

THE KENNEBECKER.

BY HENRY KNOX BAKER.

NO. 23.

Hymn for Christmas,

BY NATHANIEL H. CARTER.

In hymns of praise, eternal God!

When thy creating hand
Stretched the blue arch of heaven abroad,
And meted sea and land,
The morning stars together sang,
And shouts of joy from angels rang.

Than Earth's prime hour, more joyous far
Was the eventful morn,
When the bright beam of Bethlehem's star
Announced a Savior born.
Then sweeter strains from heaven began;
"Glory to God! good will to man!"

Babe of the manger! can it be?
Art thou the Son of God?
Shall subject nations bow the knee,
And kings obey thy nod?
Shall thrones and monarchs prostrate fall
Before the tenant of a stall?

'T is he! the hymning seraphs cry,
While hovering, drawn to earth;
'T is he! the shepherds' songs reply,
Hail, hail Emmanuel's birth!
The rod of peace those hands shall bear;
That brow a crown of glory wear.

'T is he! the eastern sages sing,
And spread their golden hoard;
'T is he! the hills of Sion ring,
Hosannah to the Lord!
The Prince of long prophetic years
To-day in Bethlehem appears.

He comes; the Conqueror's march begins;
No blood his banner stains;—
He comes to save the world from sins,
And break the captive's chains:
The poor, the sick, and blind shall bless
The Prince of peace and righteousness.

Though now in swaddling-clothes he lies,
All hearts his power shall own,
When he with legions of the skies,
The clouds of heaven his throne,
Shall come to judge the quick and dead,
And strike a trembling world with dread.

Letter from Adeline Brinley to her Cousin.

[CONCLUDED.]

As we neared the shore, the ship was borne so far aloft by a heavy swell, that the dashing of the waves among the rocks appeared almost beneath our feet. The captain, after glancing his eye upon the shore and the ship, exclaimed, "This decides our fate, take care of yourselves," and taking me under one arm, and throwing the other round the stump of the mizen-mast, he watched the motion of the ship as she fell, with a deafening crash, upon the rocks. The two remaining masts, parting by the deck, fell over her bows and rested upon the shore, and the ship remained upright and motionless. At that moment the captain, releasing me, observed, "Thank God, we are safe." The first officer, Mr. Watson, united with a perfect knowledge of his duty, uncommon powers of both body and mind. He sur-

veyed our situation with that quick, decisive glance, for which seamen are so remarkable, and then replied, "We are safe now, Sir, but we have no time to lose." The words had scarcely escaped his lips, when, taking me under one arm, he walked up the fallen spars, with as much firmness and apparent ease, as he would have paced the quarter deck in a calm. He continued to pass from spar to spar, calling upon the master and crew to follow him, until he reached the top of the rocks, and placed me in safety. "Thank God, you are safe, Miss Brinley," said Mr. Watson, and returned towards the wreck. At that instant, a heavy sea rolled in upon the shore—the dashing of the waves reached even where I was seated—a crash, and a wild death-scream came along with it; and again the winds lulled, and the waves subsided. As I rose and approached the shore, Mr. Watson met me—"My fears are realized," said he, "all is over, Miss Brinley." We returned to the brow of the shore, and alas! all was over, sure enough—nothing was to be seen of the ship or crew, but a few floating spars and planks. Of all the events of my life, this was the most painful. Even the iron nerves and dauntless heart of Mr. Watson yielded to the force of nature, and tears rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks, as he looked upon the melancholy scene. "I feared this—I knew it when we left the deck, but it's no use; it can't be helped. We can do no good here, Miss Brinley, we had better seek a shelter from the tempest." Two men who from the close of day had watched the ship, and had lighted the fire that directed us in, for the purpose, as they stated, of leading the ship into the only place on the coast that was approachable with any hope of safety,—conducted Mr. Watson and myself to the house of a Mr. Wilkins, where we were kindly received, and I exchanged my dress for one furnished me by Mrs. Wilkins. On examining the jacket, I found not only my papers, but also twenty guineas in money, which I had taken with me from Charleston. I divided my money with Mr. Watson, who remained to look after the wreck, and at 12 o'clock stepped into the stage, and on the evening of the eleventh of April arrived in Bristol, and took lodgings with a widow lady in Queen's square.

My first step was to send for an eminent counsellor, and lay before him the documents, by which I expected to obtain my paternal estate. I adopted this precautionary measure, because I recollected to have heard my father observe, that his brother George was so avaricious of money as not to be over scrupulous about the means he used to obtain it. I had

