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Ephraim Maxham

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The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper.....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts and General Intelligence.

VOL. II.....NO 38.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, APR. 12, 1849.

BY BPH. MAXHAM.

The Mail is published on Thursday Morning, in
WINGATE'S BUILDING,
Main Street, opposite W. C. Dow & Co's. Store,
AT \$1.50 A YEAR.

POETRY.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

THE WISH.

BY LILY LAKEWOOD.

On this bright earth no spirit dwells
With every wish fulfilled;
Nor can there, while by Angel hands
Our beating hearts are thrilled.
Kind Heaven may shower her gifts profuse,
And Fortune scatter round,
But still, within earth's circled sphere
Some craving hearts are found.
Where elegance and beauty reigned,
Where Art and Nature vied
To render all things beautiful,
Even there the spirit sighed.
A youthful maid, with naught of care
Upon her bright young brow,
In earnest accents asked one gift,
To make her happy now.
O! I have wealth and friends and love,
To make my young heart glad;
But, in the midst of clustering joys,
My spirit will be sad.
One gift it asks, one cherished wish
Remains to be fulfilled—
That by my spirit's eloquence
Some other hearts be thrilled."

Miscellany.

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

BY S. M. HUMPHREY.

"How provoking!" cried the gay and beautiful Emily Howard, as she thrice a letter she had been reading; "only think, to be bored for a whole fortnight, by a vulgar country cousin, and that too, during the gay season. O dear! O dear! I want will the Wiltons think? But there it is, I must write her to come, for father has given a pressing invitation, of course never once thinking she would accept."

And she seized her pen and wrote a pretty note, and hastening to the bearer, who was awaiting an answer in an adjoining room, with a face wreathed in smiles she presented it. But alas! not one syllable her vehement soliloquy had escaped the gentleman, and he being a friend of the family by whom he had been commissioned to deliver the message, on his return, related the whole affair to Louisa Dalton—the country cousin.

On being left alone, the astonished girl burst into tears—tears of disappointment, indignation and mortified pride. But she soon recovered herself, and wiping her eyes, seemed lost in thought, when suddenly a merry laugh burst forth, and she roguishly said—

"Ay, that will be fine; at all events I'll make the most of my visit, and the foolish, deceitful Emily Howard shall find that her country cousin, in point of vulgarity, is quite up to her imagination. I am sure, it is but fair that she should be punished, and as to her opinion or that of her associates, it matters but little to me. True, it will be a difficult part to play, but I trust much to my powers of imitation in carrying out my plan, which, fortunately, according to the science of phrenology, are uncommonly developed."

Could Emily Howard at this time have looked in upon her expected guest, she would have dismissed all fears of being disgraced by her, as even she—the admired city belle, in point of beauty and accomplishments, could not rival her. She was gracefully reclining on a luxurious lounge, in a rich and tasteful apartment. The light of the departing sun was streaming through the window, and the damask curtains reflected a deeper hue to the rose tint on her cheek. Though the traces of tears were still visible, a sunny smile played around her lips of Madonna beauty, and every feature seemed radiant with the sweet light of warm affection and young hope. O! joyous, happy season, a season, when life with its varied charms opens to the young maiden, when only rainbow hues; when on the sunny landscape she sees no dark spot, no eclipse.

The father of Louisa, having acquired a competency, and being fond of rural life, while she was still a mere child, had chosen a lovely sequestered retreat. Here, amidst nature's sweet admixture of flowers and shady groves, with a fond father and tender mother, she had passed her happy childhood, and here, she had numbered her eighteenth year. She was possessed of fine natural talents, and under the guidance of her accomplished mother, had made a great proficiency in both the solid and ornamental branches. Although she had traveled much with her parents, and for one of her years had seen much of the gay world, though admiring eyes had gazed on her, and flattery's seductive voice had breathed in her ear, she still retained that sweet simplicity and love of nature which ever springs from a pure heart.

Mr. Charles Howard, her mother's brother, resided in a distant city, but, owing to a slight misunderstanding between himself and Mr. Dalton, (the nature of which will not at all interest my readers,) the families had never been on terms of intimacy, and until within a few months had not visited, when Mr. Howard, in compliance with his sister's earnest request, had spent a few days with them at their delightful home. He had ever fondly loved his sister, and the attachment was warmly returned by her, so that a satisfactory explanation of the misunderstanding which had occasioned the breach was highly gratifying to both, and they only regretted that reconciliation had been so long postponed. Mr. Howard was delighted with the genius, beauty and accomplishments of Louisa, and could not forbear contrasting the graceful modesty of her manner with the lofty bearing and haughty affectation of his own beloved child; and when he had urged an acceptance of his invitation, it had been with a hope of benefiting her, not less than with a desire for the congenial society of his interesting niece. He was aware that his daughter, having seen only rustic beauties, had imbibed a foolish, but strong prejudice against those whose lot was cast without the pale of a populous city, and he forebore making any comments upon their expected guest, as he wished to witness the surprise of Emily, when she should discover the superiority of her country cousin.

At a very mention of the visit, the faint countenance of Emily betrayed to him how

unwelcome it was, and he well knew that she was bitterly anticipating many a humiliating mortification and trying position, to which her visitor must expose her. She dared not complain to her father, for she understood his views too well to expect sympathy; and she also knew that he would require of her, every possible attention to her cousin.

The expected day at length arrived, and with a sickening heart, Emily, for the first time in her life, betook a stage coach stop before her father's mansion. As she had a great aversion to such vehicles, she could restrain herself no longer, and forgetting all fears of her father's displeasure, with a scornful manner and a distressed tone, she exclaimed—

"A dusty stage coach! oh! papa, how could you doom me to such annoyances, and all, for the sake of a miserable country girl? What on earth will the Wiltons say?"

The color mounted to the temples of Mr. Howard, and Emily's cheek flushed beneath the harshest look of reproval which she had ever seen on his usually benevolent face. As she reluctantly rose to receive her guest, he coldly said—

"Emily, don't trouble yourself; I will do the civilities, as I cannot bear to see my daughter welcoming with honeyed words and a smile on her lip, one, who in her heart she despises, thus acting the double part of falsehood and hypocrisy."

"She has not come, after all," said Mr. Howard, as the stage door was thrown open; but instantly he recognized her lovely features, shaded by a large bonnet. As he assisted her in alighting, he could scarce repress an expression of surprise at her grotesque appearance, while she ingenuously said—

"I am glad to see you, dear uncle, but no doubt you are surprised at my traveling equipage. Do not remove my baggage, as, perhaps, you will not approve of the assumed character which circumstances compel me to act, if I remain with you."

"She then explained all in regard to the letter, and what had been overheard by the bearer, and closed by saying, that, since she had sent compliments, she had thought best to come; but if such a part as she proposed to act would be in the least unpleasant to him, she would unhesitatingly depart."

During all this time, poor Emily was peeping from the window above, and as she witnessed the dismounting, the removal of baggage, &c., her appearance was quite as laughable as that of her cousin, and her remarks much more so.

"O horrible!" she exclaimed, raising both hands, and looking as if she scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry, as Louisa first made her appearance, "what a large bonnet! and as to her outside dress, I really believe it is her old father's big farmer coat. Well, well, papa need not have feared smiling lips and honeyed words from me; for hypocrite as he thinks me, I could not have assumed them, but she should have laughed in spite of myself, in her face, which, of course, is as big and homely as my bonnet. The provoking creature! what assurance! do see her lean on my arm! and the baggage is, I am sure, precisely like that of the fat Irish woman, who always come to service in a stage coach, with just such an old bandbox, tied up in a rag; only she has got a rusty umbrella. I suppose she thought mabby her cousin Emily had none, and this would be just the thing to kick us both in our rainy walks. 'Tis too bad, too bad," and tears began to flow.

At this moment, Sir Edward Walton—the son of a wealthy marquis, who was visiting at Mr. Wilton's—was announced, and hastily drying her tears, and arranging her becoming dress with studied negligence, she proceeded to the drawing room where he was awaiting her. A look of undisguised admiration from him rewarded her trouble, and forgetting all her anxieties in regard to her country cousin, she was soon rapturously listening to his glowing and refined conversation.

In the meantime, Louisa had been busily engaged in decorating, or rather disfiguring herself for the purpose of her plan. Her beautiful brown hair had been tightly drawn back from her forehead, and its luxuriant tresses confined with an immense tortoise shell comb; directly across her fair brow, was bound a row of short, stiff, artificial curls, secured by a black fillet, which was tied back of the ear with a bright pink bow. Her dress, which in no way fitted her elegant form, was of calico, gaily striped with red and green; the waist encircled by a red sash, fastened by an old fashioned brass belt-buckle. To complete the arrangements, a pair of mits encased her delicate hands, and green shoes sat loosely on her feet.

While Sir Edward and Emily were still enjoying their charming tete-a-tete, the door was thrown open, and the glowing country lassie stood courtesying before them. Emily was so shocked she was unable to rise; but not at all discomfited, Miss Louisa approached, and throwing her arms about her neck, impressed a smack upon her cheek which rebounded through the room like the bursting of a bottle of beer; and without taking breath she exclaimed—

"I told you I'd come, dear cousin Emily, and I meant to. Ever since my uncle Charles was at our house, I've been waiting to. He told me all about you, but he never so much as told me you had a brother, advancing to Sir Edward with extended hand, saying in an undertone, 'well, so much the better.'"

Poor Emily vainly essayed to speak, and Sir Edward, noting her embarrassment, with assumed gravity, while he took the extended hand, informed her of her mistake.

"O, pardon me," she replied, starting back; and then eyeing them both in the face, she said, "but you look as near alike as two peas, only Miss Emily is so pale!" and marching across the room with the air of one perfectly at home, and fixing her eyes on a rich, velvet-covered easy-chair, she said, "what an elegant chair; but I suppose you've no objections to my sitting in it, now I've got my best gown."

