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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 03): August 9, 1849

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1849.

NO. 3.

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## POPULAR STORIES.

### LIDA GREY.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Hem! library window open, and prints of wet slippers all along the portico! Wonder who is up this early in the morning? Mighty small feet anyhow. It must be that little witch of a niece of mine."

And Uncle Grey pushed aside the velvet curtain that swept down to the stone floor of the portico and put his inquisitive head a little distance into the library. Talkative as he was, he said nothing out of very surprise, as his eye twinkled upon the vision revealed to him.

Though the sun was not quite yet up; yet there sat his lovely young niece, with her portico in her lap, a little silver standish beside her on the floor, and her dimpled hand lazily passing—what? Uncle Grey was afraid it was a letter. He did not know what else a little maiden of sixteen would rise so early for, and blush so deeply while she was writing it.

The young girl did not observe him, for her head was turned partly away, and her eyes were bent intently on the page. One dainty foot peeped out from under the white morning dress—but the pretty slipper was damp and soiled, and the white dress was sadly disarranged, and embroidered all over the skirt with green leaves and blades of grass and rose-petals, which, wet with dew, had clung to it as she passed. Her hair, too—her luxuriant, dark hair, that fell around her so beautifully and sweetly shining to the carpet, was glittering all over with dew-drops and gemmed with bright apple-blossoms that she showered on herself while breaking some sweet clusters from a laden bough. Uncle Grey slipped through the window and on careful tip-toe approached, and peeped over the curtain-shadowed shoulders of his beautiful niece.

A love-letter! with those delicately traced lines all divided off into metre, rhyme and stanza! no, no, it did not look like a love-letter, and the intruder took the liberty of reading the first few lines.

"Heyday! I went down: poetry! poetry! little nonsense!" Lida Grey sprang to her feet, with the offending paper pressed close to her bosom, as if afraid it would be taken away, and the roses and apple blossoms fell down in a rosy shower upon the carpet. Up went a bright blush to her rosy cheeks and down went the dark fire of her beautiful eyes to meet it.

"Poetry! indeed!" continued the indignant Uncle, "and so, Miss Lida, you are going to be one of those terrible blues, are you? Oh, how I hate them! Why, I thought you were just made to be a real, true woman."

"And can't I be a woman and write verses, Uncle?" inquired the young girl, raising her eyes with a wondering smile.

"Be a woman! I should like to know who would want a wife that would be out in the morning catching her death cold and coming to breakfast with such looking feet and such a dress as that. Great attention you would pay to your husband and the children, wouldn't you?—your head full of idle notions, and rhymes, and your fingers all stained up with ink! I thought such lips as yours were made to kiss and coax with, and such eyes to melt people's hearts and look after buttons and custards, and the old gentleman heaved a sigh of disappointment."

"Why, dear Uncle," said the young girl with a roguish smile and pleading glance, "do I ever come to breakfast in a soiled dress? and don't I kiss and coax you and plague you half to death? and don't I always have your slippers ready of an evening? and haven't you always praised the coffee when I make it to please you—and said how gracefully I sat at the head of the table and made tea in such a pleasant, dignified way? And shan't I do all this just as well, now that you know that I am guilty of making poetry sometimes?"

"And now, too, when Claude Brookley has come to spend the summer with me, to have you appear in such attire at your first meeting. He hates poetesses, too; he said last night that he despised scribbling women, and would never have one for his wife. And here I had been planning how well you would suit each other. But I shall warn him of this danger, betimes, certain, continued the vexed Uncle, heedless of her questioning."

"Has Claude Brookley come?" inquired Lida a little anxiously.

"Yes, indeed; and here you were sick with the headache last night when he came, and he could not see you; but you must be up this morning chasing about in the dew, and looking like a fright. He was very anxious to meet you, and I praised you as if you were perfection, but he hates blues; and I shall tell him this very evening about your getting up to write poetry. You may be sure he will hardly deign to look at you, and the usually good-natured old gentleman hurried away, evidently out of humor. He was afraid his darling plan of uniting his young friend to his niece would prove a failure."

"So, Claude hates poetesses and learned ladies, does he?" murmured the young girl to herself, curling her rich lip a little scornfully, and throwing back her superb tresses with a proud air that was very becoming.

She put away the silver standish, gathered up her flowers, and with them and the offending verses, bounded away to her chamber, to see if she really did "look like a fright."

The breakfast-bell had rung twice and Uncle Grey and his visitor, Claude Brookley, were seated at the table before his young niece appeared to preside at its head.

As Lida glided into the room she heard Uncle Grey saying something about "nonsense—stuff—poetry!"

But it did not discompose her in the least, and the indignant coldness of Mr. Claude's manner was entirely rivaled by the matchless grace and pride of her own towards him. Her Uncle need not have troubled his mind about her looking like a fright; and if he had not been so hasty in telling the young gentleman that his niece was a blue, he never would have suspected it. He almost forgave her for getting up before sunrise to run about in the dew

when he saw what a beautiful glow crimsoned her soft cheek, and how very bright her dark, proud eyes were; and the anxious look he cast at her attire was repaid by a vision of a sweet rose-colored morning dress, and all those wild, thick tresses gathered up and folded smoothly around her graceful head. Pshaw! How foolish he had been to tell Claude. He repented sincerely when his niece looked up at him with her eloquent smile and asked him if his coffee just pleased him; she had made it herself for fear the new cook would not suit him; this had delayed her a little, and she regretted keeping him waiting, &c., &c., in her own bewitching way.

Oh! he had done an irreparable injury; for the young girl when she spoke to Claude or looked at him, was as proud as a princess; and Claude's glance fell upon her folded hair and pure young forehead, and dark deep eyes, and sweet curling lip, and rosy morning dress, and even her little white, dimpled hand, with a prejudicial coloring.

And Lida, though she was not quite seventeen, despised selfishness; and she knew that it was selfishness that made men dislike gifted women. So the light of her glance from beneath her dark lashes fell a little scornfully upon the handsome and faultless face of the visitor, with the raven hair waving shiningly around the white, high brow, and the calm, cold sleeping of a passionate soul in the fine grey eyes and upon the slight but firm and beautifully curved lip. And once and a while, a half smile dimpled her cheek, as a thought intruded upon her, if it would not be best to punish the indifferent and self-pushed young gentleman for his selfishness—punish him in a very cruel and beneficial way.

Uncle Grey was very uneasy all through the breakfast hour, despite of his excellent coffee, trying to make the young people agreeable to each other, and wondering what was the true impression in the mind of each. And Lida would smile at him with sly mischief, and demurely enquire the reason for his loss of appetite.

Don't fret, Uncle Grey, don't fret; if there is anything that makes people fall in love with one another, it is to resolve not to, and to look very proud, and act very freezingly dignified, and be very contrary; that is, if they are young and beautiful, and inclined to be sentimental. And to any amateur in the art of reading the human heart, I am sure it would have been a very pretty and amusing way of growing wise, to watch the manner this young couple assumed towards each other the first few days of Claude Brookley's visit.

There were other treasures waiting to spend the summer with good, old Uncle Grey, and his hospitable mansion was soon gay with a bevy of visitors. And Claude had a fine opportunity of pleasing himself with other ladies—while our dear little dreamer of a poetess was compelled to play lady of the house to all the guests, with much dignity and decorum as Aunt Grey used to before she went away forever to a quiet home alone.

And when we reflect what a wild, wayward creature Lida was, to be up in the morning, wreathing flowers, and writing verses, and sitting alone at midnight sobbing, she did not know why, and addressing beautiful words to the stars that never knew of her looking at them—when we think how little such a spiritual being was capable of being a true woman and excellent housewife, we must wonder that the guests were so well entertained, the dinners and desserts and refreshments so admirably arranged, the servants so obliging, and the tea made in such a graceful pleasant way, with Aunt Grey to sleep forever, and no one to be a woman but our young Lida.

Where is Lida? We are all waiting for her. Come, come, Brookley, yourself and fair lady will be left behind, if you do not find her in three minutes," exclaimed a brilliant young creature in riding cap and plume, sweeping into the parlor where Claude sat, with her flowing dress and beautiful, haughty face.

Claude started from the reverie into which he had fallen, and rising from the sofa, smiled upon the bright girl with his proud eyes, and bade her tell the party not to wait; they would overtake them in five minutes.

And while Mabel Moore bounded away again, and the party sped merrily down the pleasant road, and lost themselves in the love grove just ahead, Claude went from room to room in search of his partner in the ride—"Mabel Moore is a peerless being—beautiful, passionate, proud, and devoted to those she loves," he murmured to himself; but the sentence was unfinished, and Mabel was forgotten; for at that moment Claude passed before the door of a room into which he had never glanced. He stood before the half-opened door, and every thing else was forgotten except the scene that stole upon his senses there—that moment Claude Brookley, the poet, the scorner, the proud man, loved—loved instantly, with his whole heart, soul and spirit. Strange! how our ideal, our yearning, our haunting dream of love and beauty is sometimes found in a moment—never seen before, yet as familiar, as the scenes in which we have lived.

Lida Grey was in that room—she was standing before a painting that had not yet been removed from the easel. The pencil with which she had added the last touch of loveliness was yet in her hand. The picture was the embodiment of an inspiration—a wild and gloriously beautiful young girl with floating and shadowy robes, a form that seemed quivering and dilating with the glory of her spirit; white, waving arms; a face perfect in features and radiant and shining with the light of her inspired soul—the sweet bright lips just parted with a faint smile, the brow pure and solemn with a faint smile, the large, deep, beautiful eyes throwing up through their long lashes their impassioned light toward heaven. Lida stood looking upon the picture her genius had created. Her soul was so absorbed in it that it was as if she were no longer there.

Sensibly to the idea she had pictured—that glorious young poetess upon the canvass, and that one with living spirit in her bosom appeared the same. There was a golden glow in the room—there was a deathly stillness over all—and Claude Brookley gazed with a thrilling heart—he looked and loved—he felt him self degraded by the selfishness that had blinded him to the purity and perfection and starry glow of such a gifted and rare young being as there was before him in the unconscious radiance of her spiritual beauty. A thought came upon him of Mabel Moore with her loveliness and pride; but her pride seemed to him vanity, and her charms a lack of soul. The

selfish and arrogant but really noble man was humbled to a feeling of self-abasement. An irresistible impulse compelled him to enter the apartment and stand by her side—She perceived him not.

"Oh! Lida!" burst from his lips. She started, and saw Claude, looking upon her and the work of her stolen hours, with those deep, great eyes of his. She thought his tones were of reproach. Her secret which she had cherished so carefully, which she had not told even to her Uncle, was now revealed to the careless eye of one she knew would criticize severely. Her darling her precious secret was revealed to the scorn of one whom above all others she would have hidden it from—he would curl his lip at what was dear as life to her.