however, the satisfaction to hear, that I was in possession of all the papers necessary to establish an undoubted title to the estate that was my father's. The gentleman, who examined my papers, advised me to proceed immediately to Brinley Place—make known my person and my business to my uncle, and demand the estate as the heir to the late Charles Brinley. And if my uncle should refuse to put me in peaceable possession of the property, to write him immediately. He also gave me a letter to my uncle, stating the nature and strength of my claim, and requesting him to make the necessary arrangements for putting me in possession of all the property that was my father's. I accordingly started for Brinley Place, where I arrived the 18th of April. I had heard nothing direct from my uncle for the last three years, and as I neared his residence, the place where all my happy days had been spent, my mind was agitated with a thousand hopes and fears. After an absence of five years, I was returning, a lonely orphan, to claim the estate that was my father's—to weep over the tomb of my mother—and renew my former friendships. On the success of this adventure depended all my hopes for life; and how could I know, that the property had not been wasted, and myself forgotten.—While lost in these melancholy reflections—the carriage rolled up the long avenue between two rows of ancient oaks, and the lights from the windows burst upon my view. Every object was familiar to me; and each called up some tender recollections, that had been lost, or smothered by the vicissitudes of fortune, through which I had passed since leaving that once delightful place. Ere I was aware, the carriage stopped—my name was announced, and my uncle received me, apparently, with much affectionate kindness. He conducted me into the family hall, and introduced me to my aunt and cousins, as their cousin Adeline from America. And although the latter expressed much pleasure on the occasion, yet it was accompanied with that studied formality, which ever distinguishes the hypocrite from the warm hearted generous friend. I felt it to be my interest, however, not to notice that circumstance, and not being desirous of coming to an explanation with my uncle that night, I plead indisposition, and after a short and desultory conversation retired to my chamber.

Thus left to myself, I threw up the sash and was looking abroad, by the clear light of a full moon, upon the grounds, and calling up the many incidents of my youthful days, when my uncle George entered my chamber. The ghost of my father or mother would not at that moment have been a more unwelcome visiter. I however received him civilly, and made some remarks, to which he paid no attention, upon the alterations that had been made in the garden and grounds, since I left England. "I came into your chamber, Ade-

line," said he, "to ask you one plain question; have you come here to claim the estate that was your father's?" I replied with firmness, that I had, and gave him the letter from my attorney at Bristol. He read it through, and handing it back to me, observed, with much coolness, "I expected that was your business, and I feel it to be my duty to destroy your hopes and expectations at once. I will therefore inform you, that your father was indebted to me some thousands of pounds more than this estate is worth;—I have sued his promise, recovered judgment, and am now in lawful possession of Brinley Place. Therefore, however strong your claims may appear, they will avail you nothing; be assured you will never receive this estate, or a single penny from me. But notwithstanding, if you are willing to labor, this much I will do for you; you may remain with us until we can find a place where you can earn your own living in the service of some respectable family." Without further conversation he left my chamber, and I sank down, oppressed with a weight of grief, too great to find relief even from tears. Merciful God, I exclaimed, why could I not have slept in the grave with my father, or been buried in the ocean! for what dreadful end hast thou yet preserved me! "If she don't choose to work, she won't stay in this house twenty-four hours, I can tell her," reached my ears from the Hall. I knew the voice to be my aunt's; and I felt that my doom was sealed. Again I looked abroad upon the surrounding objects; every one of which called up in my mind some tender recollection. Under that tree I had read to my father—under this listened to the advice of the best of mothers; and under a third, I had romped and frolicked with Althea Ashton. As these recollections pressed upon me, I contrasted them with my present situation; a poor, friendless, houseless, hopeless orphan. The blood rushed to my head—I pressed it with both my hands, and tried to weep; but even tears, that kindly lend their aid to the condemned felon, were denied me. I threw a wild and wandering look from the window, and my eyes rested upon the little fish pond, around the banks of which you and I spent so many childish hours. My resolution was instantly taken—I threw my shawl over my head, and passing down the private stairway, found myself in the open air. My reason and recollection were perfect; I looked upon the objects around me, familiar to my childhood, for the first time for five years—and for the last time—forever. I passed with a hasty step and bursting heart to the banks of the fish pond—then I paused a moment—standing in speechless agony—a flood of tears came to my relief—I dropped upon my knees, and forgave—from my heart, I forgave my uncle, and all others who had done or wished me harm; I implored forgiveness for them, and for myself; and then determined to rid the world of a useless

tenant, and at the same time end my troubles, I threw myself from the bank into the water. When lo! in an instant I found myself seated in the old oaken arm chair, and your little roguish sister Ellen, standing before me, convulsed with laughter. She held an empty glass, the contents of which she had just thrown into my face to awaken me from a sound sleep, into which I had fallen while reading one of the *pathetic little stories* in the Boston Token for 1830.

ADELINE BRINLEY.

To the Dying Year,

BY JAMES G. BROOKS.

Thou desolate and dying year!
Emblem of transitory man,
Whose wearisome and wild career
Like thine is bounded to a span!
It seems but as a little day
Since nature smiled upon thy birth,
And Spring came forth in fair array
To dance upon the joyous earth.

Sad alteration! now how lone,
How verdureless is nature's breast,
Where Ruin makes his empire known,
In Autumn's yellow vesture dressed!
The sprightly bird, whose carol sweet
Broke on the breath of early day;
The summer flower she loved to greet;—
The birds, the flowers—oh! where are they?

Thou desolate and dying year,
Yet lovely in thy lifelessness,
As beauty stretched upon the bier
In death's clay-cold and dark cressel!
There's loveliness in thy decay,
Which breathes, which lingers round thee still,
Like memory's mild and cheering ray,
Beaming upon the night of ill.

Yet, yet, the radiance is not gone,
Which shed a richness o'er the scene,
Which smiled upon the golden dawn
When skies were brilliant and serene.
Oh! still a melancholy smile
Gleams upon nature's aspect fair,
To charm the eye a little while
Ere Ruin spreads his mantle there.

Thou desolate and dying year!
Since Time entwined thy vernal wreath,
How often love hath shed the tear,
And knelt beside the bed of death!
How many hearts that lightly sprung,
When joy was blooming but to die,
Their finest chords by death unstrung,
Have yielded life's expiring sigh!