And so comfortable too! she continued as she threw herself into it; and placing her hands on her knees, with her mouth half open, she stared about the room and freely expressed her admiration of its embellished beauties, declaring it was unlike anything she had ever dreamed of. At length, as if recollecting herself, she started up, and said—

"But, come, Emily, where is the priming your father told me about? I'd like to see such a wonderful thing, that speaks music right out, and familiarly raising her hand, she continued, 'come, don't be so stupid; you know

you have got to show me everything new and that will be no small task, for everything in a city is new to us country folks. I suppose I shall be asked to plenty of frolics, candy-scraps, and quiltings, and all that sort of a thing, and I've brought lots of pretty clothes to wear. I know you will be quite proud of me, and as to the beaux, why, up where I live, they think I am—but there, I won't brag—you'll see what I can do."

At this juncture, Sir Edward, whose generosity would not allow of his torturing Miss Emily, bade them "good morning," and withdrew, though it must be admitted, he had enjoyed the simplicity of the little rustic.

"What a pity!" he said to himself as he turned away, "that such a pretty little creature, (for despite of her disguises she was beautiful) with eyes soft as the dove's, and teeth of pearls, half concealed by such sweet lips, and a complexion whose purity might excite the envy of even the beautiful Emily Howard, what a pity that she is so ignorant, and so singularly devoid of taste in her personal adornments! And her voice! despite the coarse things it uttered, its musical sweetness thrilled my heart! Well it is for her that she is under the protection of an influential man as Mr. Howard; for in this vile city, possessed of such fresh beauty, connected with such ignorance of the ways of the world, it were next to impossible that she should escape unharmed from the seductive wiles of some one of those monsters, who are ever on the alert to lure from virtue's path the young and innocent."

"This is only the commencement," sighed the discomfited Emily, as she pressed her pillow after the first day of embarrassments and mortifications had passed, "and I know not where it will end; I anticipated full enough, but her veridical far, far exceeds it all. It will ruin me, I am sure it will, and something must be done. To-morrow I will reason with her; she is quite pretty—very pretty—and, I can only induce her to lay aside that gigantic comb, and those odious curls, and do her hair in something of style; and then, with a little altering, one of my dresses might fit her nicely; and the mits and shoes certainly must be disposed of, and then, I am sure she will appear quite like a lady—no, not a lady, but quite decent, I mean. But her foolish palaver, that is worse than all; what can I do? and the poor girl, finding there was so much to be done, despairingly sobbed herself to sleep."

The following morning she was awakened to her troubles by Louisa, who, without ceremony entered her sleeping apartment, exclaiming—

"Heigho! asleep yet? what say for a walk? Emily would have shaken her off, and resumed her slumbers, had not the thought occurred to her that in a walk at such an hour, she would not be likely to encounter any of her fashionable friends; and hastily rising, she was soon equipped."

Choosing a retired, but pleasant avenue, she was carefully proceeding along, when her attention was arrested by a gentleman, whose elegant figure she could not mistake. It was no other than Sir Edward Walton, the very one whom, above all others, she dreaded; and drawing her veil closely over her face, she would have proceeded without noticing him, had not Louisa cried out—

"Not so fast, Emily! here is the very same young fellow who was at your house yesterday; he is walking all alone, and he looks wishful, as if he wanted to go with us. Here, Mr. Walton, what is your name, we are taking a walk too, and as you are going the same way, why not go with us?"

"With pleasure," replied Sir Edward, biting his lips, "I never refuse the escort of ladies."

"How very pretty," said Louisa, and he smilingly extended his jewelled hand, their eyes met.

But, notwithstanding the part she was playing, she was extremely modest, and her eyes fell, whilst a modest blush overspread her cheek, which was beautiful in the eyes of Sir Edward, although he could not explain such susceptibility, from one who would hail a stranger, and ask him to walk with her. At all events, thought he, such mingling of simplicity and modesty is rare, and therefore interesting, and just for novelty's sake, he resolved to pursue her acquaintance, and try to draw her out.

In vain he sought to engage Miss Howard in conversation; she was so pained and embarrassed, she could reply only monosyllables, but the light-hearted Louisa chatted on right merrily, apparently entirely unconscious of the trouble she was giving her companion.

As they advanced into open space, Sir Edward passionately called the attention of the ladies to the rising orb of day, tinged with rich golden hues the eastern horizon.

"'Tis very pretty," faintly replied Emily, while Louisa, warmed into forgetfulness by her passionate love of the sublime, warmly reiterated—

"Pretty! how tame the expression! it is sublimely beautiful! Look again, dear Emily, what work of art can equal nature's sweet adornings! how rich, how glorious are the varied hues and shades! For a moment she gazed, lost in admiration, while Sir Edward viewed with surprise, and an interest amounting almost to tenderness, her intellectual face, beaming with the poetic enthusiasm of her feelings. As she turned her soul-lit eyes upon him, his tender gaze recalled her senses, and again her eyes fell, and a deep blush overspread her cheeks."

Emily was no less surprised than Sir Edward, and pleased that she had made a favorable impression on his mind (which she could not help feeling, though she believed it momentary) she had resolved to let pride alone, love her for what she was, and independently brave public opinion. But alas! pride had gained too strong a hold upon her heart; and during the reception of the morning callers, she found herself so much annoyed as upon the previous day.

Immediately after dinner, she took the arm of Louisa, and drawing her away, said—

"Come, let us go to the dressing room and prepare for evening."

"You don't mean for me to prepare," said Louisa, eyeing herself with a look of satisfaction. "I have got on my best, and I am sure I look pretty;" and she placed herself before the mirror—"did you see that young fellow, that walked with us, stare at me? I know he was pleased."

"I have no sort of objections to attracting attention," replied Louisa drily.

"Well, then, to please me, will you not allow the dressing maid to fix your hair a little more like mine?" implored Emily.

"Just as you please, but then, if it should not be becoming, it must be refitted, and all that trouble will have been for nothing."

"Never mind the trouble, and I will know you will be satisfied."

As the maid removed the comb, and unbound her shining tresses, Emily gazed in astonishment, ever and anon exclaiming—

"What a pity to confine such splendid hair! Only look, Celia, did you ever see anything one half so beautiful? And beautiful indeed did she look to the delighted Emily, when its arrangement was tastefully completed."

"And now," said Emily, "you look sweetly, and with an air of condescension, she for the first time kissed her, adding, 'I shall be quite proud of you'; and then, as if a new idea had occurred to her although in reality she had been pondering it all the morning, she exclaimed, 'oh, Celia! if we could only dress alike, and indeed we can, for there are my two blue dresses, exactly alike, only one is silk and the other cashmere. Go bring them immediately. 'Tis quite a romantic idea."

As Celia departed, Louisa, who had been twisting her head before the mirror, turned and in a dissatisfied voice said—

"What a bother Celia has made of my hair! I did not like to say it to her, for she took such pains; but I've no notion of wearing it not!"

In vain Emily expostulated; with provoking gravity, and quite a show of impatience, she gathered it up in its former style, mounted her big comb and artificial curls, and arranged the fillet and bow.

"There now," said she, "don't you think it looks better, and far more becoming?"

"I am sure it does not," scornfully replied Emily, while tears of vexation filled her eyes. "It is ridiculous in the extreme, nothing like style at all!"

"Who cares for style!" said Louisa, contemptuously, "nobody, but city folks, who cover their faces with hair till they look like monkeys, cram up their feet, squeeze their inside out, tie a hump of cotton wool on their backs, and then because it's fashionable, think they look first rate, and really despise a lady from the country, who has sufficient independence to wear what best becomes her, without regard to fashions."

Convinced how vain her attempts at modernizing were, Emily cast an angry look at her, and left the room, shutting the door violently.

"I do believe, dear uncle," said Louisa, as she encountered him in the garden, "that Emily is sufficiently punished. She is really very unhappy at my obstinacy, and my heart aches with pity, even while I torment her. I have forgiven her a thousand times for the few tears her thoughtless remarks occasioned me."

"I appreciate the generosity of your motives," replied her uncle, "but this fault has gained too strong a hold upon Emily, to be easily overcome."

If I can but reclaim her from the influence of those silly Wiltons, I shall be satisfied. I know it is painful to you as to me, but if you will bear a little longer, she must come to her senses."

In half an hour after this conversation, Mr. Howard, Emily and Louisa were started on a shopping expedition; and Emily fully determined to recognize none of her fashionable friends, if so unfortunate as to meet them; her position was very much like that of a young child, who sometimes shuts his eyes, thinking by so doing he screens himself from observation.

"O, papa!" cried she earnestly, as they stopped before a spacious and elegant store, "this is no place for us."

"And why not, my daughter? Have I not often heard you say you preferred it to any in the city—that Mr. Courtland and the clerks were gentleman like and accommodating—and do you not generally trade here?"

The fact was, Mr. Courtland who was indeed a finished gentleman, had been charmed with the beauty of Emily, not less than with her well filled purse, and always foremost in welcoming her, had delicately bestowed on her many of those flattering attentions, so pleasing to the heart of woman.

As the party entered, Emily slunk behind her father; but Louisa pulled her by the sleeve saying—

"Only look, dear cousin Emily! what lots of pretty things! Not much like the stores up where I live. I can tell you why, there they have pork, cheese, corn, molasses, and cod-fish, besides their calicoes, tapes, needles, and what not; don't they uncle Charles? But this is a much prettier way, all calicoes and furbelows. What an elegant lamp! well, I never! and she closely inspected the chandelier—"why, it's really worth twenty-five cents to come here, if it's only to look at the pretty things!"

"Good evening, Miss Howard," said Mr. Courtland, bowing politely, and affecting not to note her embarrassment; "are there any goods I can show you this evening?"

"No, she don't want any," replied Louisa, stepping forward, "but I'd like to buy a new gown."

The remarks of a country rustic were not entirely new to the dealer, and experience had taught self-command; so without changing countenance, though he secretly wondered that the fashionable Emily Howard should have so vulgar a relation, he courteously asked—

"What shall I show you, madam? silks, de-lains—"

"Calico, first-rate, handsome calico," interrupted Louisa.

"I would like to look at your nice prints," chimed in the affected voice of a fashionably attired young lady, languishingly seating herself on a stool by the side of Louisa, and unglowing her delicate hand.

The prints were produced with the usual commendation of shop-keepers, such as new styles, elegant patterns, &c., addressed alternately to the two inspectors.

"Prints! prints!" said Louisa; "I asked for calico."

"This is the article, madam," gravely replied Mr. Courtland.

