The Rutland County Herald.

VOL. LIX.--NO. 49. RUTLAND, VERMONT, FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2, 1853. WHOLE NO. 3060.

THE RUTLAND HERALD,
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
BY L. BARNEY.

Office, head of West st., old Masonic Hall building.

TERMS PER YEAR.

Weekly Herald, [illegible] copies,	$1.00
If not paid in advance,	1.50
Mail and Office Subscribers,	1.50
If not paid in advance,	1.75
TO CLUBS, BY MAIL.	
Five Copies, [illegible]	4.00
Ten Copies, " "	7.50
Twenty Copies, " "	20.00

☞ The Herald is sent FREE OF POSTAGE to all subscribers in Rutland County.

Out of the County, but within the State, 12 cents per year, payable in advance; and out of the State, 20 cents per year, at the rate of postage on newspapers, required by the new law.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Per square, (12 lines, or less,) 3 times or less,	$1.00
Each insertion after the 3d,	25

☞ Yearly Advertisements inserted at liberal rates.

☞ For all transient advertisements, payment will be required strictly in advance.

☞ A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

☞ A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

☞ A settlement of standing accounts with yearly advertisers, and those having business with the office, will be required once in three months.

THE HERALD
JOB PRINTING OFFICE

Is furnished with the most approved and desirable type in the art, all new; and by the addition of modern printing machinery, is prepared to execute all sorts of work, and on the most liberal terms. Jobs of all kinds, from the largest mammoth sheet down,

All kinds used for Concerts,
All kinds used by traveling Exhibitors,
All kinds used by Patent Medicine dealers,
All kinds used by Theatrical Companies,
All kinds used by Druggists,
All kinds used by Explorers,
All kinds used by Periodical Dealers,
All kinds used by Booksellers,
All kinds used by Schools and Seminaries,
All kinds used by Public Officers,
All kinds used by Mechanics of all trades,
All kinds used by Department posts,
All kinds used by Attorneys generally,
All kinds used by Social Companies,
All kinds used by Merchants,
All kinds used by Manufacturers,
All kinds used by Banks,
All kinds used by Insurance Offices,
All kinds used by Express Men,
All kinds used by Professional Men,
All kinds used by Literary Societies,
All kinds used by Committees at Law,
And all kinds of Plain and Fancy Printing for the different Trades and Professions generally.

CARD AND BILLET PRINTING.
PRINTING IN COLORS.
CUTS FURNISHED TO ORDER.

☞ Multiply the means and you multiply the results," is one of the established maxims in business that has made the Lithotype of thousands of men that have embarked with nothing but their industry and enterprise to depend upon. The spirit of the age positively demands that a man to insure success in business should use every item usual expedient to secure it. Customers come to a single shop if he sits down quietly and waits for them, without letting his business be known. He might as well light a candle and place it under a bushel.

Fancy Printing
done in every variety of color.
Book and Pamphlet Printing
with despatch and at low rates.

It is useless to mention the further. All work will be done correctly, expeditiously, and cheaply, and a fair share of public patronage is respectfully solicited on these grounds. All orders addressed to the proprietor of the Herald will receive prompt attention.

L. BARNEY.

MORTIMORE'S
RHEUMATIC COMPOUND.

This truly celebrated remedial preparation, efficacious alike in each and every description of Rheumatic Complaints, is already too well known and esteemed throughout the United States to require any lengthy notice of its paramount virtues. It eradicates this horrible, incurable and distressing disease from the system, and stands unrivalled in the pharmacy of medicine.

We do not propose to make unpaid for testimonials, or to force a medicine before the public, but simply to request those much afflicted,

SUFFERERS THEMSELVES,

to procure from the Agent in their locality a circular, and not only read the testimony of those who have experienced its invaluable curative powers, but to write to, or call upon, the gentlemen, or, that the circulars may accompany, the Medicine forwarded a couple of each will satisfy the most incredulous, and one by which the reputation of the Remedy is certainly being sustained. Write direct to the Proprietors, who will accord every information, and furnish a most undoubted character from every section of the Union, numbering among them some of the most eminent Physicians, Clergymen, Editors, and prominent men, rendering the reliability and efficacy of the remedy beyond the reach of doubt or dispute.

MORTIMORE'S
RHEUMATIC COMPOUND

is a vegetable extract, so labelled and prepared expressly for this one disease; and this it will cure in every form, Inflammatory, Acute, or Chronic, no matter of how long standing.

Sold in Rutland by [illegible]

The above have also for sale

THE GREAT ALTERATIVE,

MORTIMORE'S
BITTER CORDIAL
AND
BLOOD PURIFYER.