And pillowed low beneath the clay,
Have ceased to melt, to breathe, to burn,
The proud, the gentle, and the gay,
Gathered unto the mouldering urn;
Whilst freshly flowed the frequent tear
For love bereft, affection fled;
For all that were our blessings here,
The loved, the lost, the sainted dead.

Thou desolate and dying year!
The musing spirit finds in thee
Lessons impressive and severe,
Of deep and stern morality:
Thou teachest how the germe of youth,
Which blooms in being's dawning day,
Planted by nature, reared by truth,
Withers like thee in dark decay.

Promise of youth! fair as the form
Of heaven's benign and golden bow,
Thy smiling arch begirds the storm,
And sheds a light on every wo.

Hope wakes for thee, and to her tongue
A tone of melody is given,
As if her magic voice were strung
With the empyreal fire of heaven.

And love which never can expire,
Whose origin is from on high,
Throws o'er thy morn a ray of fire
From the pure fountains of the sky;
That ray which glows and brightens still,
Unchanged, eternal, and divine,
Where seraphs own its holy thrill,
And bow before its gleaming shrine.

Thou desolate and dying year!
Prophetic of our final fall,
Thy buds are gone, thy leaves are sere,
Thy beauties shrouded in the pall;
And all the garniture that shed
A brilliancy upon thy prime,
Hath like a morning vision fled
Unto the expanded grave of Time.

Time! Time! in thy triumphal flight,
How all life's phantoms fleet away,
The smile of hope, and young delight,
Fame's meteor beam, and fancy's ray!
They fade, and on thy heaving tide,
Rolling its stormy waves afar,
Are borne the wrecks of human pride,
The broken wrecks of fortune's war.

There in disorder dark and wild
Arc seen the fabrics once so high,
Which mortal vanity had piled
As emblems of eternity,
And deemed the stately pile whose forms
Frowned in their majesty sublime.
Would stand unshaken by the storms
That gathered round the brow of Time.

Thou desolate and dying year!
Earth's brightest pleasures fade like thine;
Like evening shadows disappear,
And leave the spirit to repine.
The stream of life that used to pour
Its fresh and sparkling waters on,
While Fate stood watching on the shore,
And numbered all the moments gone;—

Where hath the morning splendor flown,
Which danced upon that crystal stream?
Where are the joys to childhood known,
When life is an enchanted dream?
Enveloped in the starless night
Which destiny has overspread;
Enrolled upon that trackless flight
Where the dark wing of Time has sped

Oh! thus hath life its eventide
Of sorrow, loneliness, and grief;
And thus, divested of its pride,
It withers like the yellow leaf.
Oh! such is life's autumnal bower,
When plundered of its summer bloom;
And such is life's autumnal hour,
Which heralds man unto the tomb.

Extract from the Christian Examiner.—But our main dependence, after all, is upon the whole body of the people; and to them, in the ultimate resort, do we direct our eyes for hope and safety. They can raise up or pluck down. Although they cannot give great talents or take them away, they can do much to elicit or to check them, to make useful or injurious. And, indeed, this is one of the most material considerations that can be addressed to our communities. How much of the purest intelligence that adorns our country, how much of the purest wisdom, virtue, and moderation,

how much real talent of the more delicate stamp, may be driven by party violence, abuse, and calumny, from the field of political usefulness, is a serious question. If a man distinguished in office be selfish and corrupt, let him be reprobated. But if there be "good men and true" in such situations, let us be true to them; let us remember their services and toils; let us give them an honor which no fluctuation of party can shake; let us think of them, not with indifference as a part of the machinery of government, nor with envy as exalted, but with gratitude, with confidence, and, we deem it not too serious, to say, with prayers for them.

In every view, indeed, that we can take of liberty and its institutions, we shall find that they press down upon the mass of the people as an individual trust; and if freedom be any thing valuable, it must be by becoming an individual good. Liberty ordains no lofty titles, and builds no magnificent palaces for the exclusive possession of the few. It is a blessing for all, or it is no blessing. Its sole advantage consists in its permitting all to pursue their own good, their own happiness; and if they do not pursue it, of what avail is the boasted gift? It is quite enough our boast; let it be more our blessing. If it is only a boast, it will cease in any valuable sense to exist. We are free from political oppression; and yet it may be that we are in bondage to the fear or hatred or envy of one another, in bondage to ambition, to revenge, or to avarice. We live in a land of freedom; but how many are slaves to sensuality, slaves to wicked companions, slaves to negligently accumulated debt. Here we have no walls, indeed, raised by tyranny to hide its victims from the day, no prison vaults to be the graves of the living, no dungeons from which the cry of suffering innocence can never be heard. But vice has its victims, who are shut out from the light of day, from the respect of society; vice has its lone dungeons, in which not the innocent are chained down, but in which innocence itself is lost; its grave for the living, for whom it were better if they were dead.