The young girl looked into his face an instant, and sank upon a chair, and burst into tears—Her face was crimson with blushes, and her small white hand strove to hide the tears that sparkled in the lashes of her sweet dark eyes. That little hand was taken away and pressed between two others, there was a touch of warm lips on her forehead, and a low, earnest voice said passionately—

"Oh! Lida, it is most beautiful—it is most beautiful! why have you hidden this from me—why have you hidden this from me—why do you weep!—do you think that I cannot appreciate the loveliness of your gifts? do you think I am so dull, so senseless, so soulless as not to know that you are above all others gifted and pure and beautiful?—Oh, this is wonderful!—this is wonderful!" This was all Claude said, for the memory of his former indifference told him that it was not wise to speak of the love that now burned in his heart and rose to his lips.

"She must despise me," he thought; but the tearful eyes of Lida smiled up into his face, the sweet blush deepened on her cheek.

But the pride in the young girl's nature was as strong as her love, and though her soul had thrilled to his kiss and his words, a thought of their first meeting and of her plan to punish his selfishness, rose quickly to her memory, and a smile of mischief sparkled through her tears; her dainty lip curled a very little, and she looked at him in such a merry, mocking, provoking way that she quite discomposed the haughty man, who was glad in his confusion to remind her of the intended ride, and that the rest of the party had already departed.

"How could I have forgotten it! Go down the portico and I will join you in a moment," and Lida bounded away for her riding habit.

In a short time they were speeding away to ward the grove, and their spirited steeds—Claude with his splendid form and noble face—Lida with her graceful, slender figure and fair plumes waving in the air. The young girl was wayward and gay, and the proud man was silent, and his heart was bitter with the fear that she would ridicule his intense love. As they galloped over the shadowy road they came to where it branched into opposite directions, and paused in perplexity, wondering which path their party had taken. One led off to an old Indian fortification—the other to the beach some three miles away.

#### CHAPTER II.

"I will venture they have gone to the beach, they have if they love the murmur of the waves and sunset on the water as well," said Lida. "To the beach—to the beach! my gay cavalier; and if I reach it not first you may claim this ruby rose in my hair as your prize! and away she sped over the smooth hard road, and Claude pursuing her, swift as the wind. On and on, they sped. The beach was nearly reached, yet Lida was still in advance. The path that led to the water's edge was between high cliffs that rose along the shore nearly perpendicular, except in this one place where the descent was safe and easy.

Lida's merriment echoed back to overtake Claude's ear, as he strove in vain to overtake her. Suddenly, within a few yards of the cliff, her horse took fright, and darted away from the road with furious speed directly toward a precipice a hundred feet above sea level, and her hand was firm and she strove with strange courage to turn her mad steed from destruction. But the animal was wild with fear and the strength of her frail arms availed her not. It was but a moment! Claude had hardly beheld her danger—hardly thought to urge his own steed forward in pursuit—when that bright form disappeared like a flash of light over the precipice.

A groan burst from the lips of the strong man—he stepped for an instant perfectly still—his heart faint in his bosom—his blood shivered through his veins. Ah! it was terrible—terrible! that young bright creature—that rare young girl, full of life and health and beauty, to meet death so suddenly—so dreadfully! The vision of her as she stood such a little while before in the rich light of that fair apartment—glorious in beauty and radiant with soul, came up before him and mocked him with its brightness!—and now!—oh! God! the thought of that young form crushed, lifeless, bleeding, rose before him with fearful power! It maddened him. He turned his horse again into the path, and dashed down upon the beach, his brow reeling and eyes dizzy with the thought of that mangled form.

Leaping from his saddle he rushed to the spot where she fell. A stranger who was walking upon the beach was already beside the steed that lay dead and still upon the sand; and trembling and faint with horror, he was raising the young girl in his arms. She had fallen upon the animal and not under him, and though lifeless she was not crushed. Claude took her from the stranger's arms and sinking upon the ground, looked into her face. It was white and still; she did not breathe, nor did the dark lashes quiver that lay upon her sunken cheeks. Those large beautiful tresses streamed over his shoulder, and her fair hands lay motionless in one of his.

"She is dead, dead, dead!" murmured Claude to himself.

The stranger turned his face and his form shook with agony to hear that low, despairing voice, and look upon the desolation and woe of the living, and strange sweet beauty of the dead. Those were all the words the mourner said, as he looked down in the pallid face and clasped the still hands of his lifeless love. He did not groan nor weep nor clasp her to his bosom—he only murmured—she is dead, dead, dead!

And when the one who looked upon this scene, mastered his own emotion, so as to in-

quire where he should go for aid, him he addressed only replied "dead, dead!"

But Lida was not dead. For as Claude looked upon her with tearless gaze, her bosom faintly heaved, a very slight flash shot into her cheek, her lip quivered with the gasp of recovering breath, the eye-lashes trembled, and she even murmured a weak, faint word.

What was that word that she spoke unknown to herself—it was feebly articulated, but it sunk into the inmost depths of the soul of him who heard it.

"Claude!" That was the sound that trembled on the breath of the sufferer. And oh what a wild thrill of happiness it sent through the frame of the lover who had deemed her lost forever.

"Thank God? he uttered fervently as he pressed her close to his heart for an instant, and then gazed more eagerly than ever to see that he was not deceived—that she really lived.

"Water!" he asked of the stranger who had already sprang to the edge of the waves and was returning with his velvet cap dripping with its cool contents.

"And where shall I go for help in carrying the sufferer home," asked he, as Claude dashed the water over Lida's brow.

"Mount my horse there, and hasten at the greatest speed to Mr. Charles Grey's. Take that path—it is three miles away; but only hurry and I will be grateful to you forever." Tell them to come with a carriage, and for heaven's sake, hasten.

The young man started when the name of Mr. Grey was mentioned, and looking anxiously at Lida, turned quite pale and half uttered an exclamation which he checked, and springing upon the steed who had stood quietly near by, he sped away hurriedly.

Claude did not remark his agitation—his was too great. He untied the little cap with its waving plumes and took it from her head and laid back the disheveled curls from her pale sweet forehead, so that the cool sea breeze might fan it. It was a long time before Lida opened her eyes, and then she closed them again with a low moan of pain.

Claude was in an agony of fear lest she should die before the aid came. But the carriage arrived at last and Uncle Grey hobbled out of it with a bottle of wine in his hand, and his face all covered with tears.

"Poor dear! poor dear!" he sobbed, looking at the sufferer with dim eyes and handing the wine to Claude, for his hand trembled so that he could not hold it. The servant had thrown pillows and cushions into the carriage, and smiled faintly in his face, for her lover got into the carriage and himself and Uncle Grey and the stranger placed her upon the pillows, and he supported her in his arms, whilst the good old man sat in front and watched her countenance, and the kind stranger rode behind on Claude's horse.

When the party who had rode over to the fortification returned, they found their dear Lida faint and pale upon a couch, suffering from a broken arm and her long insensibility. How they thanked God with trembling lips that this was all—that she lived and would yet be well.

#### CHAPTER III.

A few days after this Lida Grey lay upon the sofa in the drawing room. She was rather paler than usual but very lovely and spiritual. There was no one present but her beautiful young friend Mabel Moore, who had never left her in her illness, but had been tender and gentle than any one would imagine so haughty and gay a creature could be. Mabel sat on an ottoman by the sofa, holding Lida's little hand in her own soft, white one; when the stranger who had been of such service at the time of the accident, entered the room unannounced. He was very handsome and polished in his address. He had an elegant form and finely shaped head, with chestnut ringlets clustering around his broad, white forehead; with clear, soft blue eyes; with an eloquent smile and a placid pleasant mouth.

It was curious that he dared to come in as he did, asked no permission and stealing in unannounced—it is strange what he could have said to Lida that brought that exclamation to her lips and that happy light to her eyes. It was not fifteen minutes till a perfect understanding existed between the two—and then they put their heads together and formed some plan which delighted them both, and in which dark-eyed Mabel joined with equal gladness.

At this moment, just when Mabel was clapping her hands for joy, and the invalid was laughing gaily, Mr. Claude Brookley entered the drawing-room, and was made acquainted with Mr. Somer Victor, who soon retired. A sharp pang of jealousy shot through the heart of the lover, as he saw the bright color and the glad light that the stranger had called into the cheeks and eyes of Lida.

As for Lida herself, she was brimming over with mischief, despite of her illness, and said such careless, provoking things, and seemed so full of innocent malice, that just to be revenged, Claude devoted himself entirely to Mabel, who had grown suddenly very serious.

And this little play was acted over a great many times before the invalid entirely recovered.

Mr. Somer Victor came every day and sat for hours by the sofa of the young girl.

And Claude was burning with jealousy, but striving to appear indifferent, attached himself to the queenly Mabel. This wild, proud being had changed so much in a short time, that he flattered himself that she loved him, and he tried to make himself love her; but all in vain. His soul only clung the more intensely to his beautiful poetical ideal as embodied in Lida in her moments of inspiration and passionate feeling, when she threw aside the provoking mingled pride and mirthfulness of her manner. And as she grew gayer and haughtier, Mabel grew pensive and soft and saddened.

No one seemed entirely happy but the apparently unconscious intruder upon Claude's rights. He was always self-possessed, eloquent and fascinating; and appeared to double advantage by the side of the poor lover who had grown too silent and unhappy and proud, to be agreeable.

Oh! how deeply mortified Claude Brookley was. He was sure the stranger had painted in glowing colors to Lida, his agony when he thought her dead; and his feverish pride and sensitiveness pictured them ridiculing his anguish.

The selfish, arrogant man was really humbled, therefore he was a thousand times more

worthy of a gifted young girl's love than he had ever been before.

At length Lida was entirely well. She joined all the gaities of the party at her Uncle's house, but in walks and rides and every amusement Somer Victor was her companion. She had induced Uncle Grey to invite him to visit with them. Sometimes she would steal to Claude's side; and then her tones would be low and full of love, and her lover's heart would thrill with wild gladness, and hope would whisper to him sweetly; but in a moment she would be changed, and be wilder and gayer than ever.

But there was a climax to his despair. One morning he entered the library with a book. He was so sad to join the young people, who, he had supposed, had all gone over to the city to look at a new gallery of paintings. As he entered silently the room he supposed deserted, he saw Somer Victor standing by the window and Lida was by his side. Her sweet face was raised to his with a smile and a blush, and her white arms were twined about his neck.

They were talking earnestly, but he did not hear what they said. He grew very pale, and stole away without being perceived. That day Claude told Uncle Grey that he should leave in the morning. His manner was so disturbed, his coming and departure so abrupt, that the old man muttered to himself as Claude went out of the room—

"That little provoking puss has given him the mitten; I'll see about this!" and with a vexed look he went to his library and summoned his offending niece.

"Why is Mr. Brookley to leave in the morning?" he asked, as the innocent culprit appeared.

