We know from positive tests, that they are equalled in the whole range of bivalve food. Remember, when you give your orders, J. Freeman, 85 Federal st. Portland—and thus be sure of something extra, at the lowest price.

ANOTHER TEMPERANCE LECTURE.—Mr. William Bartlett, a compositor in the *Times* office—formerly editor and proprietor of the 'Daily Mercury,' and a man of considerable talent—perished in the snow storm of Monday night, near his residence in Bangor, while making his way home at a late hour. 'He was his own worst enemy,' says the 'Times,' in a brief obituary note from a case he distributed the day before—and possessed qualities deserving a better fate.

ROBERTY.—Mr. C. Houdlett's store, in Richmond, was broken open on Friday morning, about 2 o'clock, and about \$400 worth of flannels, broadcloth and casimeres taken. The thieves entered the basement by breaking out a pane of glass so as to reach and draw the bolts.

Geo W. Jones, Buchanan's minister to Bogota, has been arrested for treason. While in

office he wrote letters to 'my dear Jeff Davis,' urging him to appoint a brother and two sons of Jones to office in the Confederacy. The brother was in Texas and the two sons in the rebel army fighting as Jones says 'against a tyrannical and despotic government.'

WAR OF REDEMPTION.—The recent action at Mumfordsville, Ky., when we consider the disproportion of the forces engaged, was a brilliant affair for the federal arms. 350 men drove back, with severe loss, a rebel force of about 1500. Our loss was only 8 killed and 10 wounded.

In that State a decisive engagement seems to be imminent. We have in the State nearly 120,000 armed men at the present moment. The rebels have not over 100,000 of all kinds. Bull, with nearly half of our force, faces Buckner near Bowling Green; while Schoepff confronts Zollicoffer near Somerset, to the east of the former place. We probably outnumber the enemy in both places, but he has the stronger position in each. An excellent feeling of confidence pervades our men, and we have no doubt the event will justify it and we hope soon.

At Cairo, Gen. Halleck's fleet of a dozen iron plated river gun-boats are flitting up their voyage down the Mississippi. They are reported to have stood their severe tests with complete success. The General is pushing on his other preparations with great vigor, and will be ready to take the field in a week or two. In the meantime, by his own plans and the victorious operation of Gen. Pope, Missouri bids fair to get under all her domestic foes within a short time.

In Missouri, Gen. Pope, by his rapid approach, forced the rebels—2200 strong—to retreat from Clinton and Henry counties so precipitately that all their baggage, arms, munitions, &c, fell into his hands. By a forced march he then surprised and captured, without fighting, a body of 150 rebels, with all their baggage and stores, within 15 miles of Osceola, the head quarters of Price. Afterward, on the 19th, a large rebel train was surprised and captured, near Warrensburg, placing in our hands, 1300 men, including two Colonels, one Major and seventeen captains, sixty wagons heavily laden with supplies and clothing, and a thousand horses and mules. Our loss in the whole affair was only two killed and fourteen wounded.

By a preconcerted movement of the secessionists along the line of the North Missouri Railroad, on the night of the 20th inst., about one hundred miles of this road was rendered unfit for use. Gen. Halleck is on the track of these villains and will severely punish all convicted secessionists, confiscating their slaves, who will be employed in repairing bridges, &c.

The rebels have attempted some demonstrations on the upper Potomac, but have not taken much by their motion. Having failed in their attempted advance, they have retired upon Leesburg.

On the morning of the 20th, a reconnaissance was made by a portion of Gen. McCall's division, in the direction of Drainsville, (which is midway between McCall's headquarters and Leesburg.) In that vicinity they encountered four regiments of rebels, with a battery and regiment of cavalry, and after a sharp fight, in which both parties behaved well, drove them in the direction of Fairfax Court House. The rebel loss is estimated at 150 killed and wounded, among whom is Col. Tom Taylor of Frankfort, Ky. The loss on our side was six killed and eight wounded.

By way of Richmond we learn that Fort Pickens has again opened fire on McRae, but with what result is not known.

A rebel expedition, for the recapture of Hatteras, is said to be preparing.

Steamer Atlantic, from Port Royal, brings 120,000 pounds of cotton, and much more is secured and will follow immediately—the negroes being busily employed in gathering and preparing the crop. Beaufort is now occupied by our troops, who are well pleased with their change of quarters from Hilton Head. A part of the stone fleet was at Savannah and a part had gone to Charleston. An expedition had started for the destruction of a portion of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad.

LATER.—A large Federal force crossed Green River, Kentucky, on Friday, and a decisive battle will be fought in that vicinity, immediately.

In Missouri, Price's army is retiring southward, followed by Gen. Pope.

Sixteen stone vessels have been sunk off Charleston.

Hon. A. B. Ely has been released.

A fire in the government stables at Washington, on Thursday night, destroyed a large amount of property including about 200 horses.

The Sumter is blockaded at Cienfuegos, by the gunboat Iroquois.

Gen. Scott returned in the Arago, on an important errand for the French government, it is said.

Warlike preparations continue in England. Large Peace meetings are held there by those opposed to war with America.