And if these things go on, and proceed from one step to another, from bad maxims to worse indulgences, then will that liberty, which, to such, exists only in form and is no longer a blessing,—then will it be to the country no longer a blessing, and ere long, it will cease to exist even in form. Let the tide of luxury and immorality rise higher and higher, let the barriers of public virtue be broken down, let the good old disinterestedness, and the generous patriotism of our fathers, give way to universal selfishness, political corruption, and base office-seeking; let mighty parties arise, which are grounded on no other principle than the love of office, or let parties arise and grow upon sectional disputes and jealousies, and this very generation may not pass away till all these

things which we fear, are accomplished; yes, we who read these things with whatever indifference or incredulity, may find that the language of warning was the language of prophecy, that the language of warning has become the language of history.—*Channing.*

Facts.—It is a lamentable fact that at this period, light and frivolous affairs receive more encouragement than what is more stable and useful. Though it shews but poorly for the state of the public mind and taste, and though this enlightened age should do better, it is not the less true that nonsense receives more notice and encouragement than sense. We were much pleased with the remarks of "a citizen of the world" on this subject:—"It is now better," says he, "to be an amusing than a useful member of society. A fellow shall make a fortune by tossing a straw from his toe to his nose; one in particular has found that eating fire is the most ready way to live; and another who jingles bells fixed to his cap, is the only man that I know of who receives emolument for the labors of his head."—That latter clause, in particular, is essentially correct. In literature nothing solid passes current, unless indeed we except *solid* personalities, which are swallowed with greedy avidity by the vampyres of the day. Something which is not remarkable for sound morality, is somewhat passable, or something peculiarly fashionable is quite endurable. Though there are a few judicious individuals, assisted by the conductors of some of the public journals, who endeavor to inculcate a correct literary taste in the community, it is apparently of no avail—the thing seems impossible. Nothing obtains a perusal, save the light moonshine trash with which public prints are filled, and which is neither beneficial to the reader nor creditable to the proprietors of them. The literary taste must be revolutionized.

It is the same with almost everything. To rational amusements, for instance, no one can have any objection; but they are almost out of date. More is now given, perhaps, to see a learned horse or dog, than can be obtained at a literary exhibition, where the talents of several learned men are put in requisition.—And there has been more money made out of a domestic manufactured sea-serpent—the materials composing which are wood and leather, than out of three editions of a valuable literary work. A rope dancer receives more for one evening's performance than a tiller of the earth receives for a month's labor.

It is the same in dress. We see nothing worn for use but all for show—nothing for convenience, but all for the looks. Ladies wear muslins and thin shoes in winter, and freeze their bodies and toes—it appears so much better; and, now-a-days, more is paid for a yard of lace than will purchase a whole piece of flannel. Gentlemen buy their boots, and get

a pair a month. So everything goes. We do not wish to acquire the reputation of habitual growlers, but the times are awfully out of joint. People cry "hard times," in dolorous accent, but it is all their own fault. Pay more attention to what is solid and useful, than to the light frivolities which are at present in vogue, and the times will be well enough.—Give every thing its just value. A man was brought to Philip of Macedon, who could throw peas through the eye of a needle with astonishing exactness. After he had exhibited his talents before the king, the spectators expected that a splendid donation would be the reward. Philip gave him—what think ye, reader?—a half-a-peck of peas. He was a wise man. "Do ye likewise."—*N. Y. Eccl. Jour.*

Bonaparte.—Bonaparte was not inclined by nature to esteem mankind; the more intimately he knew them, the more heartily he despised them. This unfavorable opinion of the human heart, to which experience often gives birth, was in his case justified by some striking examples. His severity was the result of a maxim which he frequently repeated:—"There are two levers that act most powerfully on mankind—interest and fear." Perhaps one of Bonaparte's greatest misfortunes was a disbelief in the existence of friendship. How often have I heard him say:—"Friendship is but an empty word;—I love nobody;—no, not even my brothers:—Joseph perhaps a little; and yet, if I love him, it is merely from habit,—because he is the eldest. Then Duroc;—yes, I like him too:—but why? His disposition suits mine:—he is cold, harsh and unbending;—he never weeps. To me the friendship of others is a matter of indifference:—I know that I have no real friends:—as long as I am what I am, I shall have no scarcity of seeming ones. Mark my words, Bourrienne,—leave women to weep and whine, it is their business. I hate sensibility:—man should be firm; his heart should be firm: he that is otherwise must meddle neither with war nor government."

Bonaparte cherished the most rooted aversion for the sanguinary leaders of the revolution, and particularly for regicides. I have frequently heard him say to Cambaceres, while he gently pinched his ear, as if to soften the bitterness of the jest by this playful and habitual familiarity.—"My poor Cambaceres! I fear I can do nothing for you; but if ever the Bourbons come back, your business is settled!—you will certainly be hanged." A forced smile would on such occasions contrast the ghastly features of Cambaceres, imparting to them an expression that it would be no less difficult than disagreeable to portray. This smile was generally the sole reply hazarded by the second consul, who, notwithstanding, once in my presence answered with a movement of pettish anger—"Come, come,—have done with ill-timed jests."

Bonaparte was one day walking in the gardens of Malmaison with Madame de Clermont Tonnere (now Madame de Talarie,) whose lively and shrewd remarks always afforded him infinite pleasure. Suddenly interrupting her, he bluntly accosted her in the following manner:—"Madame de Clermont Tonnere, what is your opinion of me?" This unexpected address rendered the answer a matter of some delicacy as well as difficulty. "General," replied the lady, after a moment of hesitation—"I may compare you to a skilful architect, who does not allow his construction to be examined until entirely finished. Precisely so with you: you build behind a scaffolding, which you will dash to the ground when your work is done."