"Indeed, I do not know; is he going?" inquired Lida, turning very pale and trembling a little.

"To be sure he is going; and you have been refusing him, when you knew my heart is set on your marriage. And all because of that other fine fellow that has been so attentive for a few weeks."

"Indeed, dear Uncle," said Lida, blushing and making an effort to smile, "Mr. Brookley has never given me an opportunity of rejecting him. If he is going to leave us so soon I am sorry, and I will try and persuade him to stay, for I believe I wish him to as much as you can, and the young girl blushed still deeper. As for Somer Victor, I shall have to tell you about him; but you must not be too much surprised, will you, Uncle dear?"

And she sat down at his feet and told a little story that made the old man say "where?" three times and laugh a dozen times; and when she had done, she pulled her on the cheek and kissed her, and laughed and "whewed" again and said,

"Then we must let Claude go, you little mischief. The women always are too cunning for us anyhow. Whew! what an adventure!"

And Lida laughed and ran away, and said Mr. Brookley should not go.

That evening the beautiful poetess stood musing upon the portico. Her gladness had all vanished. She had been punishing a proud selfish man, and now she must punish her own pride a little, or lose the one she loved and die by her own weapons. How should she persuade him to stay? how explain when no explanation was asked? Yet Claude would go, and then she would break her heart. That must not be; and as the tears gushed up to her eyes and she buried her face in her little hands and sobbed, her lover stood before her.

"Lida," he said coldly, "I leave in the morning; I have come to say good-bye; I shall depart probably before you rise."

"Why do you go so soon? why do you speak so carelessly?" asked the young girl, raising her beautiful eyes earnestly to his face. "I am very cruel of you; do you not see that I am unhappy?" He dared not answer her pleading look; it stirred his soul too deeply with love and bitterness; but he said in his former cold tone,

"I did not flatter myself that your tears were for me. Good night."

He turned away; he was really going. How the young girl trembled; she felt as if her happiness was going with him; she had humbled his self-love and now she must humble her own pride.

"Claude!" she uttered earnestly. He turned. She stepped towards him, leaped her forehead on his arm and clasped her hands upon his shoulder. For a moment he thought she loved him, and a torrent of uncontrollable emotion swept over his soul. He would have pressed her to his heart, he would have blessed her with his prayerful lips, he would have been wild with happiness—but the memory of that scene in the library came like darkness upon his spirit.

"She is false to both; she mocks me and him," he thought. "Do you wish to make me say that I love you?" he asked bitterly, "so you may laugh at me with the man whom I saw you caressing this morning?"

Lida turned her pure eyes to his face.

"Oh! Claude, forgive me for this little deception; I know you will. That man is my brother; his name is Somer Grey not Victor; and I have done this because you were wrongly scornful of the holiest gifts of a woman. Did you not often hear me say that I had a brother in Italy, an artist? He gave me my few first lessons in painting, of which I am so fond. Will you not forgive me? will you not say you will love me?"

Claude would have suffered his wretchedness twice over, for the intense and perfect joy of that moment, when Lida's sweet eyes were hid in his bosom, and his hands were amid the dark curls of her hair, whilst he murmured a blessing upon her from the depths of his passionate heart.

Claude Brookley did not leave the next morning; and if ever he felt troubled with a fear that Mabel Moore loved him, he was undeceived when the wedding arrangements were made. There were two bridal dresses, and when Claude went one day to the city to purchase the ring, he found Somer Grey doing the same deed.

How happy Uncle Grey was upon the wedding day. He looked twenty years younger, and never could be content admiring Lida's womanly disposition. He forgave her with his whole heart for being a poetess.

Perhaps Claude Brookley forgave her for the same fault.

MUSICAL.—The Lynn News man says:—"The difference between a musquito and a hurdygurdy player is, that the first presents a 'bill,' after his music, while the other passes round his hat."

## FOR THINKERS.

[From Chambers's Journal.]

### DOING AND DREAMING.

In our multifarious correspondence there is a class of letters capable of more extended application than the writers imagine. These letters are confidential communications, generally from young men discontented with their position in life, and anxious for advice as to how they may contrive to emerge into circumstances better adapted to their tastes and genius. Almost all of them state frankly the reason why they have been induced in this emergency to address themselves to the "Journal," and that reason is, that it is the Journal which has touched with unwearied light "the sleeping images of things," which has stirred up their ideas from the bottom, and imparted a restlessness to their minds that seeks to relieve itself in some new course of action. Such however is not declared to be the effect of the mere expansion of mind brought about through the agency of literature; it refers more particularly to the authentic pictures we delight to give of the successful struggles of merit, and the rise of lofty and heroic spirits into power and fame in spite of the adverse circumstances of fortune. Musing on these histories, warmed into generous enthusiasm, and stirred with emulative ardor, our inexperienced readers mistake the vague and romantic yearnings of youth for the throes of genius, and fancy that all they want to arrive at distinction is to be set upon the path.

Now, we are not opposed to a moderate indulgence of the imagination; we think, on the contrary, that it tends to good. The inner life of a man is as important as his outer life; and the former, like the latter, must have its moments of unbending and recreation. Our dreams of fame may give birth, when the proper circumstances arrive, to action calculated to assist in realizing them; and in the mean time they serve as old moments to refine as well as amuse, and to float the free spirit above the cares and vulgarities of life. But the danger is, that this may go too far; that the dreamer may conceive a distaste or contempt for his ordinary avocations; and that, in fancying future greatness, he may neglect the sources of present comfort and respectability. It is therefore worth while to consider whether the vague aspirations alluded to afford any evidence of our being really superior to our present employment, and calculated to shine in another.

What has been the course of those remarkable persons who have risen from poverty and obscurity to be the cynosures of the world? Did their minds wander about in search of suitable employment? Did they feel an indistinct consciousness that they could do something, if they only knew what it was? Did they ask their way of the passers-by to the temple of fame or fortune? No such thing. They did their appointed work not only without aid and without a question, but in defiance of remonstrance and opposition. If mechanics, they converted into magical rods the humblest tools of the humblest trades; if philosophers, the phenomena of nature was as open to them in a hovel as in a palace; if poets, they poured forth their golden songs from the garret or the plough tail;

"They inspired in numbers—for the numbers came."

It would seem, in fact, that vagueness and uncertainty are indications of a want of power, and that the very circumstance of a man's asking for advice shows his inability to act upon it.

Let us look into literature for an illustration of what we mean. The profession is thronged by individuals who have no chance, and never had a chance of success. How does this come about? Through dreaming. They mistake sympathy of taste for sympathy of talent, the power to admire for the power to create, and plunged madly into a business for which they were prepared by no study, and qualified by no natural gifts. The history of persons destined to succeed in literature, is different. Their first efforts came from them, as it were, unawares. Doubtfully, timidly, they cast their bread upon the waters, ignorant of the process it will undergo, and incredulous of the form in which it will return to them. But it does return; and in a form which makes their heart beat and their eyes dazzle. Money! They care not for money abstractedly; but in this case it gives them assurance that the coinage of their brain bears a distinct value in the estimation of their fellow men. God bless that first guinea! No after-fortune can compare with it. The most intellectual of us may sink gradually into the peddling, shop-keeping propensities of social men; but in the midst of the very basest vulgarities of life, we return proudly—and some fearfully—to the recollections of our first guinea!

Literature, as Sir Walter Scott has observed, should be used as a staff not as a crutch. Remarkably few are able to make it the sole means of a respectable livelihood. At the very least, no rational person would embark in literature as a profession without having previously ascertained whether he had the power to live by it. With definite and manly plans we have of course no fault to find; but what we allude to is that unsettled cloudy state of the mind which unfits us for the present, without having any influence upon the future. This state of mind is more common and more fatal in youth than it is usually supposed; and it is not less so from its being induced by a mere mistake which confounds the capability of doing with the habit of dreaming.

Again, we find, from the history of men who have risen from obscurity to eminence that although they may be, in the common phrase, "the architect of their own fortunes," they are not the contrivers of those circumstances which have placed them in the way of fortune. While apparently preparing for what is to come, they are in reality merely following the bent of their own inclinations, till they are sucked either gradually or suddenly into the current of events. This is another lesson for dreamers. Things should be allowed to come about naturally. There should be a patient submission to circumstances; but let the best be made of them and the rest will follow. If young persons have a consciousness of any taste or talent of a desirable kind, let them cultivate it quietly till the proper opportunity comes, and they find that they can trust to it for their advancement in the world. A remarkable instance may here be mentioned of the sort of fatality which governs the struggling genius. There was once a village lad whose name was Nicholas and whose dream was



Rome. This was no idle dream with him, for he had painted from his childhood. He would paint—he could not help it; and at Paris, to which he had found his way, that he might look at better pictures than he could see at home, he copied some engravings from Raphael, which gave a still firmer bent to his genius. A gentleman who admired the arts, took him to Poitou, from whence he returned moneyless, painting his way as he went to Paris. He became unwell and went home to his native place—the village of Andouin on the Seine—and dreamed of Rome as he lay on his sick-bed. When he got better he actually set out for Rome, and painted his way as far as Florence; but not a step could he get beyond that and he returned almost in despair, to Paris. Here, at length, he accidentally found a patron, who encouraged him to turn his face once more upon Italy, and in 1624 he did arrive at Rome. The result is thus told:—“Here Nicholas lived for a long time miserably poor, but supremely happy; starving his body but banqueting his mind. He fell in with a sculptor called Francois Flemand, whose circumstances were similar to his own, and these two lived and labored in a corner together, surrounded by the dreams and monuments of genius, and stealing out every now and then to sell their works for any pittance that ignorance would bid or avarice afford. But the pictures of Nicholas at length began to attract attention; and the humble artist was drawn from his solitude. This change of fortune went on, for although poverty or envy may retard the rise of genius, for a time, when once risen any attempt to repress it, however powerful, is like opposing a tempest with a fan. Every tongue was now busy with the new painter's name; every eye was fixed upon his face or his works; all Rome was shaken with his fame. This was soon told at Paris; and he who on former occasions had travelled thither a lonely, friendless, half-starving youth, was led to the capital of France, in triumph, and overwhelmed by Cardinal Richelieu and the King with honors and distinctions. After the minister's death, he returned to Rome, and died there in the seventy-first year of his age, leaving the illustrious name of Nicholas Poussin, a rich, a glorious legacy to his country.”