"Well, that's a funny name for calico; why these are not half lively enough; why they look just like my old faded wash gown and would do better for my grandmother, than for a girl like me. I like your real dandy calico, or prints as you call 'em."

tamination from the presence of the rustic. "Look here, cousin Emily," continued Louisa, "do tell us what to buy."

"Assist your cousin in a choice," said Mr. Howard; and Emily, who had purposely kept at a distance was forced to approach.

At the sound of Mr. Howard's voice, the lady on the stool had raised her eyes, and immediately discovered her to be the before-mentioned Mrs. Wilton's eldest daughter, and one of her most particular friends. With a formal bow for Mr. Howard, and a chilling smile for Emily, she turned to Mr. Courtland with—"I see nothing that quite pleases me," and then minced out of the store.

"O look, Emily!" said Louisa, following her with her eyes; "what a widdle waddle piece of work that girl makes of walking."

"Why, Louisa," said Mr. Howard, smiling, "that is what they call graceful!"

"Just about as graceful as our old ducks. You city folks know nothing of grace. I only wish you could see Mary Lee, the milk-maid trip along; that's all grace—grace without effort—perfectly natural, too."

But it will not do for me to be thus minute, lest I might weary my readers. Each succeeding day brought new trials and mortifications to Emily, and it appeared to her as if her father's house had never been so thronged with the fashion of the city.

Sir Edward Walton spent much time with them, and it was rumored that he was paying his addresses to Miss Howard. In vain did she look for a confirmation of the report. She was certain he was deeply interested in her, and it is no less certain that for his sake she would have renounced an absent, but not less worthy lover—not that she loved Sir Edward better, but then, he was the son of a marquis, and above all, one whom the high-headed Wiltons were aspiring, or rather manoeuvring to captivate.

But alas! for their schemes; Sir Edward was not one to be entrapped by art, since his travels in foreign countries, and his knowledge of the fashionable world, had sickened him of intriguing mothers or affected misses. True, he was charmed with Emily's beauty and accomplishments; and, had she appeared a little, or rather much more naturally, there is no telling what might have happened.

As it was, he had never once thought of marrying her. So fastidious was he, that his most intimate friends already accounted him a bachelor; and he, despite of his domestic tastes, and admiration of woman, sometimes feared lest he should never find the beau ideal of his imagination, in which case he would never fulfill his friend's predictions.

The anniversary of Emily's birth-day was fast approaching, and sincerely did she hope that Louisa's visit would be entirely completed before its arrival. Alas! the day came round and Louisa was still there. In the early part of the day she had occasion to go to Emily's room, where she found her reclining on the sofa, weeping bitterly.

"Why, dear Emily?" she exclaimed, "what can be the matter?"

Emily rudely pushed her away, saying, "leave alone; I am so tried and unhappy, that I do not wish to see you."

"Tried and unhappy! and on your birth-day, too! I interposed, Louisa, compassionately; 'is there nothing I can do to relieve you?'"

"If you could you would not," said Emily, pettishly, "you are so obstinate."

Louisa was grieved but not offended; and in tones of earnestness she sought to assure Emily of her mistake.

"Well, then, supposing I tell you that you are the cause of my trouble. Why, Emily what on earth can you mean?"

"But you will be angry, and will go to papa with it."

"Indeed I will not. Who ever saw me angry?"

"Well, then, I am weeping simply because—because—my friends who come to celebrate this day, will laugh at your—your odd dress."

"But why cry for that, they can't make me cry; I don't care for my own dress."

"But you and I differ; and to know that my cousin must be laughed at, will make me miserable all day long!"

"O, cousin, what a strangely disinterested girl you are;—but it shows how dearly you love me, and since it is your birth-day, you shall have your own way, and I will promise to do every thing just as you tell me."

That same night a large select company was assembled in the splendidly illuminated halls of Mr. Howard. Sir Edward Walton was seated between the two Miss Wiltons, when the elder remarked—

"I really hope that rustic cousin will be here, it will be so amusing to see her manoeuvre. And Emily, too—why, she turned nineteen different colors when I happened to meet them at Courtland's. How they try to be genteel; but it's no use, if they allow such vulgar visitors. Why, one such encounter must convince every well-bred person of their low origin. I know of several that would have dropped them long ago, but the silly things give such splendid parties!"

At that moment Emily, who had spent many hours in dressing and drilling her cousin, presented her to her guests.

"What a charming woman!" said Sir Edward; "but, bless me! 'tis that girl, metamorphosed truly. How sweetly she looks in that simple white muslin, and that white rose in her beautiful hair!"

Louisa tried (or appeared to try) to make her entrance as she had been instructed, but after two or three awkward attempts, she sunk into the first empty chair, saying despairingly "There, I can't do it, Emily, and it's of no use to try."

A half-suppressed titter ran through the apartments, and all eyes were turned scrutinizingly upon her—Sir Edward's in pity and admiration; for he saw, or imagined he saw, a painful blush overspread her cheek at her awkward situation.

"I thought you told me she was a gawky-looking girl," said the younger Miss Wilton, to her sister.

"And so she is, only Emily has been seeking to disguise the fact, by rigging her up in her cast-off clothes. How disgusting! But then what is the use—she has shown out so soon?"

"Why don't you play something or other?" asked Louisa. "Why, up where I live—there's again—pardon me, Emily, I forgot! I was not to name the country; I only meant it was dreadful dull here, sitting stock still, and staring at one another. It's what I call a Quaker meeting,—it's no celebration at all."

are enjoying conversation."

"Well, then, I should think they would talk loud enough so I can hear them, for I really begin to think those're two girls there, (pointing to the Wiltons) are poking fun at me.—If I'd worn my elegant comb, what cost my mother twelve dollars, and my striped gown, I should have expected to have been laughed at, for Emily here told me so; but now I don't see what you find, being as how I am dressed as fashionable as any on you, though, to be sure, I look a deal better in my own clothes."

But there 'tis; I love my cousin, and I guess you'd thought she loved me too, if you'd seen how she cried and took on, for fear I'd get laughed at; and so I told her to rig me up just as she pleased, though I could hardly keep from crying, too, to think how queer I should look."

At that moment Sir Edward, who now really pitied Emily, who sat like a statue, proposed music, and prevailed on a young lady, whom he knew to be well skilled, to take her seat at the piano.

After the conclusion of her admirable performance, Miss Wilton was invited, who replied in Latin—"Take away that country nuisance, and I will!"

"I will withdraw, and save him the trouble," said Louisa, in the same tongue.

Miss Wilton started and reddened; while Sir Edward, almost confounded, gazed alternately at the two.

"Please, gentle lady, be a little more careful in future," said Louisa, drily; "some apples are green when ripe."

Quite discomfited, Miss Wilton seated herself, and wishing to show off, attempted a very beautiful, but difficult Italian piece, but not having practiced sufficiently, and feeling a little disturbed at what had transpired, she failed utterly.

"Now," thought Louisa, "is my turn!" and stepping gaily forth, with a musical laugh, she resumed the seat which Miss Wilton had left. As her delicate fingers swept the notes, every lover of music gathered around her, and when without apparent effort, she had successfully completed the music on which the now mortified Miss Wilton had failed, every voice was earnest in entreating her to continue.

"What a mysterious angel she is!" thought Sir Edward, as he viewed her with rapturous devotion; "what grace of form and movements! what splendid hair! and above all, what accomplishments! I half—yes, quite—suspect her of a plot! Ay, yes, I have it now—she is no rustic, but more than match for the finest lady here!"

At that moment she sang to a plaintive air with her mellow, touching voice, and Sir Edward was completely subdued; not that excellent music was a new thing to him by any means—but then the conquering little god had aimed a successful dart, that's it.

"Do not again assume your rustic manners," said Mr. Howard to Louisa, as she affected a polite escape from the importunities of her admirers; "for by this time Emily understands it all, and I am sure is quite disgusted with the Wiltons."

While they were speaking, the smiling Emily advanced, and shaking her finger at Louisa, affectionately, said—

"You are caught at last my precious cousin! When you perform your next comedy, I advise you to take the stage, as I have no taste for cruel theatricals. Do see those insulting Wiltons—how mortified they are. You served them right—and the noble Sir Edward Walton is! I am sure, in love with their country nuisance." O, charming! charming! Now they will have a chance to envy instead of despise. But here he comes, laughing right merrily."

"A truly delightful comedy, Miss Dalton, said he? but I like the closing scene best; and Miss Howard, judging from your happy face, our tastes are not entirely dissimilar."

"And only think, Sir Edward!" exclaimed Emily, "how cruel

the number, was a slave mother, and her five young children. After being sold herself, she stood holding her master's horse in the crowd, and with all a mother's anguish depicted in her countenance, she was watching the sale of her children, as one by one they found an owner and were taken from her, to go she knew not whither. I could not repress the tear of sympathy as I looked upon her, and remembered, too, that this scene was one of every day occurrence in this fair land. I may possibly be laughed at for my sensibility, by those who think the slave almost destitute of humanity; but I saw enough in the hour I stood there to show that they are not the soul-less beings they are sometimes represented. Would to heaven they were, for then they would not feel the wrong which are so cruelly heaped upon them. I fancied many in the crowd looked ashamed of the transaction in which they were engaged. An Abolition lecture was not intended on this, my first introduction to your readers, and I forbear."

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

WRITTEN FOR THE EASTERN MAIL BY MUSTAPHA.

There is something peculiarly melancholy, yet attractive, in watching by the bed of death, and viewing the lamp of life gradually expire. We here see the end of human greatness, and feel our pride subdued as we come into the presence of the dread destroyer. The world with all its pleasures and vanities disappears, and we contemplate that fearful, mysterious change to which we are all hastening. We stand over the bed of the infant and view the rose bud nipped by the frost of death; we know not whether to consider it a blessing or an untimely bereavement. Who can tell what would have been the fate of the departing one, should it be spared? Who can say that the ephemeral pleasures of dissipation might not have enticed him from the path of rectitude, hurried him on towards the vortex of ruin, and at last laid the victim in a drunkard's grave? Or who can assure us that his would not have been a felon's lot, to perish ignominiously upon the scaffold or waste away in the damp walls of the dungeon? We stand by the side of the strong man stricken down, and witness him writhing in the agonies of death. A terror seizes us, and we behold how puny are the efforts of mortals against the enemy of our race. In the contest strength avails not, and we feel how uncertain life with its joys and sorrows, its hopes and disappointments. Again, we linger by the couch of the aged man, and with mute sorrow watch to catch his expiring breath. The mind turns instinctively back to the scenes through which he has passed, and we view him as a relic of former years, a link that unites the present with the past. He has lived to see the uncertainty of human relations and conditions; he has witnessed the young and the aged, the strong and the feeble, perish around him; his former friends and associates have long since gone to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns," and now he himself is about to launch upon the boundless and unexplored sea of eternity. He courts the change, and he would not linger longer upon the shores of time where he stands isolated and alone.