This invaluable preparation has obtained a popularity wholly unknown heretofore, and unprecedented in the history of any other preparation brought before the public. The multitude thousands who have used it, and have realized its marvelous effects in removing disease

And Restoring the Nervous System,

now hold it as the world as possessing the most superior virtues known to the Materia Medica. Physicians class it the first standing in the profession use and prescribe it as the most effective

Alterative and Blood Purifyer ever known.

Neuralgia (Tetanic) Debility and Nervous Affections, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Nervous Headache or Flow of Blood to the Head, Costiveness or Inactivity of the bowels, Pimples in the Face, Fever sores, Palpitation of the Heart, Difficult Breathing, Prostration of the Nervous System or Nervousness, Night Sweats or A Sickness of the Lungs, Jaundice, Diseases of the Kidneys, Derangements, Irregularities, especially with Females, produce Debility and Fever, Scurvy of the Nervous System, Cutaneous Eruptions or diseases of the Blood, Aches Can gladly be readily removed by the use of this Cordial.

To the Substance of the present Balm

THE BALM OF GILEAD.

Especially to Females.

In every community there are a number of individuals (well as for regards in point of efficacy to any of the numerous compounds advertised under the common generic name of "Sarsaparilla."

It acts as a free Tonic, restoring the tone of the stomach, strengthens the digestive organs, stimulates the liver to healthy action sufficient to cut off the impure and poisonous secretions, impart purity, rich color and vitality to the blood, invigorate it firmly, methodically and remarkably in more delicate, although not the nervous system, restores the constitution in all its strength, and imparts a glow of health and beauty of complexion.

This is a Vegetable Spirit, pleasant to take, and perfectly safe to be used in any state of health, even by the most delicate female or child.

Price One Dollar per Bottle.

☞ Sold by Druggists generally. Wholesale and Retail Druggists will be supplied on application to the Proprietors.

POND & MORSE, Agents, Main and Washington streets, Rutland, Vt.

W. V. ALEXANDER & CO., Proprietors, No. 1 Astor House, New York.

JOHN C. MILLER'S
Patent Fulling, Washing and
CHURNING MACHINES.

The Undersigned, having purchased the exclusive right in Rutland County and vicinity of the above named machines in most of the United States, is prepared to answer all orders that may be now or hereafter issued to him or to H. F. Hawes, who is an authorized agent for the Rutland County, to supply the demand upon. He offers the public as the following testimonial of subjects to its good worth. JAMES H. BENNETT.

Bennington, Vt., March 16, 1853.

We, the undersigned, having used John C. Miller's Patent Washing Machine, most cheerfully recommend it to families as the best and most effective Machine for washing we have ever used, and we feel confident that they will be perfectly satisfied with its performance, although there may have been frequently disappointed heretofore by those offering an article for the same purpose, which was worthless.

[illegible]

Bennington, Vt., March 25, 1853. 18tf

Crossett's Cornet Band,
F. M. CROSSETT, LEADER.

Held themselves in readiness to supply with calls for Music Performances, Evening Parties, etc. with accompanying and Quadrilles.

All orders addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

F. M. CROSSETT.

Bennington, April 29, 1853. 3m

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND ACCORDEONS REPAIRED BY
CHARLES E. TERRILL,
Business Rooms, Washington St., Rutland. 30tf

WASHINGTON HALL,
BY A. DYER,
Water Street, Opposite the Park,
RUTLAND, Vt.
Horses and Carriages kept on for public hire. 41-tf

WASHINGTON MARKET,
By A. DYER,
Water Street, Opposite the Park,
RUTLAND, VT.
☞ All kinds of meats usually kept in a first class Market, supplied to order. Particular attention paid to packing. 17-tf

MOSES CURTIS,
Manufacturer and Dealer in Cabinet Furniture, Chairs, Mattresses, Looking-Glasses, Picture Frames, and Ready Made Coffins, Hammon's Building, Washington St., Rutland, Vt. [illegible]

JOHNSON & LITTLEFIELD,
Manufacturers, and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Findings, &c., &c., No. 4 Merchant's Row, Rutland, Vt. [illegible]

POND & MORSE,
Wholesale and Retail Druggists, and Dealers in Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Trusses, Shoulder Braces, Morning Fluid and Camphene, in Union Building, Main street, and under the Bakewell House, Washington street, Rutland, Vt. [illegible]

GEO. H. COLE & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Bennington Ironware, Paints, Oils and Stone Ware, Fluid, Lamps, Camphene, and Burning Fluid, No. 1 Merchant's Row, near the Depot, Rutland, Vt. 18-tf

H. T. DORRANCE,
Manufacturer of Harnesses, Saddles, Bridles, Halters, Martingales, &c., &c., No. 2 Park Row, Rutland, Vt. 7-1