It occasionally happens that the present business of our clients is of a nature they think beneath their merits, and obstructive of their aspirations. In a state of incipient rebellion against their present employment they long to be something else. A draper, sick of the counter asks our advice—a teacher in a country school is dying to be a man of letters. We have no patience with these dreamers. Why will they not let things take their course? Earnest all the time in their respective callings, there can be no objection to their looking out for opportunities of advancement. For our part we should like as well as any body to better our condition; and indeed, sometimes, when we see public affairs going wrong, we have a wonderful notion of a seat in the cabinet! But after all, as there must be a variety of employments, and people to fill them, the best way to manage is for us to deserve promotion, and hold fast what we have till we get something better. It is not the employment that makes us respectable, but our conduct in it. A footman on the stage, whose sole business is to deliver a message, has not a very dignified occupation; but nevertheless we expect him to get through it with intelligence and propriety; and if he fails to do so, from any notion that the part is beneath him, he becomes at once an object of indignation or contempt. This footman may be the author of the piece, or he may be capable of writing a better one but the fact has nothing to do with his personation of the character, which is his actual share of the performance.

And this brings us to a point at which our homily may well conclude. The supposed capabilities of a man for another employment should never have the effect of making him despise or neglect his present one however humble it may be. If it is worth our while to do a thing at all, it is surely worth our while to do it well. If there be any false shame on the subject, it ought to be banished by the reflection, that there are vast numbers of men of worth and talent superior to ours, laboring, and laboring cheerfully, at still meaner employments. Besides, it should ever be borne in mind that, even in comparatively obscure situations in life, there may be, and is, the greatest earthly happiness. By a due culture of the faculties, by refining the sentiment, a common blacksmith may enjoy a satisfaction of mind equal to that of the greatest man in the parish. One who values genius merely as a means of advancement in the world, cannot know or feel what genius is. Yet on this false estimate are based a great proportion of the dreams which disturb the existence and fritter away the energies of youth. It is not spiritual, but temporal glory for which the common visionary pants; it is not the souls of men he desires to take captive, but merely their pockets; the paradise which opens to his minds eye, beyond the counter, is composed of fine houses, gay dresses and luxuriant meals. The meanness of such aspirations enables us to say, without compunction, that he who indulges them no more possesses the intellectual capabilities he fancies, than he is likely to enjoy the substantial rewards of industry and perseverance.

**BUSINESS CHANGES.**—There is no truer remark than that property is more surely acquired by constant industry and economy than in any other way. Yet there are often unforeseen and sudden changes which make and mar—changes which no wisdom could foresee, no prudence guard against. And it is an undeniable truth of this last remark which gives stimulus to a certain class of active men, known among the more careful men as speculators. Truly considered; the speculator rests for success on an axiom as undeniable as the other.—But the difficulty is, the speculator from the very nature of his doctrine and practice is constantly in hazard of departing from his true position. An intelligent, honest man who stands ready to go into anything for profit, is pursuing as legitimate a business as any one, and if he adheres inflexibly to the rule of risk “no more eggs in one basket” than he can afford to lose, he is perhaps as likely to succeed. Indeed, his chance of a great fortune is better than your regular dealer's.

Yet only a few men can succeed in the speculating line. It requires peculiar qualities, great activity, and ceaseless watchfulness.—Few men—none but real Mammonites can be happy in it. Other modes of living have their partial relaxation—this none. It possesses the sleeper in his dreams—it drives him about in the doon-day sun—it scourges him, it pursues him. Few of an active habit of mind who reflect upon the sudden changes which occur in business affairs, can resist the temptation occasionally to dip into the mystery of irregular traffic. He sees where the sudden blight of the potato has given sudden wealth to the lucky shipper of corn—where the gleaming gold of California has all unlocked for loaded down the pockets of some desperate adventurers—he observes his ignorant neighbor who, riding in his coach nods to him patronizingly, and says to himself “he once went a foot like me,

but on a lucky day the fool sent “coal to Newcastle,” or “warming pans to the East Indies”—thus musing he can hardly resist the temptation to try his luck—he tries it—he succeeds perhaps and is ruined. If not in purse, in his peace of mind—in all that is really worth living for.—*Newburyport Herald.*

**VULGARITY.**—We would guard the young against the use of every word that is not perfectly proper. Use no profane expressions, allude to no sentence that will put to blush the most sensitive. You know not the tendency of habitually using indecent and profane language. It may never be obliterated from your tongue. When you grow up, you will find at your tongue's end some expression that you would not use for any money. It was one you learned when you were quite young. By being careful, you will save yourself a deal of mortification and sorrow. Good men have been taken sick and become delirious. In these moments, they have used the most vile and indecent language imaginable. When informed of it, after a restoration to health, they had no idea of the pain they had given their friends, and stated that they had learned and repeated the expressions in childhood; and though years had passed since they had spoken a bad word, the early impressions had been indelibly stamped upon the heart. Think of this, ye who are tempted to use improper language, and never disgrace yourselves.

“It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme Rapturously appeal to on each trifling theme: Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise; To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise; You would not swear upon a bed of death; Reflect, your Maker now may stop your breath.”

[Literary Union.]

**UNCLE BENJAMIN'S SERMON.**—Not many hours ago I heard Uncle Benjamin discussing this matter to his son, who was complaining of pressure.

“Rely upon it, Sammy,” said the old man, as he leaned on his staff, with his grey locks flowing in the breeze of a May morning; “murmuring pays no bills. I have been an observer many times these fifty years, and I never saw a man helped out of a hole by cursing his horses. Be as quiet as you can, for nothing will grow under a moving harrow, and discontent harrows the mind. Matters are bad, I acknowledge, but no ulcer is any better for fingering. The more you groan, the poorer you grow.”

“Repining at losses is only putting pepper into a sore eye. Crops will fail in all soils, and we may be thankful that we have not a famine. Besides, I always took notice that whenever I felt the rod pretty smartly it was as much as to say, ‘Here is something which you have got to learn.’ Sammy, don't forget that your schooling is not over yet, though you have a wife and two children.”

“Aye,” cried Sammy, “you say that, and a mother-in-law, and two apprentices into the bargain, and I should like to know what a poor man can learn here; when the greatest scholars and lawyers are at loggerheads, and can't for their lives tell what has become of the hard money.”

“Softly, Sammy, I am older than you; I have not got these grey hairs and this crooked back without some burdens. I can tell you stories of the days of calamitous money, when my grand-father used to stuff a sully-box with bills to pay for a yearling or a wheat fan, and when the women used thorns for pins, and laid their tea pots away in the garret. You wish to know what you can learn? You may learn these seven things.

“First; that you have saved too little and spent too much. I never taught you to be a miser, but I have seen you give your dollar for a ‘nothin’ when you might have laid one half aside for charity and one half for a rainy day.”

“Second; that you have gone too much upon credit. I always told you credit was shadow; there is a substance behind, which casts the shadow; but a small body may cast a greater shadow, and no wise man will follow the shadow any farther than he can see the substance. You may now learn that you have followed a shadow, and been deceived into a bog.”

“Thirdly; that you have gone in too much haste to become rich. Slow and easy wins the race.”

“Fourthly; that no course of life can be depended upon as always prosperous. I am afraid the younger race of working men in America have a notion that nobody would go to ruin this side of the water. Providence has greatly blessed us, and we have become presumptuous.”

“Fifthly; that you have not been thankful enough to God for His benefits in past times. Sixty; that you may be thankful our lot is not worse. We might have famine, or pestilence, or war, or tyranny, or all together.”

“And lastly to end my sermon, you may learn to offer more understanding, the prayer of your infancy, ‘Give us this day our daily bread.’”

The old man ceased, and Sammy put on his apron and told Dick to blow away at the forge bells.

**SUGGESTION FOR AGRICULTURAL CLUBS.**

—The “New York Columbian Farmer” suggests what is, one might suppose, not only wise, but very practicable for all who have the self-command and resolution to do any thing for improvement in their line of business. It says:

Let each member of the club procure a good-sized blank book; commence, say in the spring; write down all matters which relate to the operations, viz: number of acres, the soil, manner of tillage, quantity of seed per acre; situation of the land, as to wet or dry; making suitable entries during the season, as to the crops doing well or not, and the probable cause; the time of harvesting, yield per acre; if good or poor, the probable cause; the time of selling, the price if high or low. A memorandum somewhat similar, as to the stock; the disease with which they are attacked, if any, the remedy used, and the effect. Let an exact account be kept of the outgoes and incomes, and a balance be struck at the end of each year to ascertain causes and their effect; and be not afraid of writing too much. By this course they would soon acquire the habit of putting their thoughts on paper in a systematic way. At the end of each year, these papers could be presented to the club, and examined by a committee; and all matters worth remembering, put into a condensed report, and recorded. By this course, a comparison could be made between the different systems practised, and the best could be adopted. By this it is believed every important improvement would soon become general; errors would be detected and abandoned.—*Plough, Loom & Anvil.*

**SWEETENING BUTTER.**—Toveygan has communicated to the *Mechanics Magazine* the following items of dietetic improvement. Whilst making some experiments it occurred to him that butter, either fresh or salt, possessing disagreeable effluvia and flavor, might be rendered sweet by the addition of a little carbonate of soda. On trial, this surmise proved correct. The proportions are—carbonate of soda, two

and a half drachms to butter three pounds.—In making fresh butter, the soda should be added after all the milk is washed out and is ready for making up. The unpleasant smell is produced by the acid, which being neutralized by the alkali, dispersed at the same time the disagreeable flavor. This acid is generally produced by peculiarities in the constitution of some cows, by the condition of certain fodders, by the length of time the cream is kept before being churned, but too often by the dairy utensils not being thoroughly clean. Soda produces the same results when added to the culinary greases—as drippings, lard, &c.

**CUTTING BUSHES.**—This is a good season to eradicate thoroughly and effectually, the bushes which deface your cultivated lands; Fern, and other worthless shrubs should now be cut in your pasture grounds; they shade the ground and diminish, greatly, the amount of feed, especially in dry times. Cut all off, and destroy them, root and branch.—[Hallowell Cultivator.]

The Maine Farmer is of the opinion that it would be for the advantage of the sellers and the purchasers of cattle to establish several points in the State, Cattle Fairs, where the seller, and purchaser could meet and make sales and purchases. There is now much time lost and expense incurred in riding about from place to place for the purchase of stock which would be saved by a fair. The suggestion is a good one and the efforts of the Farmer will, undoubtedly secure the object.

**A DEATH BELL.**—A pretty story is told of the casting of the bell for the church of St. Mary Magdalen, at Breslau. When the metal was just ready to be poured into the mould, the chief-founder went to dinner, and forbade his apprentice, under pain of death, to touch the vent by which the metal was to be conveyed. The youth, curious to see the operation, disobeyed orders, the whole of the metal ran into the mould, and the enraged master, returning from his meal, slew the apprentice on the spot. On breaking away the mould he found he had been too hasty for the bell was cast as perfectly as possible. When it was hung in its place, the master had been sentenced to death by the sword for the murder of the apprentice, and he intreated the authorities as a great favor, that he might be allowed to hear it once before he died. His petition was granted. And from that time the bell was rung on the execution of a criminal.