Among other peculiarities, Bonaparte could never endure the sight of a colored gown, particularly one of a dark shade. A fat woman was also one of his sovereign antipathies. He rarely invited to his fetes or dinners females in a state of pregnancy, to whose society he always evinced the most decided repugnance.—Politeness to the fair sex was not habitual to his character:—he was but little calculated for the utterance of those soft nothings to which custom has familiarized female ears. His compliments were often of the most uncouth description. At one time he said to a lady—"Good God! how red your arms are!" To another—"What an abominable head dress!" Or—"Who can have trussed up your hair in that manner?" Or—"How soiled your dress is! Do you never change it? I have seen you in that at least twenty times." Spite of this bluntness, he possessed every requisite for forming what in the language of the world is termed a man of amiable manners—with the exception of the will. * * * * *

Amongst the private instruction given to me by Bonaparte, the reader will probably be struck with the following rather singular order:—"At night," said he, "you will enter my bed-chamber as seldom as possible. Never awaken me when you have good news to announce. With good news there is no necessity to hurry. When, on the contrary, you are the depository of evil tidings, rouse me instantly, for on such occasions there is not a moment to be lost." Bonaparte frequently found the beneficial results of this calculation, which, though differing from that generally adopted, was really just.—*Bourrienne's Memoirs.*

In the archives of Basle, there is a prophecy, by a hermit, Martin Zaduc, who died in 1769, at Solothurn, which says: "In Germany very hard times will arrive, all trading and trucking will be destroyed, and the want of money become general. The weather will also change and be quite different to what it used to be.—The Turk will in a short time lose all his land in Asia and Africa. Constantinople, the capital of the Turkish empire, shall be in danger of being taken without drawing a sword. All

Persia, as well as the great Mogul and the Moors; shall embrace the Christian religion.—A great monarch in Europe shall bring almost the whole of Asia under his sceptre, locks and doors will be opened to him every where, and no hostile powers shall be able to hinder his victorious arms. Jerusalem shall be taken, and the Saracens entirely annihilated. At Jerusalem, near a Turkish mosque, in a certain place, and at sunrise, a new well shall be sunk, and in so doing a four square stone shall be found, under which a large vault will be discovered, which contains the treasures of King Solomon. It will amount to eighteen thousand millions of ducats, and the costly jewels and objects of antiquity shall be beyond all calculation. When Constantinople shall be conquered, in an old Greek palace detached, in clearing a cellar, a flat white marble stone shall be found, whereon a cross with the name "Sophia Imperatrix" is engraved. Under this stone a large silver box case shall be found, in which are deposited gold and precious stones to the amount of fifty millions of dollars."—*Nuremberg Gazette.*

Rules and Recipes of wonderful Efficacy.—When you find the jaundice coming on, watch its progress daily; and as your skin yellows, find a carrot, of as nearly the same color, as possible: make a cavity in the carrot, about the size of a piece of chalk; and fill this with water; then hang it up, so that the sun may strike it all day; and as the water evaporates, the jaundice will leave you.

To prevent the distemper in your dog, take a small piece of fat pork, and sleep with it between your toes; this will also prevent him from foaming at the mouth.

Never allow your child to be brought down stairs before it is carried up a few steps; as there is no telling what calamities may befall it, should you do so. In case the child is born in the upper story, it will answer every purpose to lift it up the chimney.

When your child is three weeks old, give it an ounce of cayenne pepper, with a very little honey, and it will never have the cramp: a teaspoon full of muriatic-acid will answer the same purpose.

To cure drunkenness—take a pipe of the liquor any one is accustomed to; put it on tap, and allow the patient free access to it. I have known a cure effected this way in a week, when Chambers's remedy has failed.

To ascertain whether your lover is faithful—take the left ear of a weasel, and hang it in the moonlight—watch it between the hours of twelve and one, and if there be found any dew upon it, you may depend upon his or her being as constant as man or woman ever is. You may win the affection of any person by skinning the tail of a wharf-rat, and wearing it next your heart for a month; if after this you can induce the object to eat it, you may depend on being married.—*Baltimore Emerald.*

THE KENNEBECKER.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1829.

LYCEUM.

☞ The next meeting of the HALLOWELL LYCEUM will be held at the Academy Hall on Thursday evening next at 7 o'clock. An introductory Address will be delivered by JOHN MERRICK, President of the Lyceum. It will be a public meeting, and ladies and gentlemen are invited to attend. JOSHUA E. GAGE, Dec. 19. Secretary.

The Protestant and Eclectic Review—Eaton & Severance of Augusta have issued the first number of a religious paper with this title, which they propose publishing once a fortnight, at \$1 50 a year, or \$1 25 in advance. It is handsomely printed, in 8 pages quarto, and makes a very neat appearance. The selections are interesting, and the original articles well written, and with the whole of the contents we were much pleased. We hope the friends of liberal christianity will come forward and subscribe for this work, and enable the publishers to continue it with profit and advantage.

American Recorder.—We have received the first number of this publication, just commenced in Washington city by George M. Grouard, in 16 pages large octavo, at \$5 a year. It is to contain public documents &c., and will form a complete political history of the times. The present number contains the President's Inaugural Speech, his Message, a list of the members of Congress, an abstract of its proceedings, and several pages of important documents on the financial concerns of the nation. It may be seen in the News Room.