H. G. CLARK & BROTHERS,
Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver Ware, Fancy Goods, &c., Pelham's Building, near the Depot, Rutland, Vt. Repairing neatly done at short notice. [illegible]

JOHN COOK,
Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Hats, Caps, Furs, and Ready Made Clothing, No. 1 Depot Block, Rutland, Vt. [illegible]

J. R. BARNES,
Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Straw Bonnets, Fashionable Millinery and Fancy Goods, Union Building, Main street, Rutland, Vt.—Old Bonnets dressed over. [illegible]

BARRETT & SON,
Commission Merchants, and Dealers in Flour, Salt, Iron, Grain, Agricultural Implements, Doors, Sash, Glass, &c., &c., near the Freight Depot, Rutland, Vt. [illegible]

E. A. POND, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon. Office at the New Drug Store under the Bakewell House, Rutland, Vt. 41-tf

J. G. FOSTER,
Dealer in Ready Made Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c., &c., No. 3 Merchants' Row, Rutland, Vt. [illegible]

JOSEPH MAILHIOT,
Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots, Shoes, &c., &c., &c., over C. L. Robinson's Store, Rutland, Vt.—Repairing done at short notice, and all work warranted. [illegible]

J. C. CLEMENT & Co.
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in A. S. Worcester's Patent Straw Cutter, Hydraulic, &c. [illegible]

BOSTON TYPE FOUNDRY.
JOHN K. RODGERS & CO.
No. 4 Spring Lane, Boston,
Types, Presses, Ink, and other Printing Materials.
K. RODGERS. J. K. RODGERS. R. WATSON, JR.

D. B. WORLEY,
Teacher of Music, Whitehall, N. Y. Pianos Tuned and Repaired. Residence 4th door south American Hotel, William street, Whitehall, N. Y. 43-tf

S. G. STALEY, Agent.
Manufacturer and Dealer in Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Ware, and also, exclusive Agent in Rutland County, for the sale of the Stove called "The Tyro Hot," First Door East of Depot Block, Rutland, Vt. 16-tf

LANDON & GRAVES,
Dealers in Furniture, Provisions, Iron, Coal, Nails, Hardware, Powder, and Fuse, near the Depot, Rutland, Vt.

F. MOWBREY,
Daguerreian Artist, Skylight Rooms in the Union Building, Main street, Rutland, Vt. Pictures put up in every variety of Style, with or without Cases, at prices varying from 75 cts. to $12. 18-tf

MARTIN G. EVERTS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office in the Court House, Rutland, Vt. [illegible]

CHARLES L. WILLIAMS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery; also a Commissioner for the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa. Office in the Court House, Rutland, Vt. [illegible]

J. L. STARK, Jr.,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office nearly opposite the Exchange Bank, Bennington, Vt.

N. B. HALL,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office in Coleman's building, Bennington, Vt. [illegible]

REUBEN R. THRALL,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, and Agent for Pensioners, Bounty Land, &c. Office, 2d story Thrift's Block, Rutland, Vt. 3-tf

W. T. NICHOLS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in the Court House, Rutland, Vt.

WARREN H. SMITH,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery; also Pension and Bounty Land Agent for Rutland County and vicinity. Office 2d door north of the Court House, Rutland, Vt. 22-tf

C. CARPENTER,
Dealer in Groceries and Provisions, Butter, Cheese, Fancy Goods, &c.—Main Street, near the Baptist Church, Rutland, Vt. 6

GEORGE GRAVES,
Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, and all kinds of Leather.—West Street, adjoining Washington Hall, Rutland, Vt. 45-tf

C. BURT & SON,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions; Hardware and Cutlery; Boots, Shoes and Rubbers; and all of the approved Patent Medicines of the day; Main St., first door north of Court House, Rutland, Vt. 45-tf

REMOVAL.

BARRETT & SON have removed from the store occupied by them on West street to their

New Brick Warehouse,
opposite the FREIGHT DEPOT.

Patent Medicines.

MOST of the standard Patent Medicines will be found at the store of BARRETT & SON.

F. S. Thom's Remedies kept by Mr. R. L. Spencer will also be found at the same place.

WILLIAM JESSOP & SONS'
Celebrated Cast-Steel,

The subscribers have on hand, and are constantly receiving from their manufactory,

PARK WORKS, SHEFFIELD,

Double Refined Cast Steel—square, flat and octagon. Best warranted Cast Steel—square, flat and octagon. Best German steel, single Shear Steel—warranted.

Blacksmiths' Shear Steel.

Best and 2d qr. Sheet Steel—for saws and other purposes.

German Steel—flat and square. "W. J. & S." "Eagle" and "Crest" stamp.

Genuine Spring Steel. "Tyzack's" Steel.

Best English Blister Steel, &c. &c.