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, AUG. 9, 1849.

### COMMENCEMENT AT WATERVILLE.

This anniversary, always so welcome, has passed with at least its usual degree of interest. With a graduating class not inferior to any of its predecessors—with orators and poets of more than ordinary attractions—strangers from all sections in welcome abundance—a charming season, fine weather and a most pleasant and hospitable community—who could have looked for anything less than a most agreeable anniversary? Such it has been.

Before the ‘Literary Fraternity,’ on Tuesday evening, the exercises consisted, as usual, of an oration and poem—the former by Rev. Dr. Carruthers of Portland, and the latter by Rev. S. F. Smith of Newton.

The subject of the address, ‘The Economy of Talent,’ rather naturally afforded a wide field for good advice and wholesome instruction to the younger members of the Society. This the speaker improved in a manner decidedly paternal and dignified, and with an effect that must tell to the permanent profit of those to whom it was his evident aim to do good. Of its slight faults, of manner or composition, it is but justice to say that the most prominent were pointed out and condemned by the speaker himself, as he expanded upon his judicious hints to others. That simplicity and modesty, both of style and manner, are more easily commended, or loved even, than acquired and practiced, was too strikingly illustrated to be doubted—leaving the scholar to see that though the way may be plain, a long life, even, may be too short in which to learn to walk therein. That lessons of ‘economy,’ to be heeded, want the light of experiment, need not be told to the young, and much less to the aged; consequently a slight accompaniment of illustration is seldom out of place. Sometimes it is positively necessary. Still we may boldly speak of the address as a scholar-like production, alike creditable to the speaker and profitable to his hearers.

Of the poem we speak reluctantly. Perhaps none but a very wicked heart could summon courage to find fault with it. The author is known to be a poet of some merit, though his exceeding Christian modesty may have limited his fame to the circle of personal acquaintance. His present effort has extended it to all who gave him an intelligent and candid hearing. Of the spirit and matter of the poem we dare not say less than that it was too good for the occasion. It was too spiritual—too high in its religious tone—too much above the world and worldly men—too ethereal, in a word, to be appreciated in a mixed assembly like that. The wonder is that the author did not discover this fact till it was too late. Several of its passages might claim a high degree of poetical finish, and our only regret was that its many beauties were spread before eyes that did not turn sufficiently heavenward to see them. Any man may cast his pearls where he will, if he have them in sufficient abundance, but the writer of the poem is not among those who can afford it. With a subject more fortunately chosen he might have won abundant laurels, where a few green sprigs from choice branches is all he has secured. We say this of the poem, without reference to the manner of its reading—as we would commend a psalm without embracing the tune in which it was sung. A mistaken pitch or a nasal crack may spoil the prettiest song; as the bad reading of Mr. Smith would ruin a better poem than he can ever hope to write.

The exercises of the graduating Class, as a whole, elicited a good degree of hearty and wholesome commendation. We shall not speak of them in detail. Their training in the walks of literature has been above our criti-

cism. They have generally, during their collegiate course, commended themselves to the good opinion and confidence of our citizens, and to the high esteem of their teachers and associates in College. Probably few if any classes have ever graduated here, from whom more has been anticipated. Let them go into the world among their fellows, and each for himself see what he can offer that shall demand the praise of men.

The following was the order of the exercises of the Class:

1. ORATION of the First Class.—“Oratio Latina.” WILLIAM HOIT HUMPHREY, North Yarmouth.
2. ORATION of the First Class.—“The Romantic in American History.” GEORGE McLELLAN STAPLES, Duxton.
3. ORATION of the Second Class.—“Men of One Idea.” SOLOMON EVERETT RIXBY, Norridgewock.
4. ORATION of the First Class.—“Mastery of Language essential to an Author's success.” ANDREW CROSWELL PHILLIPS, Farmington.
5. ORATION of the First Class.—“The Respect paid the Classics by Modern Scholars.” THOMAS FLINT BARTON, Sidney.
6. ORATION of the First Class.—“British Conquests in India.” GEORGE AUGUSTUS PIERCE, Providence, R. I.
7. ORATION of the First Class.—“Mohammedan Civilization.” AUGUSTUS REUBEN BRAINERD, Monmouth.
8. ORATION of the Second Class.—“The Nobility of Nature and the Nobility of Society.” HADLEY PROCTER HANSON, China.
9. ORATION of the Second Class.—“The Study of Geology.” EDWARD CUSHING MITCHELL, East Bridgewater, Mass.
10. ORATION of the First Class.—“The Principle of Revolutions.” JAMES SULLIVAN NEWELL, Springfield, Mass.
11. ORATION of the First Class.—“Human Greatness not the Result of Circumstances.” ALBION PARRIS OAKES, Sangerville.
12. ORATION of the Second Class.—“True and False Glory.” HENRY SMITH DOWNS, Mercer.
13. ORATION of the First Class.—“Development of Character.” YERSAJ JESSE WALKER, Townsend, Vt.
14. ORATION of the First Class.—“The Active Tendencies of Man.” JOHN ROUNDS, Jr., Poland.
15. ORATION of the First Class.—“The Union of the Religious with the Martial Spirit.” MARK ANDREWS CUMMINGS, Parkman.
16. ORATION of the First Class.—“Historical Favorites—Isabella of Castile.” STEPHEN ROLLINS DENNEN, Oxford.
17. ORATION of the Second Class.—“The Social Compact Theory.” WILLIAM SHAW GREENE, North Kingston, R. I.
18. ORATION of the First Class.—“The United States Senate.” MARK HILL DUNNELL, Duxton.
19. ORATION of the First Class.—“Conventional Morality.” MOSES HANSCOM TARBOW, Phillips.
20. ORATION of the First Class.—“The Power of Eloquence estimated by the Opposition which it excites.” ALBION KEITH PARRIS SMALL, Cornish.

EXERCISES OF CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS.

1. ORATION.—“The Law of Benevolence.” GREENLEAF AUGUSTUS WILBUR, A. B., Augusta.
2. ORATION.—“Physical Astronomy.” JOSIAH HAYDEN DRUMMOND, A. B., Winslow.

The Dinner at the Mansion House was an occasion of unusual interest. Heretofore its dainty dishes have all come from the larder of the Steward. Now there was an addition of reason and soul; and all who enjoyed the rich repast admit that the feast was a great improvement upon mere meats and vegetables. Remarks of much pith and interest were made by A. Sanborn Esq. and M. L. Appleton Esq. of Bangor, Rev. Theodore Parker of Boston, and Rev. Dr. Carruthers and Wm. Willis Esq. of Portland. But while these were appreciated and applauded by the entire company, every one manifested their full conviction that nobody had contributed so generously and tastefully to the interest of the occasion as Mr. Weeks, the Steward.

Wednesday evening was allotted to the anniversary exercises of the Erosophian Adelphe. Rev. Theodore Parker, of Boston, and John G. Saxe Esq. of Vermont, were orator and poet for the occasion. Of the oration it is hardly necessary to say that it drew the most decided applause of a crowded but delighted audience. No synopsis could do it justice. It was strictly Parkerian, without giving the slightest ground of offence to the most bigoted sectarian. Simple and beautiful, as well in thought as in composition, its richest treasures were accessible to the humblest minds, while it offered to the learned and cultivated a feast of classic richness such as few will live to taste again.

Mr. Saxe had but a poor chance for laurels in following such a man; especially after 10 o'clock, when the audience had been literally jammed and almost suffocated for more than three hours. And yet he held them in most breathless attention, except when convulsed with applause, to the very last line. No one who has read Mr. Saxe's poem, ‘Progress,’ the only production on which his reputation as a satirist rests, and which has been pronounced the best American satire yet written—could have looked for a poem of the same class that should excel it. But in his present effort—a satirical poem treating of various phases of folly and humbug, in morals, philosophy, literature and finance—he has more than met the best expectations of his friends. With complete vigor of morality, keenness of satire, promptness of wit and soundness of common sense, he has mingled a rich vein of pleasant humor and hearty kindness, that go to complete the best poem, for a similar occasion, that we ever heard.

**SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.**—We learn from the ‘Middlebury Galaxy,’ that the committee appointed by the Associated Alumni, to mature a plan for a Semi-Centennial Celebration or Jubilee, have reported as follows:

The Jubilee will be held on the evening of the next Commencement day (1850) and the Thursday following. The appointments are as follows:

Address on the Religious History of the College, by Joshua Bates, D. D.  
Sermon by Rev. Stephen Olin, D. D.  
Historical Discourse by Rev. N. S. S. Beman, D. D.  
Eulogy upon deceased graduates, by Rev. John Hough, D. D.  
Poem by John G. Saxe, Esq.

**COMMENCEMENT AT DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.**—The anniversary of Dartmouth College occurred on the 25th and 26th of July, and was fully attended. The orations before the societies on Wednesday were delivered by E. P. Whipple of Boston, and Rev. Dr. Poor

of Ceylon. The exercises of the graduating class, on Thursday, were listened to with interest and pronounced of a high character.

The class consisted of 39, among whom we notice the following from this State:—Philetus Fales, of East Thomaston; M. D. L. Lane, of North Hollis; E. F. Sanger, of Waterville.

### BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Father Mathew.—Scene in a Catholic Church.—Powers' Statuary—the Greek Slave—Fisher Boy—Prosperine—Andrew Jackson—Hotels.

U. S. HOTEL, Aug. 4th, 1849.

*My Dear Mail:*—I fear I shall fulfil but indifferently my promise to write you a ‘Boston Letter,’ for this is the dull season in ‘Athens,’ as well in matters of amusement as in trade and business-affairs; and but little can be said out of the hackneyed routine, without drawing more freely upon the fancy than I am in the mood for at present. As to ‘news,’ there is nothing worth mentioning that you will not have seen already in the daily papers. However, there are some things here really worth talking of, and of a deeper interest than the ordinary accidents and incidents of the day.

Father Mathew is a real, genuine, live lion, such as is not often caught in these parts or elsewhere. It is a long time since the honors of the city have been paid to any ‘distinguished stranger’ in all respects so deserving of them as the great ‘Apostle of Temperance.’ I should say that no public demonstration, since the gala-day given to Lafayette, had so much of honest, hearty enthusiasm in it, as the recent reception-honors paid to ‘the good Father.’ Everybody feels that there is no humbug about Father Mathew, and that goes a long way in these days of false appearances and false pretences. I saw him, last Sunday, administer the pledge in one of the Catholic churches, to a large number of his countrymen, amidst a throng of admiring spectators of all nations and grades in society. Nothing can be more manly, and yet simple, unostentatious and paternal, than his personal bearing. He has what would be called a ‘personable’ figure—of medium height—full, but not stout—with a pleasant, open countenance, that, in spite of his grayish locks, does not look to be that of a man above fifty-five years of age. After all, a singular benignity of expression, such as the old painters were accustomed to give the early saints, is much the most remarkable thing connected with his personal appearance. That his errand here is one of love and mercy, will hardly be gainsaid by the most ardent caviller.