Virginia Convention.—This body has voted, 49 to 47, that the Legislature shall rearrange once a year the representation in both branches, on a fair average of the two ratios of white population and federal numbers. By federal numbers is meant the ratio of representation in Congress of the slaveholding states, namely, the white population and 2 5ths of the black. The Richmond Whig is confident that Virginia will not accept a constitution founded on such a basis. Mr. Marshall made a speech in favor of this singular basis.

Fire in Bath.—A fire broke out in Front-street, Bath, at about half past 5 o'clock in the morning, Dec. 12, and destroyed the following buildings: A store occupied by J. Young jr.; a building owned by James Foster, and occupied by James Farrin as a shoe-store, and Foster & Soule, coopers; Thomas Haley's cabinet-maker's shop; a store owned by W. King, and occupied by T. Tibbets; a store owned by C. Clapp, and occupied by J. Webb as a shoe-store, N. Convers as a confectionery, and C. Clapp jr. with dry goods &c.; a store owned by Elijah Crooker, and occupied by Rufus Mac Lellan, Sophia Hunter, and others; a store owned by John Hodgkins, and occupied by L. Young and others. The fire commenced in the store of John Young jr., and was not discovered until most of the contents of the store were on fire. The goods &c. in the other buildings were chiefly saved, though much damaged. Loss estimated at from \$ to \$10,000, partly insured.

Zavala, governor of the state of Mexico, was last spring empowered by an act of the Legislature to hold the national office of Secretary of the Treasury; but he becoming unpopular, the Legislature revoked their permission, supposing he would resign the office of Governor, instead of which he relinquished that of Secretary. The Legislature then decreed, Oct. 15, that he be invited to resume the office of Governor as soon as the Legislature saw fit, although he was at that time quietly and legally exercising the duties of that office.

M. Eynard of Switzerland had remitted 700,000 francs for the benefit of the Greek government.

Congress.

Monday, Dec. 7.—In the Senate, a quorum being present at 12 o'clock, Mr. Smith of Md., President pro tempore, took the chair. A message was sent to inform the House of Representatives that the Senate was ready for business. Messrs. White and Sanford were appointed on the part of the Senate, to inform the President that the two Houses were ready for business.

In the House, a quorum being present, the votes were given in for a Speaker, and the Clerk requested Messrs. Ripley of Maine, Condict of N. J., and Polk of Tennessee to act as tellers. On counting the votes, they declared that Andrew Stevenson of Virginia had 152, William D. Martin of S. C. 21, Joel B. Sutherland of Pennsylvania 4, Henry R. Storrs of N. Y. 4, John W. Taylor of N. Y. 3, and others 7. Mr. Stevenson was conducted to the chair by Mr. Newton of Va., the oldest member of the House, and addressed the House in an appropriate manner. Mr. Ramsay of Pa. moved that Matthew St. Clair Clarke be reappointed Clerk of the House. Mr. Johnson of Ky. moved to postpone the resolution until Thursday, to give the members time to weigh the qualifications of other candidates. Mr. Ramsay asked what the House would do for a Clerk in the mean time? Mr. Burges contended that the House could not go on without electing a Clerk. Mr. Alston of N. C. moved to lay the resolution upon the table, and that when the House proceed to an election it be made by ballot. Mr. Ramsay withdrew his resolution, and moved an election. Mr. Johnson moved to postpone the election till Wednesday—lost. Mr. Ramsay nominated Mr. Clarke, and Mr. Johnson nominated Virgil Maxcy of Md. Clarke had 135 votes, Maxcy 54, blanks 3. The other officers of the House were reappointed. Messrs. Drayton and Desha were appointed on the part of the House to inform the President the two Houses were ready for business. Mr. Storrs of N. Y. moved that each member be allowed (as usual) to order newspapers at the public expense. This was opposed by Mr. Wickliffe of Ky., but prevailed.

Tuesday, Dec. 8.—Senate.—On motion of Mr. Holmes, it was voted that the members be furnished with newspapers at the public expense, as has been usual. The President's Message was received, and 4500 copies ordered to be printed, with 1500 copies of the accompanying documents.

House.—On motion of Mr. Taylor of N. Y., it was voted that 2 chaplains of different denominations be elected, one by each House, to interchange weekly. 10,000 copies of the Message were ordered to be printed.

Wednesday, Dec. 9.—Senate.—The vote of the House for the election of 2 chaplains was agreed to. The usual standing committees were appointed.

On motion of Mr. Hendricks, a select committee was appointed on the subject of Roads and Canals, consisting of Messrs. Hendricks of Ia., Tyler of Va., Webster of Mass., Dudley of N. Y., and Ruggles of O.

On motion of Mr. Sanford, a select committee was appointed to consider the state of the current coins, and to report such amendments of the laws concerning coins as may be deemed expedient; consisting of Messrs. Sanford of N. Y., Dickerson of N. J., Livingston of La., Iredell of N. C., and Tazewell of Va.

Mr. Ellis announced the death of his colleague, Thomas B. Reed, Senator from Mississippi; and the Senate voted to wear the usual mourning for one month, and immediately adjourned.

House.—Mr. Condict of N. J. moved the appointment of the usual standing committees. Some debate arose, and the motion was laid on the table, to give the Speaker time to make inquiries, on account of the great number of new members.