All of which are offered lower on the most favorable terms by

WM. JESSOP & SONS,
91 John st., New York.

Also by their agents—

Carter & Hoyt, 47 Commerce st., Philadelphia.
Alex Fullerton & Co., 133 Milk street, Boston.
Stickney & Scully, Boston Custom House, Boston.
New York, April 15, 1853. 15-1y

TO NORTHERN AND EASTERN MERCHANTS AND MERCHANTS.

BOOKS and STATIONERY
AT WHOLESALE,
HIGGINS & KELLOGG,

Publishers, Booksellers, Stationers, and Importers of every variety of BLANK BOOKS, 50 Main Street, (Opp. Gold) New York, offer a full line, Merchants and Booksellers to examine the prices and qualities of their very large stock of Blank Books, Memorandums and Pass Books, containing every variety ruled. School and Classical Books—every kind used in schools and academies. Library and Miscellaneous Books for Public Institutions, Schools, Pocketbooks and Pocket Friends. Bibles, Prayer and Hymn Books, of great variety of sizes, prices, and styles of binding. Stationery of every variety of Foreign and Domestic manufacture, all of which they can supply on as low terms as any other house in the trade.

N. B.—Fooling and Letter Paper and Envelopes in small packs. 15-1m

Poetry.

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE PAPERS!

BY A. C. WILLIS.

Why don't you take the papers?
They are the "one or two cents!"
Except about twelve cents,
And then I send for pens.

Subscribe, you cannot buy a coat,
Why should you be asked?
For each time paid, it makes one vote,
On interest due. Told paid.

Go then and take the papers,
And pay to-day, or pay delay,
And my word it is believed,
You'll live till you are gray.

An old newsmonger friend of mine,
When dying, from the Jungle,
Desired to hear the latest news,
While he was going off.

I took the paper and I read
Of some new pills in force;
He thought a bee—and he is dead?
No! twenty as a horse.

I know a printer's delicate mare,
Kicked with a smashing power,
Who resolves to pay her bill (let day,
If her disease would leave her.

Next morning she was at her work,
Devoted to her pace;
But did forget to pay her debts
Till taken down again.

"There, Jessie, take those other wheels,
Go pay the printer now!"
She spoke, she slept, and then awoke,
With health upon her brow.

I know two men as much alike,
As e'er you saw two steeples;
And so phrenologist could find
A difference in their people.

One took the papers, and his life
Is happier than a king's,
His children all can read and write,
And talk of men and things.

The other took no papers, and
While swelling himself's mood,
A time fell down upon his crown,
And killed him—"worth good."

Had to been writing of the news
At home the neighbor Jim,
I'll be a cent that accident
Would not have happen'd him.

Why don't you take the papers?
Not from the printer sneak,
Because you better of his boy,
A paper every week.

For he who takes the papers,
And pays his bills when due,
Can live at peace with God and man,
And with the printer too.

The Family Circle.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE BALDERSTONE BABY.

Although I am beginning to be recognised in the various seets of the clan Balderstone as Uncle This, and Grandpa That, and am altogether past having any family concerns of my own, I still feel a good deal of interest in their affairs. The little people manifest a lively sense of anticipatory gratitude for the balls and dolls they expect from me at Christmas; the grown up gentlemen of the tribe consult me about their new partnerships and investments; and I have even had the honor of being taken into the confidence of one or two of the ladies respecting affairs of the heart. The most remarkable event of circumstance in the family history for a considerable time, is my niece Susannah's lost baby, which was, in the first place, something of a prodigy in the very fact of its being a baby at all, seeing that it was born after an interval of fourteen years from its predecessor; and in second, proved a marvel of beauty, amiability, intelligence, and all that a first-class baby is expected to be. For a twelvemonth past, there has not been anything nearly so much talked of, in our various family circles, as this paragon of babies.

Perhaps the whole matter would have passed on much as other such matters do in less distinguished circles, but for the irritation which has arisen. I am sorry to say, through the starting up of a competitory baby in another family. The Corbets are not our relations, but only connexions through some ancient intermarryings. Nevertheless, ever since any of us remember, they were intimately associated with the Balderstones till a few years ago, when at length a dryness took place, in consequence of something which no person on either side could ever explain to the comprehension of any third party, and of which, for my own part, I have not the faintest understanding beyond its being something which all true Balderstones were bound to resent. Well, the Corbets and we were not on good terms. We were civil when we met; but we did not seek to meet. Our mutual friends knew that it was not proper to invite us to the same dinner parties. I believe the gentlemen generally behaved, when they did meet, good-humoredly enough; but the ladies, on their accidentally encountering each other, were distressingly polite. Thus matters went on for several years; and, perhaps, if nothing had occurred to fan the flame of discord, they might have, ere long, been softened, and a reconciliation might have taken place. But I grieve to say, since the birth of a competitory baby in the Corbet family, things have become far worse than they ever were before.