It is estimated that he has administered the pledge to over six thousand persons in this city alone. The fruits of the good work are already visible in the increased sobriety and good order of the large Irish population of this city. Of course I have not failed to visit the group of statuary—all the handiwork of Hiram Powers—now exhibiting at Horticultural Hall, under charge of Mr. Kellogg, the artist, and companion of the immortal Vermonter. The collection consists of the ‘Greek Slave,’ the ‘Prosperine,’ the ‘Fisher Boy,’ and ‘Andrew Jackson.’ Of the first of these one can hardly say anything new, yet I am unwilling to remain altogether silent with respect to a work of art which has given me so much pleasure. To compare the ‘Slave’ with the Florentine goddess, as is often done, is simply absurd. The *Venus de Medicis*,—“the statue that enchanted the world,” is altogether too unlike the Greek Slave to admit of any other than a mere Plutarchian parallel. That both are surpassingly beautiful, is almost the only thing that can be said of them in common. The *Venus*, like most of the antique figures of women, has a look at once self-conscious, sensual and unintellectual.—‘The Slave’ is neither of these, but adds to the most perfect beauty of form and feature, the charms of youth, innocence and intellect. How perfectly chaste may be the expression even of an undressed statue, one may learn from the demeanor of the spectators while in the presence of the Slave and of each other.

As to the moral effect of the exhibition, I can only say that the mind which can find here an incentive to profane imaginings, has been long past all danger of corruption from ordinary sources. The ‘Prosperine’ is the bust of a beautiful woman, resting in a bed of flowers interwoven with oak-leaves. She is the image of ripe womanhood, and is of exquisite loveliness. The ‘Fisher Boy’ represents a youth resting with one hand on the rudder of a vessel, over which is thrown a fishing-net, while with the other he holds a shell to his ear, in which he seems to hear with boyish delight the ocean-echo which a pleasant superstition finds in these beautiful gems of the sea. The ‘Andrew Jackson’ is simply a bust, modeled from life, and is an excellent likeness of the ‘Old Hero,’ of the iron will and patriot heart. Altogether, this is the best group of statuary ever shown in America, and no lover of art should miss an opportunity to see it.

I am stopping at the ‘United States Hotel,’ of which I must say a word before I close. As the largest Hotel in this city, (and, indeed, the largest in America) it is one of the ‘notabilities’ of the town, and well worth a personal examination. From ‘Bowen's New Guide to Boston’ I extract the following description:—‘It is the most extensive establishment in the country, containing nearly 400 apartments; is very eligibly situated for the accommodation of the travelling public, being in the immediate vicinity of the depots of the Western, Worcester, and Old Colony Railroads; fronting on three avenues, Beach, Lincoln, and Kingston streets. This hotel was commenced in 1837, completed in 1839, and opened by the present lessees, Messrs. Holman and Clark, in 1840, who have, by their management, earned a reputation not to be surpassed.’ I understand that it has been still further improved, within the past year, in the hands of the present lessees, Messrs. Holman and Silsby, by an expenditure of about \$3,000 in furniture, decorations, &c. Considering its extraordinary advantages for room and good air, in connection with the admirable manner in which it is kept, I think I

hazard nothing in saying that the ‘United States’ is the best Hotel in Boston.

Promising that you shall hear from me again soon, I am,

Yours,

GUSTAVUS.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

### MONEY AND BUSINESS IN BOSTON.

Within a week or two money has been in more request, and the street rates have advanced accordingly. From 8 to 9 per cent. per annum is a fair quotation for the best paper, and 12 for fair names. Our Banks have lately been obliged to refuse a good portion of the applications made for discount, their loans being pretty well up, and borrowers have been forced to resort to street capital again.

There is plenty of money here lying idle—capitalists being over cautious about securities, and manifesting but little disposition to operate except in very choice and unexceptionable paper. This lack of confidence is produced by the general unsettled appearance of the times, and confidence cannot be entirely restored until the departments of trade assume a more healthy look.

We regard the present unfavorable turn in money matters as rather local in its limits and bearing, and unnatural to the financial condition of the country. All the signs which indicate an easy market are plainly visible: our securities are in good demand in England at advanced prices; cotton, our great article of export, meets an active market with higher quotations; sterling exchange is dull at about 8 1/2, and the remittances are lighter than usual, this fact indicating a light importation; and last, but not least, California gold continues to arrive, with a good prospect of heavier shipments.

Reasoning from these plain and solid arguments, we do not alter the opinion heretofore expressed, viz., that money will become much more abundant soon, and we therefore incline to the belief that the stringency now prevalent must be temporary only.

The Cholera has been a powerful agent in disturbing the natural course of things, and its effect upon business and finance defies all human foresight. How much longer, and with what force it will operate hereafter, is only known to that Almighty Being, whose all-seeing eye alone can penetrate into the depths of futurity.

Stocks sell heavily at declining prices, some descriptions falling off greatly from previous quotations, and no great activity can be expected until money becomes more plenty and confidence reigns again.

Business has been a little more brisk of late, and domestic goods sell at better prices, but trade has not been so large as usual at this season of the year. In July, western buyers are expected in the market as active and large purchasers; but the cholera has so disturbed the current of business at the West, that they have appeared in smaller numbers and with lighter wants. Two failures were reported here last week, but taken as a body the mercantile community bears up wonderfully under the severe trials to which it has been subjected.

The Flour market is without much change, but prices are steady and firm. Corn and oats are rather more active and some advance has taken place.

Boston, Aug. 7, 1849.

**ANOTHER MORAL TOUCH.** How many ‘Gross Outrages’ it takes to balance a ‘Horrible Murder’ none but the conservators of morality at the Capital should venture to decide; but the number of apologists of the former necessary to produce one of the latter is by no means great. Men murder for revenge or money, and steal for gain, but in nine cases out of ten, they whip each other for those who look on. This was doubtless the case in the instance mentioned below. That a considerable portion of the people of Augusta approve the act is by no means certain; but that the deed was instigated by at least a tolerable minority, no one can doubt. With sixty ruin shops in full blast, the people of Augusta may for a time defeat the best efforts of the friends of law and order; but when they publicly whip the executors of the law through the streets, we sadly misjudge if the forward march of reform has not begun.

The following, from the Augusta Age, is the case alluded to:

**OUTRAGE IN AUGUSTA.**—We are ashamed for our town's sake, to be obliged to record an incident which occurred in one of our most public streets on Saturday. HENRY K. BAKER, Esq. of Hallowell, a justice of the peace, who had several days been presiding on several trials for the violation of the license law, and against whose deportment as a magistrate we have heard no complaint, had, on Saturday noon adjourned his court, and was proceeding homeward alone. When arrived opposite the Mansion House, some persons rushed upon him, and with a cow hide beat him in a most violent manner. This outrage was inflicted by persons we understand, who had no other occasion for being offended than that he consented to sit, as a magistrate on the trials referred to.

As citizens who have a stake in society, and an interest in having the laws respected, we feel called upon to denounce this shameful transaction, and to express the hope that the aggressors may be punished as they deserve. It is the first instance, in our recollection, in this town, that an officer of the law has been openly assaulted in consequence of a discharge of a civil trust. We hope it may be the last; for if a man may be allowed in one instance thus to take the laws into their own hands, we know not whose life and whose property may not next be offered up to a lawless violence.

We do not know that this outrage is sanctioned by any of our citizens, and we are glad to learn that it is condemned by many of the very persons whom it was supposed were most likely to be excited in consequence of liquor trials.

The Journal says:

Those who put the arm of the law, at defiance must be made to feel its crushing force. We shall see whether the mob is stronger than the State. Whatever may be thought of the necessity or expediency of prosecutions for violation of the license laws, there can be but one opinion among considerate men as to the inviolability of the persons of the Judges and Magistrates, while in the performance of their







# LOVER'S CORNER.

## DRACHENFALS.

The castle of Drachenfels.  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
Where breast of waters broadly flows;  
Between the banks which bear the vine;  
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,  
And fields which promise corn and wine,  
And scattered cities, crowning these,  
Whose far, white walls along their shore,  
Have strewn a scene, which I should see  
With double joy, wert thou with me!

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,  
And hanks which offer early flowers,  
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;  
Above, the frequent, feudal towers  
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray;  
And many a rock which steeply lowers,  
And noble arch, in proud decay,  
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers—  
But one thing want these banks of Rhine—  
Thy gentle hand, to clasp in mine.

## MILL MAY.

BY CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

The strawberries grow in the mowing, Mill May,  
And the bob-o-link sings on the tree;  
On the knolls the red clover is growing, Mill May,  
Then come to the meadows with me!  
We'll pick the ripe clusters among the deep grass,  
On the knolls in the mowing, Mill May,  
And the long afternoon together we'll pass  
Where the clover is growing, Mill May.

The sun stealing under your bonnet, Mill May,  
Shall kiss a soft glow to your face;  
And your lip the red berries leave on it, Mill May,  
A tint that the sea-shell would grace;  
Then, come, the ripe clusters among the deep grass  
We'll pick in the mowing, Mill May,  
And the long afternoon together we'll pass  
Where the clover is growing, Mill May!

## WIT AND SENTIMENT.

### PUNS.

Walking with a friend through Centre-street,  
Jem Horn noticed a cluster of second-hand  
boots hanging at the door, indicating one of  
those shops where old boots are bought, repaired,  
and re-sold.  
"Come," said he to his friend, "let us look  
in here; pre-haps we can make a trade. Are  
these boots for sale, sir?" inquired Horn of the  
proprietor.  
"Yes, sir."  
"It will not take you long to dispose of them,  
then," continued the wag, "for I perceive they  
are nearly all half-sold already."

"Have you seen 'Tom Read this morning'?"  
asked a friend.  
"Yes—I have just left the newsroom, and I  
saw Tom READ-ING there."

A poor woman entered his office, asking  
charity, and touchingly related a tale of better  
days. A clerk gave her a few pence, and as  
she went away, remarked what changes that  
poor woman has met with.  
"Yes," responded the wicked wag, "and the  
last is probably the smallest change of them all."

The Ferry-master at Jersey city charged  
Horn, the other day, the same toll for a saddle  
horse only as for a horse and buggy—remark-  
ing, with a queer look, that, when Horn rode,  
there was evidently a horse and a wag on.

Bemus was to fire a few days since, and  
found the Hose Company playing against the  
front of the burning building, with such force  
that the letters on a large sign were becoming  
obliterated.  
"Queer place, this, for a joke," said Bemus.  
"Why, said Bemus, 'isn't that man playing  
upon words?'"—[Bee.]