Thursday, Dec. 10.—Senate.—Several portions of the President's Message were referred to the proper standing committees. On motion of Mr. Hendricks, the part relating to surplus funds was referred to a select committee, consisting of Messrs. Dickerson of N. J., Sanford of N. Y., Woodbury of N. H., Barnard of Pa., and Grundy of Ten. Mr. Burnet asked to be excused from serving as chairman of the committee on Private Land Claims,

but was willing to serve as a member. Mr. Barton was appointed chairman. Mr. Holmes asked to be excused from being chairman of the committee on Pensions, having never during the 12 years he had been in Congress served on such a committee, nor turned his attention to the subject: he was willing to be a member. Mr. Foot was appointed chairman. Mr. Kane was excused from serving as chairman of the committee on the Contingent Fund, and Mr. Iredell substituted. The Senate adjourned to Monday, Dec. 14.

House.—The House balloted for a chaplain: Reuben Post had 95 votes, Joshua N. Danforth 44, S. Troit 15, John Culpeper 13, and — Burnap 10. Mr. Post (a Methodist clergyman of Washington city) was declared to be reelected chaplain.

On motion of Mr. Polk of Ten., resolutions were adopted referring various portions of the Message to the standing committees, and providing for the appointment of select committees on the subject of the 5th census of the U. States, on Internal Improvements and the distribution of the surplus revenue amongst the states after the payment of the public debt, on training and equipping the Militia, on the condition of the government, with a view to retrenching expenses, securing the responsibility of officers, improving the arrangement of the departments, &c., and on amending the constitution. The House adjourned to Monday, Dec. 14.

Standing Committees of the Senate.

On Foreign Relations.—Messrs. Tazewell of Va., Sanford of N. Y., White of Ten., Bell of N. H., and King of Al.

On Finance.—Messrs. Smith of Md., Smith of S. C., Silsbee of Mass., King of Al., and Johnston of La.

On Commerce.—Messrs. Woodbury of N. H., Johnston of La., Silsbee of Mass., Sanford of N. Y., and Forsyth of Ga.

On Manufactures.—Messrs. Dickerson of N. J., Ruggles of O., Knight of R. I., Seymour of Vt., and Bibb of Ky.

On Agriculture.—Messrs. Marks of Pa., Willey of Ct., Noble of Ia., Mac Lean of Il., and Seymour of Vt.

On Military Affairs.—Messrs. Benton of Mo., Barnard of Pa., Troup of Ga., Hendricks of Ia., and Livingston of La.

On the Militia.—Messrs. Barnard of Pa., Tyler of Va., Clayton of Del., Dudley of N. Y., and Noble of Ia.

On Naval Affairs.—Messrs. Hayne of S. C., Tazewell of Va., Robbins of R. I., Woodbury of N. H., and Webster of Mass.

On Public Lands.—Messrs. Barton of Mo., Livingston of La., Kane of Il., Ellis of Mi., and Mac Kinley of Al.

On Private Land Claims.—Messrs. Barton of Mo., Burnet of O., Sprague of Me., Kane of Il., and Grundy of Ten.

On Indian Affairs.—Messrs. White of Ten., Troup of Ga., Hendricks of Ia., Dudley of N. Y., and Benton of Mo.

On Claims.—Messrs. Ruggles of O., Bell of N. H., Chase of Vt., Foot of Ct., and Mac Lean of Il.

On the Judiciary.—Messrs. Rowan of Ky., Mac Kinley of Al., Webster of Mass., Hayne of S. C., and Frelinghuysen of N. J.

On the Postoffice and Post-roads.—Messrs. Bibb of Ky., Burnet of O., Forsyth of Ga., Ellis of Mi., and Seymour of Vt.

On Pensions.—Messrs. Foot of Ct., Holmes of Me., Marks of Pa., Chase of Vt., and Chambers of Md.

On the District of Columbia.—Messrs. Chambers of Md., Tyler of Va., Holmes of Me., Clayton of Del., and Sprague of Me.

On the Contingent Fund.—Messrs. Iredell of N. C., Kane of Il., and Knight of R. I.

On Engrossed Bills.—Messrs. Marks of Pa., Willey of Ct., and Grundy of Ten.

☞ In consequence of a part of the President's Message, the U. S. Bank Stock fell in New York, Dec. 9, from 125½ to 120 per ct. In Boston, likewise, it fell.

☞ The Message was delivered at 12 o'clock Dec. 8, and was received in New York by express in 16½ hours from Washington, and in Boston in 31½ hours.

☞ The Executive Council of this state adjourned Dec. 11 to meet again in Portland Dec. 30.

Eastern Congress District.—In all the towns but 3, John G. Deane had 943 votes, Leonard Jarvis 855, Samuel Upton 630, Joseph Williams 406, and others 7.

Foreign News.

Mexico.—It is stated in the Massachusetts Journal, on the authority of a person direct from Mexico, that a few evenings previous to Mr. Poinsett (U. S. Minister) leaving the city of Mexico, he was called to the door in the evening by a person who delivered a message requesting his attendance at the Bureau of Foreign Affairs. Mr. Poinsett had previously placed a chain across his doorway, which was kept locked in the evening so as to prevent the door being opened far enough to admit a man; and he returned for answer to the pretended messenger that he would wait on the Foreign Minister in the morning. On reconnoitring at a window, he saw 60 men about his house, armed with knives and bludgeons. The same person on whose authority the Journal makes this statement, while on the way from Mexico to Vera Cruz, travelling with a company in a stage, was stopped by a gang of ruffians, who examined him and his companions closely to discover if Mr. Poinsett was among them, and made several gestures indicative of a deadly purpose if they found him.