I have often watched by the bedside of the expiring infant, the middle-aged and the old—but never shall I forget the scene that transpired as I sat by the couch of one upon whose head the snows of nearly a hundred winters had descended, and witnessed him calmly awaiting the last enemy he was to encounter. He had lived in the "times that tried men's souls," and was one of those who had buckled on the armor of the revolution, when the demon of war hovered over our country and deluged it with blood. I had often sat by his side and listened for hours to his hair-breadth escapes and the wonderful scenes he had witnessed. I had loved to converse with him upon by-gone days, and his eye would light up as he spoke again and again of Washington and the heroes of the Revolution who have long since passed away. With the deepest concern I beheld him gradually wasting from disease, until I at length missed him in my accustomed walk, and learned to my sorrow that he was confined to his room.

It might have been a week after I had heard of the illness of my aged friend, that I was requested to watch during the succeeding night with him, and I at once assented. It was late in the evening when I arrived at his residence, and taking my station by his bedside I was soon left alone with the old man. I found him much lower than I anticipated; and his mind appeared to be wandering back to those exciting times of which he always delighted to speak. He seemed to live over again the past, and again to be struggling by the side of his comrades against the trained armies of England. His palsied hand would rise, his sunken eye flash under his fearful excitement, and his broken voice sound clear and loud like that of manhood's in its prime, as he shouted, "Onward, brethren—onward, for God and Liberty!" How forcibly was I impressed with the dying scene by the bedside of Napoleon, when his mind wandering back to the days of his glory, his eye beholding with exultation his irresistible legions sweeping to the charge, and his breast heaving with fierce emotions, he gasps with his expiring breath, "Tete d'armee." Towards midnight the old man appeared to be more rational, and I left his side for a moment, for the purpose of preparing a cordial to administer to him. When I returned, however, he had partially risen from his bed, and as I approached him he stared at me with a piercing look, and demanded if I heard not that sound without. Perceiving at once that he was again wandering, I bid him cease. "Hark!" continued he, in a fierce voice, "it is the British firing upon the patriots!" and then added in a lower voice, at the same time pointing to a venerable and rusty musket that stood in the corner of the room, upon which I gazed with reverential awe, "Quick! hand me my gun; I must fly to my brethren." Fearing lest he might take cold, I gently laid him back in the bed and addressed a few soothing words to him. He looked up to me, and replied in a more natural tone than I had yet heard him speak

for the night, "Ah! my friend, is this you? I have not recognized you before. Let me think of my past life, and relate to you the dangers I encountered in the Revolution." I there begged of him to desist, knowing that the effort, in his present emaciated condition, would completely exhaust him; but he replied in a clear and solemn voice: "Young man, my days are nearly spent. A few more hours and I shall meet my brethren who have gone before, far away in the regions of the blest. I would not live longer here, and I long to lay aside this poor worn out body. I have witnessed my former friends one by one drop away, and now I alone am left. But ere I depart I would relate anew to you the terrible scenes I have witnessed in the struggle which rescued this land from English tyranny, that you may duly appreciate the blessings you enjoy and be ever grateful to those who fought and bled and died to purchase these." He paused a moment, and I could not in my heart refuse to hear. I sat in silence by his side, and the old man with his wonted pleasure began his narrative in nearly the following words.

CHAP. I.—THE OLD MAN'S NARRATIVE.

Born and brought up in one of the back towns of Massachusetts, I was but seventeen years of age when the startling intelligence was borne on every breeze and by every passer-by that the long expected struggle had commenced, and the first blood had been shed on the fields of Lexington and Concord. I well recollect the time. My father, my only brother and myself were at work in the field when the fearful tidings reached us. We hastened home, and my father taking his trusty musket from its place gave it to my brother, who was older than myself, and bid him hasten to join the army that was concentrating near Boston. He then turned to me and commanded me to follow my brother; adding, should he fall I might possess myself of his weapon, or wait upon the field of battle until I could procure one there, and thus prepare myself to fight for my country.

Thus we departed and soon united ourselves to the army that was assembling for the reduction of Boston. We were among those who fought at Bunker's Hill, and I stood by my brother's side during that terrible fight. Twice were the royalists beaten back, but the third charge was successful, and we were forced from our intrenchment. As we retired from the re-doubt, a tall British grenadier entered at the opposite side. I saw him raise his musket towards my brother, who the next instant fell pierced through the heart. I snatched his gun and rushed towards the murderer. His bayonet passed through my arm but I felt it not, and with the butt of my weapon I dashed out his brains. I was immediately surrounded by the enemy and taken prisoner. Carried to Boston, I lay within the damp walls of the prison for long, dreary months, and suffered all that mortals can suffer and live. But at length Washington planted his cannon upon Dorchester heights, and threatened the shipping of the British. They became alarmed and prepared to evacuate Boston. In the excitement of the occasion, while led forth from prison I was slightly guarded, and, watching my opportunity, I dashed down the soldier at my right, and rushed towards the water into which I threw myself and swam to the opposite side. I was kindly received by the patriots and entered their ranks.

Nothing of note occurred to me during the nine months for which I enlisted, and having served out my time, I started to visit my home. But having occasion to return by way of Boston, I there learned that a small privateer was fitting out, and her complement of men was still incomplete. Resolving at once to serve my country upon the sea, I united myself with them, and postponed my visit home until I should return from my first voyage.

In a few days we set sail, and right merrily did our little vessel skim over the blue waves. She was but small—her armament consisting of but few guns, and her men amounting all told to twenty-five. She was designed expressly for speed, which we had need to try the second day out. An English seventy-four gave us chase, but our little vessel soon bore us out of the reach of danger.

We cruised around for several days, but discovered no signs of an enemy. It might have been nearly two weeks after we left Boston, when one morning an English brig hove in sight, and we immediately bore down towards her, resolving to risk an engagement. She gave us battle, and for forty minutes the contest raged with fierceness and obstinacy: but at length the enemy was compelled to surrender. On boarding her we found her loaded with stores for the English army, and but poorly provided with guns and other weapons necessary to repel an enemy. She however nearly doubled us in men, who numbered at the commencement of the engagement upwards of forty. They were the fiercest company of men I ever beheld, when they discovered our inferiority in numbers as well as size; for there was not one among them who was less in weight than one hundred and eighty pounds; while among our own number I was the largest, and I never exceeded one hundred and fifty. They showered down terrible imprecations upon the head of their commander for surrendering to such an inferior force; but it was now too late to repent. They were secured, and a prize crew of eight placed on board of the captured vessel, which, together with two killed during the action, reduced the number of our men to fifteen. The prize then set sail for Boston, where she ultimately arrived, narrowly escaping several British cruisers, while we shaped our course towards the Bermudas, to try our fortune there.

Here we made several important captures, one of which I will alone notice. It was that of a schooner of about our own size. She was the only vessel we had yet met that would compare with us in speed. For three days we gave her chase, but to no purpose, for she on-

emy's vessel gradually gained upon us, when a fortunate circumstance threw her into our power. We were dashing along with astonishing rapidity, close hauled to the wind and having every stitch of canvas spread. Our enemy was at the distance of five or six miles ahead, and flying along unconscious of danger from the elements, when a squall struck her and threw at once the unsuspecting vessel upon her beam ends. We, however, saw the danger in season to avoid it, and escaped with no other damage than the loss of a few sails. In a few moments the gale passed by, and the gallant little vessel righted, but her ballast had been shifted and her trim for sailing completely lost. A few hours, therefore, brought her within range of our guns, and after a few discharges she surrendered. We found her containing about the same number of men as ourselves, but poorly armed and wholly unable to resist us. There was also a considerable quantity of specie on board which of course was very acceptable. Having repaired our prize we placed within her two of our own guns, and dividing our men between the two vessels, who, together with some Englishmen that desired to join us, amounted to ten each, we resolved to shape our course homeward in company and recruit our number.

I remained in the same vessel in which I had embarked, and it was well for me that I did so, for during the next night a terrible gale came on, the like of which the oldest seaman among us had never witnessed. The horrors of that night I have never forgot. For long hours did we hear the gurgling shrieks of our companions, whose vessel lay an unmanageable wreck upon the waters, and every wave sweeping completely over her, without being able to render them any assistance, and momentarily expecting to share their fate.

Morning came: the gale had subsided, and the sun rose in all his splendor, as if in mockery at the devastation the elements had effected. Our brave companions—they who had fearlessly stood by our side in the hour of danger, and would have willingly poured forth their blood for their country—had disappeared beneath the dark waters, and the angry waves leaped exultingly above their graves. Our own vessel, too, was in a sinking condition. The storm had opened her seams, and with our utmost effort we could barely keep her afloat. About ten o'clock in the morning we discovered a sail in the distance, and hoisting signals of distress, it bore down towards us. When within speaking distance, she inquired concerning our situation and sent a boat to take us off. We found our rescuer was a British forty-four gun ship, on board of which we were received as prisoners of war. Our little schooner, that had never yet yielded to a foe, ere she could be plundered by the enemy, plunged and went down with the colors of her own free land streaming above her, and her brave band, that had long trod her deck in triumph, gazing upon her in mute sorrow.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]



V. B. PALMER, 8 Congress-st. Boston and at his offices in N. York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, is our advertising agent.

PRIVATE.

The truth must be told—we are sadly in want of money. Will our subscribers forget the hardness of the times, and give us a lift? Many are indebted for nearly two years, while but very few have paid for the volume now near its close. A small sum from each one would relieve us greatly, and the favor shall be remembered at another time, besides being most thankfully received now. If all of whom the above request is made, will show us favor promptly we promise to make no more calls of this kind for a long time; and our paper shall give acceptable evidence of our gratitude. Two dollars or over may be sent by mail at our expense.