A French gentleman having been rescued  
from a ducking in a river, and taken to a neigh-  
boring tavern, was advised to drink a glass of  
very warm brandy and water.  
"Sir I shall thank you not to make it a fort-  
night," said he, "hadn't you better  
take it directly?"

"O, yes," said monsieur, "directly, to be sure,  
but not a fortnight, not too weak!"  
"Sammy, Sammy, my son! don't stand  
there scratching your head—stir your stumps  
or you will never make any progress in life."

"Why, father, I've often heard you say that  
the only way to get on in the world was to  
scratch a head!"

Horn says his umbrella is a good catholic,  
for it always keeps lent.

DID YOU EVER?—We see that the Glou-  
cester News man, has been arrested and held  
to bail for committing the following:  
"Why are the fond glances which a mother  
casts upon her baby like Turkish cavalry? Be-  
cause they are mammy looks (mamelukes)."  
[Gloucester News.]

SIZE OF AN ANGEL.—Bishop Purcell of  
Cincinnati, ordered two statues representing  
kneeling angels "of the natural size," of Mr.  
Powers, which were to be accompaniments of  
the altar of the Cathedral, recently erected in  
that city. Powers wrote back to the Bishop  
that he had never seen an angel, and did not  
know what the natural size was. Upon this  
the Bishop referred him to Rev. XXI, 17th  
for his measurements. One of the figures has  
arrived, and is six feet on its knees.—[Alliance  
& Visitor.]

While Signor Blitz, the other evening had  
a bright little fellow on the stand to assist him  
in his experiments, he was thus very innocently  
cornered:  
"Bub," said the Signor, "do you think I can  
put that quarter dollar which the lady holds in  
her hand under your jacket pocket?"  
"No," said the boy very confidently.  
"Think not," said the Signor.  
"I know you cannot," replied the lad.  
"Why not?" inquired the Signor.  
"Cause the pockets are all torn out!"

An advertising chandler modestly says that  
"without intending any disparagement to the  
sun," he may confidently assert that his octa-  
gonal spermaceti is the best light ever in-  
vented.

A printer out west is making a great snuf-  
fling on being waylaid and robbed of a brass  
rule, an old page cord, a fine-topped comb, and  
a piece of original poetry.

IMPORTANT FACT.—It has been found that  
men who pay promptly for their newspapers  
rarely have to call in the doctor, so calm are  
their minds, so healthy is its influence.—[Star.]

NOTORIETY.—There is nothing like notori-  
ety in this world. Wear a hat without a rim,  
or a coat with only one flap—live on pigs' tails  
and salt, or keep a tame tiger—do something  
for notoriety, and if you don't get to  
Congress or some other place of worship, we  
are much mistaken.

# CHALLENGE IN COOKERY.

## HOT-BLAST AIR-TIGHT COOKING STOVE.

THE Subscribers are prepared to offer to their friend  
and the Public, J. M. THACHER'S new and justly  
celebrated  
HOT-BLAST AIR-TIGHT  
COOKING STOVE,  
with a Rotary or direct in a Broiling Chamber, con-  
structed for cooking steaks, chops, and in the short space of  
five minutes, without any supply of coal. The principle  
is a well known examination of housekeepers, as it  
is quite new and exceedingly desirable. The other quali-  
ties of this stove defy competition.

Also,  
Smith's Patent Trojan Pioneer, which is uni-  
versally pronounced superior to all open-draught stoves  
now in use.  
In addition to the above the Subscribers have an ex-  
clusive assortment, comprising  
Stanley's Air-tight Rotary,  
Congress Air-tight,  
Wedge's Air-tight,  
Atwood's Empire,  
Boston Air-tight,  
Hathaway's Air-tight,  
together with  
Express,  
Ransom's,  
and various patterns of useful and convenient elevated  
ovens, with hollow ware to match in great variety.

The Stock comprises also, a variety of Fancy  
Cast and Sheet Iron, Parlor and Cham-  
ber Stoves, Box and Plate Stoves  
for Halls, School-Houses, Churches,  
Stores, &c., &c.

Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron work done to order.  
Stove Furnel of every dimension always on hand,  
with an extensive assortment of Tin Ware.

## HARDWARE.

all kinds of Tools, Saws, hand and mill, cordage, nails  
guage, pumps, lead, zinc, and copper, household arti-  
cles, &c., &c.  
Waterville, June 28th, 1848. J. R. FOSTER & CO.,

O. WRIGHT, M. D.,  
Botanic Physician & Surgeon,  
RESPECTFULLY informs the public that he has re-  
turned to Waterville. House on Silver st., one door  
above the Parker House, and is prepared to receive  
patients in the practice of medicine for twelve years, he confidently  
offers his services to the inhabitants of Waterville and vicin-  
ity. Persons living at a distance can apply for medi-  
cine by mail, giving a description of the complaint.

PARTICULAR NOTICE  
TO ALL NOT GOING TO CALIFORNIA.  
GOLD can be saved by making purchases from the  
stock of NEW GOODS, just received and now op-  
ening at

No. 1, Ticonic Row,  
the only exclusive Grocery and Provision store in town,  
a choice selection of W. F. Goods and Groceries, com-  
prising in part the following articles, viz:—early crop  
Cardenas Molasses, Mannailla and sugar syrup, Port-  
land, Porto Rico, brown and white Havana, Crushed and  
Powdered sugar, conchona, ready for table use, Manila  
Hyson and Old Hyson Tea, Porto Cabello, Rio, and Ja-  
va Coffee, Chocolate and Cocoa.

Mackerel, Nos. 1 & 2. Rice.  
Nappes & Fins. Dried Apples.  
Halibut Heads. Pickles.  
Tongues & Sounds. Sago.  
Clear & Mess Pork. Tapioca.  
Lard. Irish Moss.

Also, a good assortment of Danish, Cod, Pollock,  
dried and smoked Halibut, Eng. Herring, Box and Oak  
Raisins, Figs, Oranges, Lemons, Tamarinds, Citrons,  
Mace, Currants, Nutmegs, ground Pepper, Ginger, Pi-  
mento, Cinnamon, Cloves, prepared Horse Radish in  
bottles, an excellent article, ready for table use, Manila  
and Hemp bed cords, together with a variety of other  
articles usually to be found in a W. F. Goods store.

No. 1, Ticonic Row,  
E. L. SMITH,  
NO. 1, TICONIC ROW.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.  
NEW AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF  
JEWELRY & FANCY GOODS.

WINGATE & TALBOT  
HAVE just opened a choice and extensive assortment  
of the following articles:  
Gold and Silver Watches, Rich Jewelry,  
Silver Spoons, Gold Pens,  
Gold and Silver Keys and Pencils,  
Gold, Shell, Buffalo Horn and Horn Combs,  
Gold, Guard, Vest and Fob Chains,  
Hanging, side, Miniature and Parlor Solar Lamps,  
Vases, Britannia and Plated Ware,  
Clocks, Fancy Watches, &c., &c.

WATCH REPAIRING and ENGRAVING done in the best  
manner, and on the most reasonable terms.  
W. & T. are determined that no one who is disposed  
to patronize the home market, shall find any advantage  
in going out of town for any article which they can  
furnish.  
May 17, 1849.

NEW ARRANGEMENT!!  
THE STEAMER  
HALIFAX,  
CAPT. H. F. BRACKETT, will until further notice,  
leave Vassalboro' (Vassalboro' Corner,) Bath, every  
day, Sunday excepted, at 5 o'clock A. M., August 1st,  
at 6-12, Hallows, at 7-2, Gardner, at 8.  
Stages will leave Waterville same day, at 3-12, o'clock  
A. M., to convey passengers to Vassalboro' to meet the  
Boat.

RETURNING—Will leave Bath for Vassalboro', every  
day, Sundays excepted, at 1 o'clock P. M., Richmond  
2-12, Gardner 3-12, Hallows, at 4-5, Augusta, &c.  
Fare through, 75 cents.—Needs express.

PHOENIX, Captain Jewell,  
will leave Waterville every morning, (except Sundays),  
at 4-5 o'clock, and every evening at 11 o'clock, or on arrival  
of the Boston Boats.  
Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the Boat,  
to convey passengers from Vassalboro' to Waterville.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.  
THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing under  
the name and firm of  
William C. Dow & Co.,  
is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The affairs of  
the firm will be settled by Z. Sanger, who is authorized  
to settle the same.  
ZEBULON SANGER.  
April 3d, 1849. WILLIAM C. DOW.

NOTICE.  
[THE Subscriber still continues at the Old Stand for  
merchandise, and will receive orders for W. C. DOW & Co.,  
where he has a general assortment of  
STAPLE DRY-GOODS AND  
GROCERIES.

Iron, Steel, Nails, Glass, Flour, Corn, Pork &c  
which he will sell as low as can be bought in town.  
He also requests all those indebted to the late firm of  
W. C. DOW & Co., or to himself, by note or account,  
whose term of credit has expired, to call and settle the  
same.  
(67-4) Z. SANGER.

MORE NEW GOODS!!  
IN ORDER to supply the deficiency of Fashionable  
Goods that usually exists in the market at this season  
of the year  
ESTY, KIMBALL & CO.  
Have this day received by the late Steamer from Europe  
a large assortment of Barges, Muslins, Lawns & Silks,  
together with the latest Styles of Summer Dress Goods;  
also, Crape & Silk Shawls, Visite Silks & Fringes, Parasols,  
Gloves, Prints, Hosiery, Gloves, &c., &c.

All in want of the most fashionable articles should not  
fail of calling on before purchasing, as the last importations  
show a remarkable falling off in prices.  
ESTY, KIMBALL & CO.  
Waterville, July 19th, 1849.

FANS FOR THE MILLION!  
ALL who have not supplied themselves with "HEAT-  
DISPELLERS" had better wait moderately to  
purchase a supply.

SAVINGS BANK  
For the Widows and Orphan.  
AGENCY for the National Loan Fund Life Assurance  
Society. Assurance will be made upon life, for 1  
or 2 years, or for the whole term.  
ALPHREUS LYON,  
April 23, 1849.

THE BEST  
PARIS KID GLOVES, only 62 1/2 cts.  
at CHASE'S.

A CHOICE lot of Groceries, Dry Stuffs, Lamp Oil  
Mats, Tubs, Churns, Brushes, Brooms, &c. for sale.  
June 1st, 1849.  
BY WILLIAM DYER, Druggist.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given,  
that the subscriber has been duly appointed Execu-  
tor of the last will and testament of LEVI DOW, late  
of Waterville, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, tes-  
tate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as  
required by law. All persons, therefore, having demands  
against the Estate of said deceased are desired to ex-  
hibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said  
Estate are requested to make immediate payment to  
the undersigned.  
ELIAS B. DOW.  
June 18, 1849. 3w2

10 Patterns new New Styles BEVERAGES, open this day  
at CHASE'S.

# CHALLENGE IN COOKERY.

## HOT-BLAST AIR-TIGHT COOKING STOVE.

THE Subscribers are prepared to offer to their friend  
and the Public, J. M. THACHER'S new and justly  
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land, Porto Rico, brown and white Havana, Crushed and  
Powdered sugar, conchona, ready for table use, Manila  
Hyson and Old Hyson Tea, Porto Cabello, Rio, and Ja-  
va Coffee, Chocolate and Cocoa.