Very unfortunately, the Balderstone baby and the Corbet baby came into this world of jars within a week of each other. When Mrs. James Corbet was announced by the newspapers, in their usual intelligent manner, as "of a daughter," three days after Susannah Balderstone had proclaimed that a male child was born to her, it seemed as if a gauntlet had been thrown down by the Corbets to the Balderstones, which the latter must take up. We were not at first much excited, for we felt a secret superiority in the sex of our baby. But very few weeks had elapsed ere our jealous feelings were fully aroused.—Although no Corbet craft ever entered the port of a Balderstone, any more than any Balderstone bark took harbor with a Corbet, there were a few neutral vessels, in the form of old ladies, which kept continually passing and repassing between the two contending powers. By these gentlewomen there were given such minute and ample accounts of the two babies to the respective parties, that the feeling of rivalry could not have been more excited though the infants had been brought into one place, and fairly posed against each other. I do not know exactly how it may have been with the Corbets, but I must in candor confess that, within six months, there was hardly a Balderstone who would have felt sorry if Providence had been pleased to remand the infant Corbet out of this unfortunate world.

It began with reports of the bulk of the Corbet baby. Ours was not a big child—a circumstance which in itself we felt tobe of no account, perhaps rather to be rejoiced in. But when we were told that the little Corbet was of extraordinary size and strength, we began to feel uncomfortable. The first sting was implanted, and we never afterwards could be said to be at ease.—Of course, we did not own to any sense of the Corbet baby having an advantage in this respect, but tried to make head against it by reference to the greater liveliness of our child, and a few general allusions to the proverbial smallness of all highly precious things. But still we could have wished that the tangible instead of the abstract superiority had been on our side. Before the twelvemonth was out, we experienced a partial and temporary relief from the humiliation, by our little fellow getting upon his feet, and toddling from chair to chair in the parlor, while no report of similar feats came from the Corbet camp. Here, we all felt, was a decided proof of the advantage which an infant had in not being of anything like a monstrous size or weight. The Corbet baby will not walk for months to come, and when it does, its body being too heavy for its limbs, it will become deformed. Where will the boast of the Corbets be then? Here, on the other hand, is a baby of a moderate, natural size, and, behold, such is its strength and spirit, it walks fully three months before the average time, and is in no danger of bending its limbs! The Balderstone baby is the baby after all.—Let the reader imagine our mortification—though at first softened by a little incredulity—on our being informed a fortnight after, that little Georgiana Corbet had suddenly taken to running about, and seemed even more decidedly at ease in her new circumstances than our darling Tosy Mosy!

All through the latter part of this first twelvemonth, there had been sundry skirmishings about the dentition of the respective infants. It never could be clearly ascertained which had the first tooth. I always felt that our pretensions to the honor rested on less substantial proof than was to be desired.—There had been a carelessness on our nurse's part in observing the fact.—When first discovered, the tooth appeared as if it had been out for at least a couple of days. Meanwhile the corresponding fact in regard to the Corbet infant had been announced to the whole sandheddim of aunts and grandmammas concerned in that case, and much had been the crowing thereupon. Notwithstanding resolutions of better care in future, and a guerdon of half a crown held out by Grandmamma Balderstone for early intelligence, the child's teeth would slip into existence in this insidious manner—it happened several times and thus we were baulked of several triumphs on which we had every reason to calculate. The utmost we could do was to boast of the fact, as a sign of the health and vigor of our baby; while, on the other hand, there was no wonder that the cutting of the Corbet infant's teeth was in all cases observed to an hour, seeing that the little creature had so much affliction in that branch of her organization. On the whole, we got through the teething with a fair degree of credit.

The tug of war, while these merely physical developements were going on, was, though keen, nothing compared to what it became when the intelligence and morale of the two children began to appear. We were quite taken by surprise when a neutral friend, calling upon us one day, mentioned that the Corbet infant already could distinguish every one of the family when the name was mentioned, and had even, on one or two occasions, let fall the words papa and mama, although it could not yet be induced to pronounce them at command. It seemed as if the rival family had stolen a march upon us.—We took all the blame, however, upon ourselves, for we felt convinced that our baby would have been distinguishing faces, and addressing papa and mama, too, if we had only taken pains to instruct him. A vigorous educational effort was therefore resolved upon. Long, however, before any decided consequences had been observed, the same officious friend having paid another visit to the Corbets, reported that one day, when nobody was thinking of it, little Georgiana, being tormented by one of her sisters, broke out with the phrase, "Don't tiddle me," to the astonishment of those who heard it, and the incredulity of those who did not. The thing was talked of in the house as a kind of nursery myth; but it was evident that some faith was placed in it, especially as all were convinced that the child was one of singularly precocious intellect. We begged to side with those who took the mythic view of the alleged incident, and yet it gave us a secret qualm of alarm as to our baby. We were speedily relieved in some degree by learning that our precious babe had began to cry "ma-ma" when anything was given him, as meaning to be an acknowledgment of the favor. And he had, also, when papa was spoken of one day, amazed everybody, by pointing to papa's portrait on the wall, (papa himself being absent.) These were respectable substitutes, affording good grounds of hope, and we did not doubt that he would even, at least, eventuate the Corbet baby.