We tender our thanks to a few friends who have paid for the present volume.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

A YEAR AFTER THE FAIR.

OCTOBER 7, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR:—Those who have family friends at a place of public resort, may reclaim perhaps the pleasures they left behind them, but will not realize the destiny of curiosity they sought. This is the stranger's privilege, the traveler's remuneration, that every thing should be new to him, and the freshness of his perceptions remain. There is but one charm to be added to this, and that is found in the spell of society, where patronage is reciprocated by courtesy, and mutual interest opens to a mutual regard, a welcome at a truly private boarding house. Happy was the man whose fate had led him to Mrs. F.'s street. An introduction must have done it, but when there the charm was complete.

The lady herself is well enough, fair, gentle, acute yet cheerful; but the silver-voiced Sarah F. tells upon the heart like a recital of magic, setting time and its pretensions of destruction at defiance. Her hand was in mine within a minute after I was seated in her little elegant parlor, and her eye playing at loo-peek between me and the carpet—her eye, that seems to paint one with its glance, imparting something of its own happiness and lovable mood.

"You grow old without changing, Miss Sarah! Have you much company in the house?" "Only Mr. — of Philadelphia;"—a retired vendor of school books, whom I knew, now a philosopher.

"And how is your mother?"

"Well, as she ever has been." "And George?" "Well."

"And Charles and Willie?" This was to shake the glass that standing ready filled, spills itself in diamonds. It was a scene of household tragedy, which I could well have been spared, but can never forget. Her throat moved, she retreated a step or two, where an alcove in the parlor concealed the door of the dining room beyond, and leaning her hand against its frame was silent as death. Time had trespassed here again, and shed another dispensation of bereavement upon this orphaned family.

Charles's illness returned after you left, after the epidemic two years since, and continued till October, when he died. Willie died in the winter. She pressed her forehead against the pillar where she stood, as if there were sympathy in that, with the tears which flowed unrestrained. It was the only evidence of sympathy with me to avoid its pretence, and leave it to the current hour of youth and the blessings of love to restore their smiles to her face. "Mother and I wept for them less, when we felt they were together, and George is all they could all be."

George was the dependence of the family when I left them, and now, that dearest of all friends, the son and brother, who lifts the pressure of sorrow from mother's and sister's hearts, so that its weight is a shadow, about which the sun of God's Providence shines.

The arrangements of the family had been changed, so that I could not claim reception as a guest, but only a welcome, as dearly prized, as a friend, was offered me, when I pleased.

The hotels are the principal objects that encumber the dreams of the familiar visitor at Saratoga, who arriving belated at night is sleeping away unsettled in the morning, as they are found also by the thousands of strangers, from year to year, who flying from all parts of the nation on the thoroughfares of the great State of New York—great only comparatively with its neighbors—alight here among the pine barrens, like pigeons upon a grain region. There are proportional numbers of sportsmen to shoot, or snare, and bag them. But there is the ravine of the springs, a slight depression as the geologists call it, where the waters of some subterranean runlet steal out, whether in vanity or necessity it is hard to say, steaming with the intractable flavor of salts, which it is hard to define. The deer and the Indians, Cooper says, were wont to relish them in the cold water age of the world, the chaotic period of drinks, when those above the firmament and those below were all of a low figure. This corruption of the common fluid, it is said, crept into vogue. At present the ground rises gradually to the west from this ravine, at first but slightly, increasing in elevation towards the north, and, on this side, the principal broad street of the village is laid, at present nearly shaped, as it is spacious and kept well watered, so that, with its occasional shade trees and artificial coolness, the invalid is cheated of a portion of the discomfort which, a short generation ago, made its dusty avenue so painful and hateful to him. In the upper parts of the village, original remnants of oaks and pines remain; amongst which a comparatively cheap but plentiful variety of buildings appear, and weeds, perhaps stramonium and cicuta, peer up fearfully, which have a cognate quality and flavor with the place. Hard and romantic looking carriage-paths branch off from this quarter, which lead the visitor from the shadow of a grove into prettily cultivated districts, fragrant, as they are stocked or fed only by their owners, with red or white clover in the sun.

To the right, a German looking street commences the descent, and from this, by a steep path, the High-Rock spring is found, with which the Indians are said to have been acquainted, and where Cooper, in union with their pretension, in his unique book, has hung them up a gourd. The fashionable visitor of forty years since, now white as old Hecla except the gills, hobbles down the hill from the height to visit the old curiosity. It is a shrine with such of youthful memories, when the world's pulses beat in theirs. Now they have but little blood even in their descendants, and are themselves relics of their own traditions. The high-rock no longer rises, periodically or otherwise, to build up a curb around of its own solutions. It is a well in a mortar, and a wonder it is, that, for the rock which contains it, and in the circular cavity of which the water rises higher than the ground's surface, some name of Indian enunciation has not been contrived, to intimate the goblet of Manitou. The iodine fountain, near by, wells saleable water, but maintains a competition only at a distance, with the modern favorite at the south end of the village.

East of the channel of medicated waters, the ground rises suddenly to a plain, dusted with a subtle sprinkling of vegetable mould, a rye country, over which, however, the breath of the original pine groves is stealing from clumps or masses of them, still every where preserved. On the border of the ravine, within the memory of quite young children, the village is extending, and bidding fair to be an idle and luxurious city, in that pitiful and boastful day, when the walks and habitudes of nature shall be forgotten and repudiated, and the curb-stone and horse-chestnut shall have superseded the cow-path and the pine. But these are gone, and who, in the progress of the life of civilization, is weak or bold enough to say,

"Oh! rise some other such?"

Returning from this side, we pass by Congress street, (mayhap) by Congress spring, to Broadway, at the location of the Congress and Union Halls, where, at our right, the street extends to the north, as before described, and to the left, up an ascent by the Ballston road, till lost at a pine wood, in the vicinity of Highland Hall, a suburban boarding house on the hill. In the angle, between this track and Congress street, are the grounds of the Congress spring.

the grove of the circular railway, where Mr. Webster expressed that fine paragraph, describing the northernmost smoke of the early settlements in New Hampshire, as rising from the chimney of his father.

At this point, uncoupling from the spring, there has been a ceaseless winding trail of visitors since daylight. The sun arose, and scarcely startled them with the unusual pallor of their own cheeks, as with a shrug and shiver; they gorged in sparkling glasses, allotted quantities of the sanitary drink, and started off in their turns, by delay or exercise, to make room for a repeat of the illusion.

Ever yours,

[For the Eastern Mail.]

COCHITUATE SPRINKLINGS.—No. 1.

BY DOCKY WATTY.

After mature deliberation, I have selected the above euphonic title to the contributions which I shall have the honor of presenting occasionally to the readers of the Eastern Mail. I do not intend to enter into any competition with your friend 'Ziggory,' whose letters, by the way, are worthy of especial commendation, for purpose now and then sending to the Ticonic waters a few drops of Cochituate, as they chance to fall into my tank. Bostonians may well be proud at the completion of a work, which brings the pure element to which I have alluded, in thousands of living streams beneath the pavement on which they tread. You in Waterville, who have always had a copious supply of good water, can realize the feelings of gratitude which fill our hearts as we draw the transparent liquid, *ad libitum*, for the various purposes of life. The beautiful *jet d'eau* on the Common is in full play daily, to the delight of thousands of visitors, who congregate around the margin of the crescent-shaped basin, formerly yelet the 'Frog Pond'; and to increase the attractions of the city, two fountains are to be constructed on the grounds in front of the State House during the ensuing summer; the water in these fountains, in consequence of the elevation of the land, will not ascend to a greater height than twelve or fifteen feet; a 'jet d'eau' is in contemplation, however, in the public garden in rear of the Common, which will throw to the height of 110 feet. When these works are completed together with the numerous miniature fountains in course of construction in shop windows, confectionary saloons and private gardens, Boston will contest with New York the title of the 'City of Fountains.'

I hardly know, friend Maxham, whether your readers take any interest in theatrical matters, but as they form a part of our little world here, some allusion to them is but fair, and they come in naturally with the other 'sprinklings.' The Opera, which closes this week, has lately been the great attraction to the 'upper ten'; your friend 'Ziggory,' I notice, has no great partiality to this species of amusement, and not long since gave your readers a comical account of one of the representations which he attended. 'Chacun a son gout,' and Docky Watty must confess to an inclination for the Opera; perhaps it may be said that a taste for this kind of music, like that for the tomato, is acquired, but at all events there is a fascination in the works of such composers as Bellini, Verdi, and Mercadante, delivered by such artists as Truffi, Benedetti, and Rosi, which fills the mind with pleasurable emotions. The favorite operas this season have been Ernani, Il Giramento, and Lucrezia Borgia; the representations have been generally thinly attended, a result consequent upon the high prices of admission, but as the manager took the precaution to obtain subscribers to a number nearly if not quite enough to pay the expenses, it will perhaps give him some profit.

In the way of the legitimate drama, but little can be said. Kimball's Museum is a very pleasant place of entertainment, and the proprietors are coining money. 'The Forty Thieves,' is the last card at this establishment, and it is produced in a style worthy of great praise; the Museum is thronged nightly with crowds to witness this brilliant piece. To me the play of the Forty Thieves has an 'ancient' if not a 'fishlike smell,' and I would not give a button to see it, produced as it is according to the play bills, 'in a style of unequalled magnificence.' From time immemorial the plays at the theatres for the 'juvenile night,' have been 'Geo. Barnwell' and the 'Forty Thieves,' and I well remember, when a boy, the frantic delight with which I gazed upon the forty pasteboard horses, as they pranced over the mimic mountains in the old Federal-st. Theatre, over twenty years since. It is fashionable to cry out 'Alas! for the drama!' but it is an undeniable fact that it has sadly degenerated, and the words of Sprague are appropriate to the times,—

"Gods! who would grace you desecrated domes, When he can turn his Shakespeare o'er at home?"

You have had enough of theatricals for this time, but having been quite a theatre-goer in my time, I cannot help dwelling on past delights, and if the subject occurs to me in the next bucket of sprinklings, you shall have an anecdote or two which may be new to your readers, and which in my estimation can be called 'good uns.'