Mackerel, Nos. 1 & 2. Rice.  
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No. 1, Ticonic Row,  
E. L. SMITH,  
NO. 1, TICONIC ROW.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.  
NEW AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF  
JEWELRY & FANCY GOODS.

WINGATE & TALBOT  
HAVE just opened a choice and extensive assortment  
of the following articles:  
Gold and Silver Watches, Rich Jewelry,  
Silver Spoons, Gold Pens,  
Gold and Silver Keys and Pencils,  
Gold, Shell, Buffalo Horn and Horn Combs,  
Gold, Guard, Vest and Fob Chains,  
Hanging, side, Miniature and Parlor Solar Lamps,  
Vases, Britannia and Plated Ware,  
Clocks, Fancy Watches, &c., &c.

WATCH REPAIRING and ENGRAVING done in the best  
manner, and on the most reasonable terms.  
W. & T. are determined that no one who is disposed  
to patronize the home market, shall find any advantage  
in going out of town for any article which they can  
furnish.  
May 17, 1849.

NEW ARRANGEMENT!!  
THE STEAMER  
HALIFAX,  
CAPT. H. F. BRACKETT, will until further notice,  
leave Vassalboro' (Vassalboro' Corner,) Bath, every  
day, Sunday excepted, at 5 o'clock A. M., August 1st,  
at 6-12, Hallows, at 7-2, Gardner, at 8.  
Stages will leave Waterville same day, at 3-12, o'clock  
A. M., to convey passengers to Vassalboro' to meet the  
Boat.

RETURNING—Will leave Bath for Vassalboro', every  
day, Sundays excepted, at 1 o'clock P. M., Richmond  
2-12, Gardner 3-12, Hallows, at 4-5, Augusta, &c.  
Fare through, 75 cents.—Needs express.

PHOENIX, Captain Jewell,  
will leave Waterville every morning, (except Sundays),  
at 4-5 o'clock, and every evening at 11 o'clock, or on arrival  
of the Boston Boats.  
Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the Boat,  
to convey passengers from Vassalboro' to Waterville.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.  
THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing under  
the name and firm of  
William C. Dow & Co.,  
is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The affairs of  
the firm will be settled by Z. Sanger, who is authorized  
to settle the same.  
ZEBULON SANGER.  
April 3d, 1849. WILLIAM C. DOW.

NOTICE.  
[THE Subscriber still continues at the Old Stand for  
merchandise, and will receive orders for W. C. DOW & Co.,  
where he has a general assortment of  
STAPLE DRY-GOODS AND  
GROCERIES.

Iron, Steel, Nails, Glass, Flour, Corn, Pork &c  
which he will sell as low as can be bought in town.  
He also requests all those indebted to the late firm of  
W. C. DOW & Co., or to himself, by note or account,  
whose term of credit has expired, to call and settle the  
same.  
(67-4) Z. SANGER.

MORE NEW GOODS!!  
IN ORDER to supply the deficiency of Fashionable  
Goods that usually exists in the market at this season  
of the year  
ESTY, KIMBALL & CO.  
Have this day received by the late Steamer from Europe  
a large assortment of Barges, Muslins, Lawns & Silks,  
together with the latest Styles of Summer Dress Goods;  
also, Crape & Silk Shawls, Visite Silks & Fringes, Parasols,  
Gloves, Prints, Hosiery, Gloves, &c., &c.

All in want of the most fashionable articles should not  
fail of calling on before purchasing, as the last importations  
show a remarkable falling off in prices.  
ESTY, KIMBALL & CO.  
Waterville, July 19th, 1849.

FANS FOR THE MILLION!  
ALL who have not supplied themselves with "HEAT-  
DISPELLERS" had better wait moderately to  
purchase a supply.

SAVINGS BANK  
For the Widows and Orphan.  
AGENCY for the National Loan Fund Life Assurance  
Society. Assurance will be made upon life, for 1  
or 2 years, or for the whole term.  
ALPHREUS LYON,  
April 23, 1849.

THE BEST  
PARIS KID GLOVES, only 62 1/2 cts.  
at CHASE'S.

A CHOICE lot of Groceries, Dry Stuffs, Lamp Oil  
Mats, Tubs, Churns, Brushes, Brooms, &c. for sale.  
June 1st, 1849.  
BY WILLIAM DYER, Druggist.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given,  
that the subscriber has been duly appointed Execu-  
tor of the last will and testament of LEVI DOW, late  
of Waterville, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, tes-  
tate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as  
required by law. All persons, therefore, having demands  
against the Estate of said deceased are desired to ex-  
hibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said  
Estate are requested to make immediate payment to  
the undersigned.  
ELIAS B. DOW.  
June 18, 1849. 3w2

10 Patterns new New Styles BEVERAGES, open this day  
at CHASE'S.

# HARDWARE.

## HENRY NOURSE & CO.

Importers and Dealers in  
HARDWARE, CUTLERY AND  
SADDLERY.

WE have just received a large addition to our stock,  
comprising a great variety in iron hardware line, to  
which they will constantly be receiving additions from  
English and American Manufacturers.  
They keep constantly on hand a large assortment of  
Iron, Steel, Nails, Window Glass, Axes, Elliptic Springs,  
Anvils, Circular, X-cut and Mill Saws, Fire Frames, Fire  
Dogs, Oven, Ash and Boiler Mouths, Cauldron Kettles,  
Stove Pipe, Hollow Ware, Sheet Lead, Lead, Zinc,  
and Tin Ware.

Also,  
A complete assortment of the most approved  
Cooking Stoves,  
together with elegant patterns of Parlor and ovens, com-  
mon Sheet Iron Air-tight, Office, Box and other stoves.  
Also—a full supply of fresh Ground LEAD of differ-  
ent qualities and all other kinds of Paints.  
Lined, Sperm, Lard and Whale Oil, Spirits Turpen-  
tine, Japan, Coach and Furniture Varnish of the best  
qualities—  
Carriage, Harness, Sole, Patent, Covering  
Dasher and Top Leather, Carriage Trimmings,  
Goodly's India Rubber  
MACHINE BELTING,  
at manufacturers' prices.

Particular attention given to furnishing all materials  
for building purposes.  
They have just received a large Invoice of Saddle  
ry direct from the Manufacturers in England, together  
with various articles of American Manufacture, making  
their assortment one of the most complete in Maine.  
The attention of the public is respectfully invited to this  
well known establishment, as it is believed every  
reasonable expectation of purchasers will be answered.  
Waterville, May 3d, 1848. (41-17.)

NEW MILLINERY GOODS,  
AT  
MRS. F. M. BURBANK'S  
No. 1 Bonette Block.

MRS. BURBANK would inform the Ladies of Water-  
ville and vicinity, that she has just returned from  
Boston with a large assortment of Bonnets and other  
Millinery Goods, and respectfully invites their attention  
to her Spring Stock; in which may be found  
French, English and American Bonnets,  
of the newest styles.

Barages, Ribbons, Flowers, Fringes, Laces,  
Edgings, &c., &c.

Mrs. BURBANK will keep constantly on hand a com-  
plete assortment of Millinery Goods, and trusts she may  
be able to meet the wants and tastes of all who may fa-  
vor her patronage.  
May 9, 1849. 24

FURNITURE WARE-ROOM  
J. P. CAFFEY & CO.,  
CORNER of Temple & Main-sts., nearly opposite the  
Post Office, now offer for sale a complete assort-  
ment of  
CABINET FURNITURE & CHAIRS.

EMBRACING  
Sofas, card, centre and work Tables, of various patterns  
Bureaus, Bedsteads, Tables, Wash stands, Chamber-stairs  
Toilet-tables, Light-stands, Teapots, &c., &c.  
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF  
Mahogany Stuffed Chairs,  
Mahogany and cane-back Stuffed-chairs, cane and  
wood-back of various patterns, Children's  
do, Children's willow Carriages, Cradles,  
Chairs, &c., &c.

Together with the best assortment of the largest sized  
wooden do, and a large number of  
LOOKING-GLASSES,  
to be found in town.

Chamber Sets manufactured to order, painted  
fancy colors to suit purchasers.  
N. B. All kinds of Cabinet Furniture manufactured  
to order, on the most reasonable terms (13-17.)

FOR SAN FRANCISCO,  
CALIFORNIA.

The New, Staunch, Coppered, and Copper Fastened  
SHIP HAMPTON—GEO. DAVIS, MASTER.

HAVING most of her cargo engaged, will leave Bath  
for the above named port, on or about the first of  
August next. The Hampton is a new and powerful  
burthen—was built at Richmond, the present season, by  
Thomas J. Southard, Esq.—is owned by Albert Ballard  
& Co. of Boston, and is one of the finest ships of this  
coast. This ship has a full complement of 450 tons  
on the upper deck—50 feet long by 28 wide—this  
year ever finished in this State.

Persons wishing for passage in this ship will do well  
to engage soon, as she will take but a limited number  
of passengers. If desired, some small lots of light freight  
will be taken.  
For passage apply to  
Capt. G. DAVIS, Bath.  
J. T. SOUTHARD, Richmond.  
J. P. PHILBROOK, Augusta.  
Capt. EDWIN COFFIN, Waterville.  
Gen. S. S. SIMONS, Waterville.  
JOSEPH BROWN, Fairfield.  
Dr. W. A. BURELIGH, Fairfield.  
June 6, 1848. 46

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 manufac-  
tured at his shop is warranted. Having had thirty years  
experience in the business, he feels confident of his ab-  
ility to give general satisfaction to all who may purchase  
of him.  
He is now finishing up  
Two Six-PASSENGER COACHES,  
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 the season he will be prepared with a good assort-  
ment 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 en-  
trusted to his care will be promptly attended to.  
Waterville, April 12, 1849. 38-47

W. A. F. STEVENS  
WOULD respectfully inform the public that he will  
continue to carry on the

Grave Stone Business,  
in all its variety of forms at his Shops in WATERVILLE  
& SCOTTSBURGH, as he has on hand a large assort-  
ment of

NEW-YORK & ITALIAN MARBLE,  
And an extensive assortment of  
AMERICAN & ENG. SLATE STONE,  
which he will sell and warrant at as low prices as can  
be purchased at any other Shop in the State.

Mr. C. S. Smith, his late partner, will be constantly  
at the shop in Waterville, and wait upon customers.  
Waterville, May 9th, 1849. 16