Unfortunately for us, for every new trait of sense in our child—and they were capital traits in themselves—there was sure to be a report of fresh accomplishment from the Corbet offshoots, and these were always of a character somewhat ahead of our contemporaneous gifts in the Balderstone prodigy. Thus by the time that our babe could point to a portrait, and make a significant reference to its original, the little Corbet could ask for "more tea." By the time that sons demanded more tea, the Corbet babe had attained an art of holding up her little finger and shaking her hand, in burlesque of her nurse, that set the whole family into convulsions of laughter. When, at length, by great pains, our nurse had trained the darling Tosy Mosy to mimic some little trait of one or two of his sisters, just then, in the midst of the general delight, we heard of little Corbet crowing like a cock, barking like a dog, saying "whick-chick" at the mention of a horse, and imitating the mew of the cat in a way quite revolting to all hearers. We thought we had got a great start, when our dear babe came down stairs one morning with a totally new and original jew d'esprit. "How much do you love me, Tosy? said the maid. By way of answer, he flung his little arms wide open implying that he loved her as much as all that. "And how much do you love little Tommy T———?" alluding to a neighbor's child who had looked cross at him one day, when their maids walked out together. The dear child held out her hand, and indicated the space of about an inch with his finger and thumb. A most comical little trick we all thought it, and far beyond anything as yet communicated respecting the scion of the house of Corbet. But in the very crisis of our enjoyment, in came one of those pestilent neutral ships, bringing news of little Corbet having already eaten her way to P in a cake of alphabetical gingerbread, being understood to have mastered all the preceding letters. It was truly provoking; and I am afraid that my good friend Susannah had some difficulty in maintaining the rules of civility towards our informant during the remainder of her visit.

So it has been ever since with those two babies, the one always keeping a little in advance of the other—I will not say to the discomfiture, but I must admit, to the decided irritation of the Balderstone family, whose wrath is not a little enhanced by what they hear, from time to time, of the exultant feelings of the Corbets. It being sincere conviction, that there never was a finer child than little Tosy Mosy, we are all of us a good deal perplexed by those alleged traits of superiority in the Corbet, which appear somewhat to mar the theory; but one of our young gentlemen, who attends a philosophical institution, has at length hit upon an idea, which seems to bring all into harmony. Girls, he remarks, have a certain sharpness which does not belong to boys, and which comes out before the more solid powers of the intellect. They are, therefore, apt to seem clever at first; but after a few years this goes off, and the male superiority is asserted. I cannot say that the mamas, sisters and aunts of our baby have shown so much readiness to embrace the explanation as the gentleman; still it has met with a certain acceptance from all, and for the present we rest in hope that it will be verified by time, to the utter routing of all the boasts and taunts launched against us by the house of Corbet.

Thus matters at present stand between the rival houses and their respective babies. If any new facts worth noting shall emerge, I will endeavor to record them.

From the London Leader.

PRINCE ALBERT'S POSITION.