The Charleston Jail was among the buildings destroyed during the great conflagration, and the Federal prisoners only escaped being burned by jumping from the windows. In the confusion, it is said, Col. Corcoran escaped, with the determination to make his way to Beaufort.

MASON AND SLIDELL.—There are no developments in regard to the arrest of these two arch old traitors, that indicate much in regard to the course of England. The scores of conflicting reports, set in motion by the irresponsible reporters to the daily press, destroy all confidence in even what appears true. The excitement in England was doubtless overrated, and the consequent fermentation here has been considerable; but we see no difficulty in avoiding a war, even if England has a private inclination to seek one. She must have at least an apparent cause, in the eyes of the world. On the other hand we may honorably submit to some measure of insult in consideration of the dilemma we are in. So the world will look upon the matter. She says we seek a war! What could be more absurd? and without this charge, how can a war grow out of this trifle? Lord Lyons has made no open demand yet, and we cannot believe he is charged with any. None but a coward could fear that England had introduced the matter with a positive "ultimatum." The whole world would condemn such an act under any circumstances—and doubly so when our condition is considered.

We very confidently look for an amicable settlement of this difficulty, and the more sure for the quietness of the British minister in broaching the negotiation,—strengthened by still later news that public meetings in favor of peace are being extensively held in various parts of England.

JUVENILE SINGING SCHOOL.—We invite attention to the advertisement of a Singing School in to-day's paper. It will be under the charge of a lady every way qualified for the task she has undertaken—one who will put so much heart into the work that the little ones will find it both pleasant and profitable to attend. With exceptional cases the musical education of the rising generation in our village has been sadly neglected, and it is time that a reform was inaugurated. Mr. Chandler has a very good class of older scholars—only about half as large as it ought to be, though—with which he is making very fair progress; now give Miss Lamb a large class of little ones, and we think a good beginning will be made. And having begun well, it is to be hoped that we shall keep moving in the right direction until we attain to a degree of musical culture equal to that of our most highly favored neighbors.

HERRING'S GLIMPSE OF AN ENGLISH HOMESTEAD.—One of the premium engravings offered by the publishers of 'Arthur's Magazine,' is a charming picture, especially in one of Caffrey's handsome frames. And this reminds us to invite attention to our neighbor's stock of moldings and oval frames, of which he has lately received a new lot—all styles and prices—some of which are the most elegant patterns we have ever seen. Frame your pictures and hang them up about your house—you and your children will be the better for the daily sight of them; and at the present low prices, though elegantly done, the expense will be but small.

ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF FISH.—If Brother Pike, of the *Age*, will report the present condition of that 'd-m thing,' (as Rowell, of the *Hallowell Gazette*, irreverently styles it) at Augusta, he will oblige many friends up the river. We would call upon Sayward, for this information; but we have no confidence in the man who parades so many borrowed plumes in the tail of his imagination.

Mr. Jones of Ellsworth has declined the office of Lieutenant Colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment, and Isaac Dyer of Skowhegan has been appointed in his place.

PROMOTION.—J. H. Plaisted, who went out Serg't Major of the 3d Reg't, has been promoted to the office of Adjutant of the same regiment.

W. W. West, eldest son of Mr. J. M. West, of our village, acting Assistant Surgeon of the 9th Maine Regiment, has returned from Port Royal, having been discharging on account of poor health. We hope that his native air, with the good, careful home nursing he will get, will speedily bring him around again.

ACCEPTANCE.—Rev. Dr. Sheldon has given notice of his acceptance of the invitation given him, and will commence preaching at Town Hall on the first Sabbath in January.

DROWNED.—A son of Mr. Stephen Clark, of China, a lad of fifteen years, was drowned in China Pond, on Friday week, while skating.

GENESEE FARMER.—This is one of the oldest agricultural periodicals in the country, and it has always stood high in the estimation of the farmers. Its low price puts it within the reach of all. Published by Joseph Harris, Rochester, N. Y., at 50 cents a year.

STORM.—We have good sleighing since last Monday, with some hard samples of drift.

LT. COL. HEATH has been recalled to join his regiment, the 5th Maine, after a brief visit to his family in Waterville.

Kossuth, the Hungarian hero, is said to be alarmingly ill. His disease is consumption.

PHILOSOPHY.—A soldier of the Garibaldi (N. Y.) Guard takes thus:

'What difference do it make—we got to die sometime, and what difference whether I die by bullet or die in bed? If I should not die in battle, and live many years more old, I should not want to die then any more as I do now.'