Gens. Bustamento and Santa Ana had published an address, denying that they entertained any designs unfavorable to the present form of government, but maintaining that some "reforms" were necessary.

Colombia.—Bogota dates to Oct. 21. The rebellion of Gen. Cordova had been suppressed, and Cordova himself taken prisoner; and it was reported he had died of his wounds. The official report of Gen. O'Leary says that "the factious were completely routed, after a desultory engagement of two hours." The constitution which Cordova proposed for Colombia provided that the President should be elected for life, should appoint his successor, command the army, appoint the vice-president, heads of departments, senators, and all other officers, except the Representatives, who should be chosen by the provinces in the ratio of 1 to 50,000 inhabitants.

By a decree of the Liberator, Aug. 24, the introduction of foreign salt into any port of the Republic after 40 days was forbidden.

A letter from Lagunayra, Nov. 18, says that Bolivar had expressed a desire to visit Europe, which was thought to be a movement to procure a crown. The writer says that Venezuela would soon declare itself independent of Bogota, and withdraw from the union. Jose Antonio Paez is the governor of Venezuela; and that state is the richest in Colombia.

Peace was concluded between Colombia and Peru Sept. 22, about the date of the expiration of the armistice between the two armies.

There was great exultation at Vera Cruz on the return of Gen. Bravo and Barragan to their country.

Peru.—The Congress convened Aug. 31, and elected Augustin Gamarra Provisionary President of the Republic, and Antonio Lafuente Vice-president.

France.—The treaty with Hayti had been ratified, recognising its independence, and establishing a commercial intercourse on terms of reciprocity.

Some young Greeks having been sent to France to be educated they were not permitted to land. The Paris Greek committee subsequently voted 10,000 francs to aid in giving them an education.

M. Roux de Rochelle had been appointed Minister to the U. States, instead of Baron Durand de Mareuil, who is to be transferred to Brazil.

Turkey.—Advices from Constantinople to Oct. 10. Gen. Diebitsch was still at Adrianople. The Dardanelles were free to all merchant vessels, and the duties on transit were withdrawn. Trade was becoming quite brisk. From Sept. 26 to Oct. 9, no fewer than 160 vessels were seen on their way from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea. Trade was active also at Odessa; 28 vessels had arrived from Constantinople Oct. 20; and all produce sustained a high price except wheat. The plague had almost disappeared from Odessa, and the theatres and public walks were reopened Oct. 11.

Greece.—The Paris Journal des Debats states that Prince Paul of Wirtemberg, the Prince of Baden, and the Prince of Saxe Coburg are candidates for the sovereignty of Greece. There will probably be others.

*Count Diebitsch Sabalkansky.**—The name of this Russian Generalissimo (so hard to be pronounced) has become as common in European war accounts of the day, as those of Washington, Buonaparte, Wellington, Suwarroff, Blucher, Murat and Ney, in the annals of gone by time. His title to distinction is universally admitted; and he is said to unite the conception of Napoleon, the prudence of Washington and Wellington, and the dexterity and resources of Blucher. We have before mentioned that his origin was not Russian, and that his late appointment to the command of the Russian Grand Army occasioned dissatisfaction nearly amounting to mutiny, among the Russian Field Marshals and Generals. It is now confirmed that his appointment was the act of the Emperor Nicholas, against the advice and remonstrance of counsel. Events already have established the soundness of the judgment of the Autocrat in this choice more than any other act of his reign. The Count's age is said to be forty-eight. We have heard it mentioned that prior to the war between France and Russia, he formed part of a Russian diplomatic mission to the United States. His name sometimes occurred in the events of the Russian campaign, but not eminently. It is said that he developed his talents in the campaigns of 1812, 13 and 14, as a brigadier General. That he commanded the advanced guards of the corps of Wittgenstein which acquired so much celebrity in Poland and which took the lead of the Russian army in its march into France; and that he received the surrender of a French division of 2000 men, in that remarkable war. We shall probably soon have a full account of his Biography. His deeds during the present campaign are familiar to our readers; and we have before remarked, that they would probably place his name high on the roll of the most illustrious warriors of the age.—*Boston Cent.*

* *Note.*—In the Russian language *skoy* (or *skoi*) is an adjective. In the name before us, it designates the General as *Diebitsch, Traverser of the Balkan.*—The General of the Russian army of Asia is denominated Count Paskewitsch Eriwansky, the Hero of *Eriwan.*

Marriages.

In Winthrop, Mr. James Fairbanks to Mrs. Mary Swift. In Waterville, Mr. Charles A. Dow to Miss Philomela A. Getchell; Mr. George Hume to Mrs. Betsey Combs. In Sidney, Mr. George Kenney of Waterville to Miss Pamela Moore.

In New York city, Daniel Webster, U. S. Senator from Massachusetts, to Miss Caroline Le Roy.

Deaths.

In Lexington, Ky., Thomas B. Reed, U. S. Senator from Mississippi.

Printed and published weekly by Robinson & Baker, at the Advocate Office, Hallowell.

☞ Price 25 cents a quarter in advance.