Business, for a week or two past, has been horribly dull in the Tri-Mountain city; money has been intolerably scarce, and the street rates of interest on the best paper in the city from twelve to eighteen per cent. per annum; second and third class paper is shaved at from two to three per cent. per month. Notwithstanding this dismal state of things, the signs are favorable for a prosperous season, and within a few weeks the money market will experience decided relief. Gold, 'saint seducing gold,' has made its appearance, as you have learned, in two recent arrivals from the Pacific, to the tune of \$180,000, and like Oliver Twist, our mouths are wide open for more.—The next steamer but one will undoubtedly bring specie from England, for which to my certain knowledge large orders have been sent,

and while exchange remains at its present low rate they will continue to be sent, as the importation of coin will be profitable.

Boston, April 2, 1849.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

MOTHER.

What an endearing name! How sweet to memory is that one word—Mother! She, to whom we are indebted for blessings innumerable—who loves as no other earthly friend can love—is ever ready to discharge her duty faithfully to the child which God has entrusted to her care. In sickness who can supply her place? As she bends over our couch to catch the slightest sound which may chance to fall from our lips, with what fervency of spirit does her prayer ascend to Heaven for our recovery! By day she is our guide, and by night we are not forgotten by her. Who has not known a mother's love?—and there are but few that have not experienced her watchful care, from infancy to mature years. Even then, if separated, we do not forget her instructions. They are indelibly impressed upon our minds, although they may not be outwardly apparent. We do not know how to prize a mother's love until we are bereft of it. Then do we remember her admonitions and precepts which we so often received, warning us of the evil and immorality to which we are constantly exposed, and directing us in the right way to ensure happiness. How painful it is to part with that mother, when Death calls her to the Spirit Land! We may have felt the hand of affliction upon us in the loss of other friends, whom we have fondly cherished, but when she has departed how desolate is our home! Its attractions are lessened, and our hopes blighted. Then do we ask ourselves, is there any duty or act of kindness which we have failed to perform? If there is, our conscience at once accuses us of our neglect. Is it not then our duty, as well as privilege, to do all in our power to please and honor that parent, while we have the opportunity? By so doing we shall have her blessing resting upon us, as she passes down the declivity of life, and is at last ushered into that land of everlasting felicity.

CLARETTA.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

BANGOR, April 5, 1849.

MR. EDITOR:—

Sir,—By request of several citizens of your place, I started from Bangor, on the morning of the 21st of March, in a very severe and drenching rain storm, of which the public have had a very correct account, under the head of 'A day's ride in the rain from Bangor to Waterville.' At six o'clock I arrived at my lodgings, previously provided for me in a pleasant and pious family, who wished me to make myself at home, and no pains were spared to make my stay pleasant and agreeable, which was fully verified, notwithstanding the long continued rain storm for many days after.

On the following Sabbath, by invitation from one of your good Deacons, I repaired to his house for the purpose of attending church with him. After sitting a few minutes, I observed to the Deacon that I was afraid we should be late, he not having made much preparation for a change of dress, &c. However, he being a very active man was ready in a very short time, and we were soon on our way to church, where I found the minister waiting, the bell having ceased tolling for some time. Still they kept coming, scattering in until a late hour, and finally the minister arose to discharge his duties to the few but devoted hearers who were promiscuously scattered over the house; the number being so few, I supposed, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather. In the afternoon I attended the Baptist church, where I found things about the same as I did in the former part of the day, only a few more in attendance. After returning to my room I made up my mind that this could not be a fair representation of the number usually attending your churches.

The following week passed away very pleasantly, having many of your worthy citizens call upon me during that time. On the following Sabbath, having awoke just as the glorious sun was making its appearance, which soon began to shine in upon the drenched earth—this, with the singing of the birds indicated that I should have the pleasure of seeing many faces at church that I had not seen the previous Sabbath. After getting ready, I started for the purpose of attending the Universalist church, but was informed on my way that their house was undergoing repairs, and there would be no meeting there that day. I then thought, of course, that the other churches would be crowded, and I hastened along to the first church on my way, where the bell was tolling. On entering, I had a very polite invitation to take a seat in the Deacon's pew, which I readily accepted. Having seated myself I waited with patience, expecting to see the house filled in a few minutes. Soon the bell ceased to toll, and still quite a number kept scattering in as before. Glancing my eye over the house, I could see but a very few faces that I had not seen before. In the afternoon I attended the Baptist church again, and heard quite a spirited discourse, which was listened to by an attentive audience, with some increase of numbers, which I presume was the case at the other church in the afternoon. On my way to my room I called upon the Deacon, and getting into conversation with him about the different societies in the place, he said, 'Somehow or other our minister has not preached with quite so much energy, for a Sabbath or two past, as he usually does; and he could account for it in no other way than that he must have been unwell. It did not bother me in the least to account for it.'

Having spent three or four days more in your pleasant village, as my acquaintance extended from one to another, my attachment to your place grew stronger and stronger, and I shall not soon forget the attention paid to a stranger by your polite and hospitable people.

during my short stay with them. In your flourishing village all seem (even physicians) to attend to their own business and let that of others alone; therefore, I am much pleased with the manner you do business in Waterville. The only fault of which I have any reason to complain is, that many are too late to church.

I expect to pass a few weeks in your place during the summer, when I hope to see all your churches filled to overflowing. Depend upon it, if I am in town I shall be among some of them.

GOOD TWO HUNDRED.

A HOAX.—A writer in the Maine Farmer, over the signature of Dr. John S. Lynde, of Norridgewock, denies the existence of any such disease as hydrophobia. All the cry and all the alarm, about mad dogs, is in his opinion a delusion. So far as we have seen, the Doctor has been allowed to have his own way—because he asserts that he has never seen a mad dog, or anybody that has seen one!—Strange! But the hoax is, that there is no such man as Dr. Lynde! We assert this more confidently, because we have never seen him, or any one who has seen him. Now, if Dr. Lynde will refer us to any one who has seen his veritable person, we will give him evidence equally satisfactory of the existence of hydrophobia;—we will give him the testimony of one who has been an eye-witness of several cases of hydrophobia, in various animals. Is this a fair offer?

THE RAILROAD.—The unusually pleasant weather, for a week or two past, has been well improved by the several contractors on the A. & K. Railroad. The work is everywhere progressing "with railroad speed," and there seems no reason to doubt that the best hopes of its friends will be realized. It is believed the road will be opened early in the ensuing fall—in season, it is said, to accommodate much, if not all, the Fall trade. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished; and we learn that not a single contract on the whole line seems at present to offer any serious ground of doubt.

JEFFERSON MED. COLLEGE.—We have received a copy of Prof. Huston's Charge to the Graduates of this institution, at the late Commencement, 19th ult. The pamphlet also contains a list of the graduates, 188 in number. We are gratified to notice among them the name of THOMAS FLINT. Dr. Flint was entitled to his diploma at the previous anniversary, but in consequence of his connection with the Coolidge affair, the honor was deferred for further consideration. In conferring it now, we must understand the authorities of the College to say, that they discover nothing in Dr. Flint's connection with that affair which should exclude him from the confidence of the public, as a physician or a citizen. We believe the sentiments of this community will sustain the College in this opinion.

PREMIUMS.—It will be seen that the Trustees of the North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society have introduced the plowing match in their arrangements for the next Fair. We have no doubt the farmers will generally approve the measure. It will not only be profitable to them, but a source of amusement and interest to all. A skillful performance of this item of the farmer's labor, under the joint inspection of the mechanic and the farmer, the maker and the user of the plow, seems to offer the most favorable opportunity for improvement. These matches have been more or less generally embraced in the exhibitions of agricultural societies for more than thirty years. Let the farmer look at the plow in use thirty years ago, and he cannot fail to discover in the plowing match a prominent agent of the improvement already made.

We regret that our society has not yet judged it expedient to offer a premium for the best managed farm. Of this, the farmers who compose the society are the best judges, but it seems to us an oversight. A very poor farmer, and one whose general practices it would be unsafe to follow, may occasionally produce an extra crop; and though it may have cost more than it is worth, he is entitled to a premium. But the farmer whose farm exhibits evidence of the best management—the best economy, considered in reference to results immediate and remote—is always a safe man to follow, and it is an important object to find him. Rivalry for excellence in a single crop, or a particular animal, will often lead to expenditures that are not returned; but labor and expense that embraces in its object the whole farm, with all that pertains to it, cannot fail to meet a good return. A premium for such an object is worth striving for. We would rather be the best farmer in Kennebec County, than the best man in President Taylor's cabinet.

The afflicted are again referred to Dr. Pollard's notice. It will be seen that he has left Waterville, to return the 2d of June. Those who are afflicted with the diseases to which he devotes his special attention, will do well to inquire of his patients, (of whom he has many in Waterville,) as to his skill and success.—They will find strong inducements to try his medicines.

BAD LUCK.—We have for some time been watching the enterprise and good nature of the Yankee Blade, with an admiration that has nearly induced us to "speak right out," as Yankee Hill says. Its frankness, its wit, its kindness, its agreeable familiarity, its—everything that contributes to make an agreeable and popular newspaper, had so advanced it in our esteem, that we were on the point of exploding in its praise. As bad luck would have it, however, our "hasty effervescence" was vented in season; and our estimation of the Blade is very much in the condition of Paddy O'Rourke's India rubber pillow the morning after he stuck his collar-pin in it. Who would have known, but for you, Mr. Blade, anything about our "idols"?—and now that joke sticks to us so

tight that we couldn't pass for a christian in Turkey. Confusion to your meddling! If we don't hunt up a package of jokes from the rubbish of your college days, that will make you 'shut up,'—then you may 'whittle' away.

THE MISSISSIPPI.—The St. Francisville Chronicle of the 24th ult. says:—The levees on the coast between this and New Orleans must break with a rise of six inches more.—We learn that the planters have ceased to endeavor to avoid what seems an inevitable consequence—a total inundation. The river still continues to rise at this point from three quarters of an inch to an inch every twenty-four hours. Many of the inhabitants of our sister village, Bayou Sara, who had thought themselves secure, from the elevated position of their dwellings, have been compelled to desert their inhabitants and seek a safe retreat in our own.

A slave of Alexander Grant, of Point a la Pache, La., was tried there on the 22d inst. before a jury of ten slaveholders, for killing a fellow slave on the 22d of November last. He was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged in front of the court house on the ninth of April next.