OUR GREAT STRUGGLE.—In setting forth the magnitude of the present contest, and the only remedy for our present troubles, the Boston Journal well says:

We hope and trust that before long the great fact of the day, viz: that hard fighting is to be the real settler of this crisis, will make its way into all minds and stay there. The rebellion is not to be scared down, fired down, maneuvered down nor legislated down—but is to be, and will be, fought down. We have tried legislation. It is well, and we may well go farther but our armies must clear a field on Southern soil for enactments to operate in. We have penetrated the rebel coast. It was a good move—but the still stationary rebel forces on the Potomac show that we must not only open the door but walk in. In short, there is not a feature of the crisis now apparent to us that does not proclaim the absolute, paramount necessity of the advance of our arms. Not only will that bear down the rebellion, but it will resolve all those difficult questions which now embarrass Congress and the people. Let our Legislators, then, recognize it as one of their chief duties to promote the efficiency of operations in the field. Let the press keep this constantly in view. Let the people give it the benefit of their deepest interest and wisest forethought. Let the germs of future armies be attended to. There is no telling the magnitude to which this struggle may expand. Those now in the field may be defeated or disorganized. New leaders, a new spirit may be demanded—and the people constitute the fountain of everything. All contingencies should be considered. And when the public heart is bent on success even if it should appear to require a whole generation to secure it, the grand triumph will be certain and near.

CONSULAR. Our townsman, Hon. Thomas W. Herrick, has been tendered the office of Consul to Calcutta, with a salary of five thousand a year. He will probably decline it, as too far to leave behind the comforts of home, a young family, and a lucrative business. There are some things in life better than office.

WAR DUTIES. A bill increasing the duties on several articles, has passed both Houses of Congress, under which teas will pay 20 cents per pound, coffees 5 cents; brown sugar, 50¢ up of sugar or sugar cane, and concentrated molasses, 2 1/2 cents per pound; refined sugar and sugar candies, 8 cents per pound; molasses, 6 cents per gallon.

ANECDOTES OF CHILDREN.—A kind friend sends the following charming anecdotes:—

A lady was expected at the home of Margaret and Bessie—one whom they had never seen, and whom, for distinction I will call Miss Gray.

Bessie, exactly four years old, was full of curiosity about the coming inmate.

'Is she pretty, papa?' she asked earnestly—'Is she as pretty as you are?'

'I am not pretty,' replied her father. 'We do not say gentlemen are 'pretty.''

'Well, is she as handsome as you are, papa?'

'We do not call ladies 'handsome,' said her father again, straining a point, to see what she would do next.

'Now, papa, I am going to ask you right. Is Miss Gray as pretty as you are handsome?'

I think she at least deserved an answer, that time.

Once, Bessie had been naughty, and I was correcting her in the way that had, for her, the most effect. I said—

'One reason, my little daughter, that you ought to be good, is, that you sometimes make me impatient by being naughty, and then our Heavenly Father is not pleased with either of us.'

Looking astonished and grieved, she threw her arms around my neck, and hid her eyes on my shoulder. Presently, a new idea came to console her.

'Don't feel bad about that,' she exclaimed, with a radiant smile all over her sweet, tearful face—'I am sure the Lord will excuse you. He knows it is all my fault!'

Another time, she made it all right, after a fit of ill temper, by crying—

'Never mind anything about it. We'll begin all over again!'

True doctrine of forgiveness, and 'newness of life.'—[Little Pilgrim.]

Mr. Jonathan Wilson, of North Anson, about 60 years of age, committed suicide by cutting his throat, on Friday last.

DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT.—The last foreign news is the death of Prince Albert, of England, of gastric fever, after a brief illness.

Follow the laws of Nature, and you will never be poor—your wants will be but few. Follow the laws of the world and you will never be rich—your wants will never be satisfied.

A young man of our acquaintance, who is paying his addresses to a lady love, said, so late, a few evenings since, that the family were compelled to wash the wall the next morning, to obliterate his shadow.

A little four-year old New Hampshire girl—a petted darling, who always had things at home pretty much to please herself, was once on a visit to her grandmother, who was a very neat and particular old lady. One morning, this aged relative came upon her, sitting in her rocking chair in the parlor, with scissors and a newspaper, making what particular old ladies most abhor—a 'litter.' She took or rather wrenched from the little hands the implements of destruction, picked up the fragments of her last 'Congregationalist,' and spoke her mind freely on the mischief done. Little Kitty rocked rapidly backwards and forwards a few moments, swelling with indignation, then burst out with—'God wants all drama up in Heaven?'

AN ACCOUNT WITH GOD.—The other day we saw a gentleman stop and give a poor woman a kind word, and money sufficient to purchase a pair of shoes to protect her feet. We saw the same man on the cars about two years ago, and have not met him since till last week. About two years since we were on the train, and there was also aboard a poor woman with not money enough to pay her fare. The conductor was about to put her off the cars between the stations, when the gentleman alighted to ordered the conductor to desist, inquired the amount she wanted, and paid the woman's fare. She tried to thank him, but he begged her not to think of it, for said he, 'I charge all such accounts to God.—He and I have a long running account!'

Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, President of Princeton College, was considered one of the greatest preachers of his time. He was remarkable for his dignity of manners, amounting almost to bombast. He had a brother, Dr. John B. Smith, of Union College. The brothers met in New York, and the Princeton Doctor preached. On the way to their lodgings, Dr. Samuel said to Dr. John: 'Brother Jack, what did you think of my sermon?'

John replied, 'It was all very well, perhaps, but I could not help thinking you preached, instead of Jesus Christ and him crucified, Sam Smith and him dignified.'