From the fate of being pronounced *bourgeois* and vulgar, the English throne was saved by Prince Albert. Perhaps he has not quite succeeded in impressing our public men with the full conception of the *bloque* of the Bermondsey (narrow, insular) policy; but it is evident that he has done much good, and that he has aimed at performing, more gracefully, the *role* of William of Orange—the *role* in which Leopold of Coburg undertooked to anticipate his nephew. It is said very frequently in society, "What admirable tact is shown by Prince Albert in not meddling in politics!" That is the remark of Englishmen; for when they think of politics, they think of the corn-laws, income-tax, the cabinet, and the enfranchisement of Peddlington. Prince Albert, like William the Third, thinks that Englishmen are fully equal to tax Bermondsey; and he does not take any interest in, and does not interfere in, the arrangements which are made by a Mr. Walpole or a Sir William Molesworth, with regard to militia franchises, and lots of Ann Hickses. In these respects we do not want the statesmanship of his Royal Highness, and we should have quarrelled with him had he not let us govern ourselves, through the means of the governing classes, in our own way. But we did want the influence of a clever, widely-informed, sympathetic, friendly, but not exclusively British mind, in regard to what is called "foreign affairs;" and that influence has been exercised, no doubt with excellent effects, by the Prince Consort. Excluded, no doubt, indirectly, but not less completely. We are suggesting no impertinence, and nothing unconstitutional, in pointing out that fact. That her Majesty is good enough to take an interest in what the governing classes do for us, in other parts of Europe, was proved to our national gratification, on the occasion of the quarrel between those distinguished statesmen, Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, when it was unexpectedly mentioned in the House of Commons by the former personage, that his Queen made a rule to see every despatch of the Foreign Secretary before it could be forwarded to its destination. And the happiness of her Majesty's married life is so delightfully patent—her example in being happy is, indeed, so repeatedly urged on her subjects—that it would be affectation to express a doubt but that his Royal Highness's counsel is often sought, and often adopted. Let us, at least, hope and be grateful, that it is so. Let us only imagine what might have been the intensity of the Bermondsey policy at the time when the Earl of Granville, an indolently nice and personally pleasing young man, was promoted from the Mastership of the Buckhounds, to the direction of the power of Great Britain at the Foreign Office. Nonentinds, indeed, the appointment of that amiable, but not astonishing, nobleman, was only excused by the governing classes—though it was admitted that he spoke very good French—on the ground that he was a friend of the Prince Consort's in his confidence, having been his chief ally, and instrument in the direction of the Great Exhibition and that, consequently, his Royal Highness would protect us from the possible errors of the inexperienced but well intentioned son of that "talented" diplomatist, and obsequious ambassador, the first Earl of Granville, G. C. B.

Prince Albert has not only the advantage of being a foreign gentleman engaged in life as an English politician, but he has the personal advantage of having a policy. King Leopold may have instituted this policy, but the head of the family, and the leader in that policy, is unquestionably his Royal Highness. This chieftainship his Royal Highness owes, in the first place, to his position in this country, but in the next place to his intellect—one of the most accomplished, the most refined and the most candid of the age. This policy is called the Coburg policy. It is always called so; very fortunately for the Coburg Princess, so far as England is interested; for to the enlightened English mind and phrase—"The Coburg policy"—conveys a pleasingly safe, because indefinite idea. The Coburgs are an extraordinary family; you cannot trace them forty years back as prominent historical personages, yet in 1853 they are the most powerful family in Europe. A Coburg married the heiress to the English throne, and when she died, another Coburg married the actual English Queen. A Coburg married the Queen of Portugal; a Coburg only narrowly missed—Louis Philippe was a very clever man—the Spanish Queen; a Coburg was, the other day, ready for that throne of Greece [which a Coburg once declined], if the Bavarian had disappeared; a Coburg has the throne of Belgium, and as King of Belgium, has had great power in England and France—in England, because he was the uncle of the Queen; in France, because he was son-in-law of the King; a Coburg—the son of the King Leopold—has just married an Austrian Archduchess. France being lost, King Leopold seeks German alliances. It is a Coburg plan that the future Queen of Prussia shall be a Princess Royal of England, and it is as certain, as things human can be, that daughters of Prince Albert will be sovereign ladies, in great abundance, on German thrones, great and small. Hence a family "solidarity," great now, increasing with every year, an obvious dynastic policy. At any rate, obvious fullness of knowledge on the part of Prince Albert of all the court movements of Europe, obvious extensive sympathies, obvious breadth of view; and the value of Prince Albert as a directing statesman in Great Britain, is, consequently, incalculable. This paper is written to put his position and his services in the point of view in which we may comprehend him, and be grateful to him.

This power for good, and the influence which he possesses, were not obtained in a day, and merely because of his station; he progressed by degrees, and he succeeded because he proved ability. Ten years ago, he was not a man to excite much respectful deference among the men of our governing classes; to-day he is stronger than any of them—stronger in position—stronger in popularity. Prince Albert is probably the most popular man in this country; and it is a fact all the more remarkable that the popularity has been obtained by his discovery that the English, who firmly believed that they were long ago an enlightened nation, are barbarians in art, and in all the more delicate cultures of civilization. As a foreigner, he is enabled to detect and to counteract the Bermondsey policy; as a foreigner, in the same way he could see the coarseness, and the vulgarity, and the insularity, of our art manufactures. What tact, what consummate cleverness, must he have displayed while engaged—and he has been some years at it—in convincing us that we were uncouth and ignorant. Clearly, he thinks that though he cannot gratify that passion for power incidental to his birth, and station, and character of mind, in controlling Sir William Molesworth in Bermondsey, or Mr. James Wilson at the Treasury, there is consolation and compensation in the creation of a Ministry of Public Instruction—the office which he officiously holds, and holds with honor. He is revolutionising our art manufacturers; he is teaching a clumsy people to love grace as well as strength; to admire symmetry as well as power; and he is revolutionizing the darkened popular mind without giving offence—nay, at the same time becoming the most popular man in England!