A SHOCKING MURDER was perpetrated (in this county), on Saturday last! Mrs. Nancy, wife of George Plowman, was brutally murdered—having her skull beaten in and several fearful wounds on her body. When discovered, she was dead and rigid; and had evidently been for hours murdered. Plowman and his wife lived by themselves in a miserable tenement about two miles from Westbrook bounds, on the Saco road. They were both confirmed inebriates and lived in wretchedness and strife. He is an Englishman, and came to this country as a sailor, marrying the deceased several years ago, and settling down in Scarborough. He is about 60 years old. They have one child, a son of 14 years or so, but he did not live at home. Plowman supported himself after a fashion by making baskets and working round; and is represented as well-disposed when sober, but devilish when in liquor. Living alone, of course the incidents attending her tragical death were seen by no human eye and only to her murderer known.

The last seen of her was on Saturday morning, when she told some on the road, she was going to get some brandy for her husband to get him drunk so he might not kill her. Toward night the alarm of foul play arose, and the poor victim was found cold in death, with her head and body shockingly mutilated. Plowman was secured at once, and a Coroner's jury summoned who brought in the verdict of death by his hands.

Mr. Barker, the jailor, went to the bloody spot yesterday, brought Plowman into the city, and committed him to jail. He is taciturn and divulges nothing as to the fearful circumstances, or himself as the murderer. He must remain in jail till November, before he can have his trial.

Thus, almost every declining sun sets upon some new tragedy having its origin in the excess which the demon of intemperance fomented and concludes.—[Argus.]

COL. FREMONT AND HIS PARTY.—The St. Louis Republican of the 30th ult. contains further accounts from Col. Fremont's party. Mr. Folger, who had arrived at St. Louis from Santa Fe, reports the arrival of Col. F. at the latter place, and gives the following particulars of the terrible disaster that overtook the party in their attempts to cross the mountains. They were within five or six miles of the summit of the mountains when previously heard from. After that, and before reaching the summit, the party encountered a terrible snow storm, which compelled them to retreat to the valley for shelter.

"Here it is said the snow drifted and accumulated to the depth of 30 or 40 feet, and the party lost all their animals and were compelled to leave their entire outfit. The snow covered the animals and everything else from view, and Col. F. and his party were driven to seek shelter in the sides of the mountain. In this emergency, Bill Williams, a hardy mountaineer, and two others, volunteered to seek succor from the nearest settlements; and it was arranged that they should return in twenty days. As they failed to do so, however, Col. Fremont, and one or two others, resolved upon attempting to reach Taos; and on the sixth day from leaving camp, they overtook Williams and one of his companions. The other (Mr. King, of the District of Columbia), was represented to have died of the exposure and of hunger; and in the extremity to which they were driven, the survivors were forced to eat a part of his body.

Col. Fremont made his way to Taos, obtained aid, provisions and horses, and then set out in search of his party. But more than one third of his men had, in the interval of his absence died from exposure and hunger, and one or two had given out and were left to die, when he came up with them. The number who were perished is stated at eleven, of whom we have the names of only three—Mr. Wise, of St. Louis county, Md., Mr. King and Mr. Preuss, of the District of Columbia. Captain Cathcart, of the English army, was among the survivors. Col. Fremont lost his whole outfit, his mules, instruments, baggage and every thing else of value. On his arrival at Santa Fe, he was furnished with horses by the quartermaster, and with stores by the commissary of the United States, and after recruiting his party, he again set off for California—taking the route pursued by Cook, in 1847. He and his men have suffered terribly in this expedition, and it will be a warning to all others never to attempt such a journey in mid winter.

Amount in deposit in the different Sub-Treasuries of the U. States, March 26th, 1899, of which \$1,000,758 had been drawn for, but drafts not yet presented. Amount in Sub-Treasury at New York \$2,119,766, of which \$509,379 had been drawn for. Boston, \$779,932, of which \$5,104 had been drawn for. Philadelphia, \$425,062. U. S. Mint at do. \$806,115. New Orleans, \$1,653,602, of which \$165,696 had been drawn for.

RUE'S DOINGS.—Isaac Ackerman, residing a short distance from this town, was found dead at the foot of the Preakness mountain, on Wednesday morning last. He left Paterson on Tuesday evening during the severe storm, and being overcome with liquor, probably fell, and thus perished. A small pall containing a quantity of liquor, stood close by where he lay.—On Sunday afternoon, 1st inst. Wm. Benjamin, some 22 or 23 years of age, was found dead in the rear of Rogers, Ketchum & Grosvenor's boiler shop. He was of very intemperate habits, and a broken bottle, in which he had had some liquor, was found near where he lay.—A man was killed on the Ramapo Railroad, a few miles this side of Hoboken, some time last week, while in a state of intoxication. He left his companions about dusk, and walked along the track, and being probably overcome with liquor, laid down. The night train

coming along, he was thrown off the track by the cow-catcher, and probably instantly killed. He was found on the following morning.—[Paterson N. J. Intell.]

The Lancaster Gazette states, that, with one exception, every case of a criminal nature brought before the Court of Common Pleas of Fairfield County, Ohio, during its present session, originated either directly or remotely, from the sale and use of ardent spirits.

The workmen on the Erie Canal, between Buffalo and Black Rock, have struck either for ten hours a day, or an increase of wages to seven shillings a day.

A wretch entered the hovel of a poor widow, in Ireland, and murdered her. His object was the possession of a bag of meal which she possessed.

The Preston Chronicle states that a person, paying a temporary visit to that town on Thursday week, was arrested by the bailiff of the County Court for a debt, being a balance of one shilling, the costs upon which were twenty four shillings.

NOVEL BUSTLE.—The Liverpool Mercury gives the following. Recently an Irish girl, named Mary Kelley, was charged with having stolen some beef from a vessel lying at the west end of Prince's Dock. When apprehended and searched in Bridewell, 14 lbs. of beef were found adjusted about her person by way of a bustle. She was committed to goal for a month.

Punch, in his Parliamentary Dictionary, defines a comprehensive measure, to be a measure that will take everybody in.

COMING NORTH.—Gov. Fish of New York has received a letter from Washington, giving him information that President Taylor will attend the next State Fair, Syracuse.

In the year ending on the 1st of April, 1848 there landed at New York two hundred and four thousand, and six hundred and thirty-six immigrants.

Packing flour for California is done at St. Louis in this way:—The flour is put into a cotton sack, and then covered hermetically with a sack of dressed elk-skin, so as to exclude it completely from the air.

An Irishman writing from Ohio, says it is the most elegant place in the world. "The first three weeks," he says, "you are boarded gratis, and after that you are charged nothing at all. Come along and bring the children!"

The Albany State Canal will be ready for navigation not earlier than the 25th of April, nor later than the 1st of May—the latter most likely.

A late English paper remarks that the finding of the gold treasures of California is of more importance than any previous event for three hundred years. It contends that the prosperity of Queen Elizabeth's reign was mainly owing to the stimulus given to commerce by the precious metals.

NAVIGATION.—The ice broke up the whole length of the Kennebec river on the night of the 26th and navigation has been resumed. The Kennebec steamer made her first trip to Boston on Monday night last. A new boat for this route, to take the place of the Charter Oak, has been built the past season in New York, called the "Ocean." She is larger than the Kennebec, and is said to be superior to any boat we have ever had.—[Augusta Banner.]

Some idea of the trade of New Orleans may be formed from the fact that 4000 steamers and 3000 sea vessels of various sizes, mostly very large, arrive at that port during one year.

An English paper contains thirteen objections given by a young lady for declining a match—the first twelve being the suitor's twelve children, and the thirteenth the suitor himself.

The Village School Meeting, held on Monday evening last, at the Town Hall, was adjourned two weeks.

MARRIAGES.

In Waterville, 20th ult., by Rev. C. Gardner, Mr. Ira R. Doolittle, of W., and Miss Betty M. Hilton, of Stark.

DEATHS.

In Waterville, 9th inst., Mrs. Hannah W., wife of John R. Philbrick, aged 53. In the death of this most estimable woman, Waterville has lost one of its purest members, and the family are deprived of a devoted wife and mother. Her presence ever carried a sunshine with it, and long will it be ere her gentleness and christian virtues shall be forgotten.

Still with us dwells the memory of the dead, Which sweetens e'en the bitter tears we shed, Chases the sad and pining spirit's gloom, And weaves a halo round her dreary tomb. H.

RATES OF FREIGHT.

From Gardiner, Hallowell and Augusta to Waterville.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| Grind Stones, (per ton) | \$1 50 |
| Iron and Steel, " | 1 50 |
| Pig Iron, " | 1 25 |
| Slate, for building, " | 1 50 |
| State Stone and Marble, " | 1 50 |
| Coal, " | 1 50 |
| Plaster, " | 1 25 |
| Iron Castings, " | 2 00 |
| Cordage, " | 1 50 |
| White Lead, " | 1 50 |
| Rolls Lead, " | 1 50 |
| Casks Whiting, " | 1 50 |
| Anvils, (each) | 15 |
| Vices, " | 08 |
| Hds. and Pipes Liquor, " | 1 00 |
| Hds. Sugar, " | 1 00 |
| Crates Ware, " | 75 |
| Casks Saleratus, " | 87 |
| Casks Cement, " | 25 |
| Bbls. Oil and Liquor, " | 15 |
| Flour and other dry Barrels, " | 25 |
| Bbls. Pork and Fish, " | 25 |
| Half-bbls., wet, " | 15 |
| dry, " | 10 |
| Kegs Raisins, " | 17 |
| Boxes and Kegs Tobacco, " | 25 |
| Kegs Powder, " | 08 |
| Kegs Nails, " | 08 |
| Bags Coffee, Pepper, and Spice, " | 12 1/2 |
| Bags Salt, 20 lbs., " | 02 |
| Corn and Rye, per bag, " | 08 |
| Boxes Candles and Soap, " | 06 |
| Boxes Spice and Pipes, " | 06 |
| Boxes Glass, 50 feet, " | 10 |
| Boxes Lemons and Oranges, " | 06 |
| Boxes Sugar, " | 37 |
| Barrel Boxes, " | 06 |
| Chests Tea, " | 06 |
| Boxes Tea, " | 06 |
| Boxes Dry Goods, per foot, " | 02 |
| Tierces Rice, " | 50 |
| Feathers, per bag, " | 06 |
| Jars Saus., " | 06 |
| Buckets, " | 06 |
| Drums Figs, " | 08 |