A late traveller in Turkey thus describes some of the peculiarities in the manners and customs of the Turks.

"They either the hat; but uncovering the head, which with us is an expression of respect, is considered by them dire sacrilege and indecent; no offence is given by keeping on a hat in a mosque, but shoes must be left at the threshold; the slipper and not the turban is removed in token of respect.—The Turks turn in their toes; they wave from right to left; they mount on the right side of a horse; they follow their guests into a room, and precede them on leaving it; the left hand is the place of honor; they do the honors of the table by serving themselves first; they are great smokers and coffee-drinkers; they take the wall and walk unstilts to token of respect; they harbor by throwing the hand backwards instead of throwing it towards them; they cut the hair from the head; they remove it from the body but leave it on the chin; they sleep in their clothes; they look upon beheading as a more disgraceful punishment than strangling; they down our shoes and show disrespect, our shoes close a mark of affectionary and servitude.

"Father," said an anxious sister, about the size of a peppercorn, "I can do without shoes, but I am suffering for a bonnet pie."

GETTING AHEAD OF A MONARCH.

A friend of ours from across the waters, related to us the following anecdote, as an actual occurrence in colonial climes. It possesses a depth of thought and freshness of wit, too good to be lost.

A priest learned in the lore of ancient and modern literature, had opened room for public instruction, and signed himself upon his door, "Professor of Universal Knowledge."

The King, in passing one day, observed the notice, and walking in, inquired what was meant by Universal Knowledge. The priest answered of course—it was the knowledge of all things possible. This answer not exactly suiting the King, he resolved to test the capabilities of the Professor.

"If," says he, "You profess Universal Knowledge then you will be able to answer three questions, which I shall propose to you. They are as follows, and you must answer them by to-morrow at this time, or your head will be struck from your shoulders. First, tell me how many baskets of earth there is in yonder mountain. Secondly, inform me how much the King is worth.—Thirdly, tell me exactly what the King is thinking about at the time."

This was a different turn of affairs from what the Professor expected, and he was sorely perplexed. He went at once to his study, resolved to do his utmost to comply with such an unheard of and to him unreasonable request.—Books were snatched from their shelves; manuscripts were carefully examined; calculations made, and all his available means put in requisition to solve those questions, on which depended his life. So few hours to accomplish so much—death the price of failure, together with a desire to establish his reputation, all wrought upon his physical frame to such a degree that he was soon in a fever of excitement.

He had almost buried himself in the books; scraps of paper with figures and signs covered his table, and lay scattered on the floor, yet the result was unattained. Still more intense grew the excitement as he thought, figured and read, while the perspiration stood in large drops upon his forehead, and rolled down his face. He was verging towards despair—his whole system trembled with nervous agitation, when his servant entered the room, and alarmed at the wild and excited look of his master, eagerly inquired the cause.—Hurriedly he related what had happened—the strange questions, the fearful penalty. Instead, however, of partaking of his master's emotion, the servant very coolly replied:

"Is that all the trouble? Leave the matter to me—I'll answer for you."

After some conversation it was proposed by the servant to adopt his master's habit, and meet the king at the appointed hour. The offer was readily acceded to by the priest, who, to speak the truth, thought more of his own head than his servant's, just at this moment. Disguised as the professor, the servant met the king, and told him he was ready to answer his questions.

"Tell me, then," said the King, "how many baskets of earth are in yonder mountain."

"That depends, your majesty upon circumstances."

"What circumstances."

"The size of the baskets. If one is as large as the mountain, one will contain it. If half as large, two; if one fourth, four, &c."

The King was so much amused at the reply, that he expressed himself satisfied and proceeded to the second question.

"Tell me how much the King is worth?"

"Well, your Majesty, Jesus Christ was sold for *thirty* pieces of silver, and He was the king of heaven and earth; so I conclude you are worth about *one* piece."

To this answer the King could not object, and he was nevertheless so pleased with the wit displayed, that he said,

"Very well, sir; but can you answer my last question, and tell me of what I am now thinking."

"Most certainly, your Majesty. You are now thinking that you are talking with the Priest Professor, whereas it is only his servant."

It is unnecessary to add that both heads were safely upon their shoulders, and both received rich tokens of kingly favor.

SOLEMN HUMBUG.

Mr. Barnum, of New York, would do many things, but we will venture to say that even he, with all his practical intellect, would have shrunk from chaperoning the Winking Madonna, or taking charge of the bleeding picture of which we heard so much the year before last. Well, the Roman Catholic Clergy took charge of all