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| Shovels and Spades, per dozen, | 08 |
| Brooms, " | 10 |
| Brushes, " | 10 |
| Scythes, " | 10 |
| Scythe Sticks, " | 10 |
| Green Hides, " | 02 |
| Dried and Salted Hides, per ton, | 2 00 |
| 2000 lbs., " | 08 |
| Chairs, per bundle, " | 08 |
| Rocking Chairs, " | 08 |
| Bureaus and Sofas, " | 50 |
| Tables, from 20 to 35 | 20 |
| Flows, each, " | 30 |
| Bales Bating, " | 10 |
| Bales Yarn, " | 10 |
| Bales Sheetting, " | 20 |
| Loaves Sugar, Bags Shot, " | 04 |
| Potash Kettles, " | 50 |
| Hollow and Stone Ware, " | 02 |
| Demijohns, " | 12 1/2 |
| Fish, in Hds. & Bundles, per cwt. | 08 |
| Ox Bows, per dozen pairs, " | 20 |
| Pails, per dozen, " | 10 |
| Bales Buffaloes, " | 17 |
| Casks Hard Ware, from .25 to 1 00 | 04 |
| Boxes Raisins, " | 12 1/2 |
| Sheet Iron, per Bundle, " | 10 |
| Boxes Tin, " | 10 |
| Nests Tubs, " | 10 |
| Reels Lead, from .37 to 1 00 | 02 |
| Casks Oil, from .50 to 1 00 | 02 |
| Plough Beams, " | 01 |
| Plough Handles, " | 06 |
| Kits Mackerel, " | 50 |
| Carboys, " | 75 |
| Tierces Molasses and Fish, " | 06 |
| Boxes Cheese, from 20 to 40 | 25 |
| Casks Cheese, " | 25 |
| Boxes Clocks, " | 1 00 |
| Piano Fortes, " | 06 |
| Sets Measures, " | 17 |
| Bales Palmleaf, " | 02 |
| Wrapping Paper, per ream, " | 02 |
| Hay Forks & Hoes, per dozen, " | 08 |
| Boxes Cigars, " | 04 |
| Hay Rakes, per dozen, " | 17 |
| Dry Kegs, " | 06 |
| Boxes Hats, from .12 to 1 25 | 08 |
| Tin Canisters, " | 08 |
| Jugs, each, " | 04 |
| Iron and Copper Pumps, " | 08 |
| Hds. Molasses, \$1.12 1/2 | 08 |
| Boxes Boots and Shoes, " | 17 |
| Trunks, each, " | 17 |
| Lime, per cask, " | 10 |
| Oakum, per bale, " | 10 |

FREIGHTS TO BE SETTLED ON DELIVERY. We, the undersigned, agree to conform to the above rates.

CHARLES LOW, B. F. BRACKETT, GEORGE JEWELL, ORRIN LOW, NATHAN FAUNCE, TIMOTHY MCINTIRE.

MARKETS.

WATERVILLE PRICES. Flour, bbl \$6.50 a 7.25; Corn, bush, 75 a .80; Rye, \$1.12; Wheat, \$1.25; Oats, .30; Butter, lb, 17 a 20; Cheese, 6 a 8; Eggs, doz, 40 a 45; Pork, round hog, 7 to 8; Salt, fine, 40; Rock, .50; Codfish, 3 to 4; Molasses, 28 to 30.

BRIGHTON MARKET. THURSDAY, Apr. 6

At market 500 Beef Cattle, about 1000 Sheep and 800 swine. Beef Cattle.—Extra quality 675 first quality, 650 a 675; second do 600 a 625. Working Oxen, a few pairs in market; prices from \$7 to \$15. Cows and Calves.—A very few in market 23 to 38 Sheep.—Sales from 2.00 to 3.50. Swine.—Wholesale 4 for \$20, 5 for \$25 for Barrows; Retail 5 a 12.

NOTICES.

Notice the advertisement of Jewett & Prescott, in another column. This is doubtless one of the most elegant and perfect establishments of the kind in New England, and as they advertise extensively through the country, their proportionally large sales must enable them to sell at very small profits. They at least have this reputation.

One of the decided signs of the times, in our village, may be seen at the store of J. R. ELDEN & Co.—this is the store itself—which promises to be the store. They have taken a lead in the march of improvement that commends them to the good will of their neighbors. They are now opening a splendid stock of new goods.

Don't forget to notice "the elephant," Oak Hall. Their advertisement gives only a fair idea of the extent of the establishment, which should be seen by all who visit Boston. It has been greatly improved and enlarged within a year or two.

VASSALBORO NURSERY. The subscribers have on hand a large variety of fruit and ornamental trees of vigorous growth suitable for transplanting, which together with various kinds of shrubbery, they offer upon reasonable terms. They can also furnish stocks of various approved kinds of Apple, Pear, Plum, Cherry, &c. Trees will be carefully packed to ensure safety, and if desired, will be delivered on board of the Steamers for Augusta or Waterville, without charge except for package. All orders, post paid, will receive prompt attention, and early applications would be preferred. D. & S. N. TABER.

Vassalboro Apr. 4th 1849.

DEFEND YOUR LIVES. "In time of Peace, prepare for War," says the Statesman. "In time of Health guard against Sickness," exclaims the prudent Physician. As a defense against disease, as well as a remedial agent, there is no medicine better than the public which will compare favorably with the REV. B. HIBBARD'S Vegetable, Anti-Bilious, Family Pills.

No family medicine chest should be without them. Composed exclusively of vegetable substances, they may be administered with equal safety to the infant and the adult, and in all stages of disease, whether acute or chronic. Such is their potent preventive efficacy, that when taken in doses of a quarter of a pill each night, they keep the system in perfect order, secure the vigorous exercise of all the functions of vitality, and leave no organ relaxed or overstimulated for disease to fasten upon. As a preparative for a change of climate, and a preventive remedy for the febrile and other maladies common to a new settlement, and in tropical countries, they will be found of inestimable value; and whoever desires to live to a good old age, in the enjoyment of that blessing which is the object of all our wishes, should keep these Pills with respect of the hand, and make frequent use of them. As a Spring medicine they have been used for many years with unflinching success throughout the United States, South America, and the West Indies.

For sale by Wm. Dyer and I. H. Low & Co., Waterville, and by Druggists and Dealers throughout the state.

April 23d, until Monday 30th, and at Show-hagan until May 12th, and at Waterville from June 2d until June 17th; in the intermediate time he can be seen at his residence on Spring street, Bangor, where he will be happy to wait on all who wish to examine or purchase his medicines, which are now gaining a wide spread celebrity in this State. Advice free to all. Persons suffering with the Piles, and who are not able to pay for medicines, shall be furnished gratuitously by satisfying me of that fact. All who are expecting to see me at these places should call on me as early after my arrival as convenient, as it will perhaps enable me to give some important advice and also to see the effects of the medicines before I leave. I wish the public to understand, I do not pretend (as many have done) to cure all diseases which human flesh is heir to; but so far as my own personal experience and the benefit that thousands of others have received from the use of my medicines, I do not hesitate to recommend them to all who are suffering from the most destroying and hitherto incurable complaint. There are many, no doubt, who have suffered throughout their whole lives (especially of the female sex) with troubles, which, if made known in season, could easily have been cured.

Advertisements.

LIFE and HEALTH Insurance may be obtained at favorable rates, on application to the subscriber. J. R. ELDEN & Co., No. 3 BOUTELLE BLOCK.

FRESH FLOUR, just rec'd by Steamer from Boston, and for sale by E. L. SMITH, No. 1 Ticonic Row.

ORANGES, Fine Apples and Lemons, just received by SMITH, No. 1 Ticonic Row.

KENNEBEC STEAMERS.

THE NEW AND BEAUTIFUL STEAMER HALIFAX, Capt. Brackett, will leave Waterville every morning (except Sundays,) at 5 1/2 o'clock, and the Steamer PHOENIX, Captain Jewell, every morning (Sundays excepted,) at 9 o'clock. The HALIFAX will return immediately after the arrival of the Boston Boats. The PHOENIX will return (leaving Augusta at 2 o'clock P. M.) every day except Saturday, when she will remain to take passengers from the Boston Boats. FARE, 7 1/2 ct.

HATS AND CAPS.

SPRING STYLES FOR 1849, Just received and for sale by L. CROWELL, Waterville, April 11.

TICKINGS!

10 PEICES more than cheap Tickings, just received at the New Store, No. 3 BOUTELLE BLOCK.

PATCHES.

New Styles received at the New Store, No. 3 BOUTELLE BLOCK.

SHEETINGS! SHEETINGS!!

1000 YDS. Sheetings, of all qualities and Prices, just received at ELDEN'S NEW STORE.

NEW GOODS.

10 CASES New Goods, rec. and now opening at the New Store, by ELDEN & CO.

GINGHAMS! GINGHAMS!!

30 Peices New Styles, just received at J. R. Elden & Co's.

LINEN HDKFS.

15 Doz. those Cheap Hdks., received and for sale at the New Store by ELDEN & CO.

THE OLD STAND.

LEWEL STILSON CONTINUES to manufacture and keep on hand at his shop in Waterville, all kinds of

CARRIAGES.

embracing Chaises, Gigs, open and top Buggies, Phaetons, Rockaways, Wagons, &c.

All of which will be sold at very low prices, and upon the most accommodating terms. All work manufactured at his shop is warranted. Having had thirty years experience in the business, he feels confident of his ability to give general satisfaction to all who may purchase of him.

He is now finishing up

TWO SIX-PASSENGER COACHES, well and substantially made, which will be sold at a great bargain—much lower than can be bought elsewhere.

REPAIRING.

Of all kinds, embracing painting, trimming, ironing, &c., done at short notice, on the most reasonable terms. In due season he will be prepared with a good assortment of SLEIGHS, of all styles and sizes, which will be sold as low as they can be bought in this or any other market.

All orders thankfully received, and all business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to.

Waterville, April 12, 1849.

JEWETT & PRESCOTT'S

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