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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, NOV. 29, 1849.

NO. 19.

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POPULAR READING.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

The villagers of N. well remember the morning when the bell tolled for the death of Emma, the once beautiful, lovely, and beloved wife of Judge Allison. Many a face was shadowed, many a heart was in mourning on that day; for she who had gone so early to her rest, had endeared herself to many by her goodness, gentleness, and the beauty of her blameless life. She had been declining for a long time, and yet she seemed to have died suddenly at last, so difficult, so almost impossible it was for those who loved her to prepare their hearts for that fearful bereavement, that irreparable loss.

Mrs. Allison left four children—Isabel, the eldest, an intellectual, generous-hearted girl of seventeen, not beautiful, but thoroughly noble-looking; Frank, a fine boy of twelve; Emma, the beauty, a child of seven, and Eddie, the baby, a delicate infant, only about a year old.

Judge Allison was a man of naturally strong and quick feelings, but one who had acquired a remarkable control over expression, a calmness and reserve of manner often mistaken for hauteur and insensibility. He was alone with his wife when she died. Isabel, wearing, with long watching, had lain down for a little rest, and was sleeping with the children—and the mother, even in that hour, tenderly caring for them, would not that they should be waked. The last struggle was brief, but terrible; the spirit seemed painfully torn from its human tenement—the immortal rent its way forth from imprisoning mortality. Yet he, the husband and lover, preserved his calmness through all; and when the last painful breath had passed out on the still air of midnight, he laid the dear head he had been supporting against his breast, gently down on the pillow—kissed the cold, damp forehead and still lips of the love of his youth, and then summoning an attendant, he turned away and sought his room, where alone, and in darkness, he wrestled with the angel of sorrow—wept the swift tears of his anguish, and lacerated his heart with all the vain regrets and wild reproaches of bereaved affection. But with the coming of morning, came serenity and resignation; and then he laid his children into the silent chamber where lay their mother, already clad in the garments of the grave. There too he was calm—gently holding the fainting Isabel in his arms; and gently turning the passionate outcries of Emma and Frank. He was never seen to weep until the first earth fell upon the coffin, and then he covered his face and sobbed aloud.

Mrs. Allison was not laid in the village church-yard, but was buried at her own request within an arbor, at the end of the garden. She said it would not seem that she was thrust out from her home, if the light from her own window shone out toward her grave; and that she half-believed that the beloved voice of her husband, and the singing of her daughter, and the laughter of her children would come to her, when she lay, with her favorite flowers about her, and the birds she had fed and protected building their nests above her in the vines.

When the stunning weight of sorrow, its first distraction and desolation had been taken from the life and spirit of Isabel Allison, one clear and noble purpose took complete possession of her mind. She would fill the dear place of her mother in the household—she would console and care for her poor father—she would love yet more tenderly her young brother and sister, and bind up their bruised hearts, so early crushed by affliction—she would be a mother to the babe, who had almost felt the bosom which had been its first resting-place, grow cold against its little cheek, and hard and insensible to its "waxen touches;" now that the voice which had hushed it to its first slumbers had sunk low, faltered and grown still forever, and the kind eyes which first shone over its awaking—the stars of love's heaven—had suddenly darkened and gone out in death.

After this, it was, indeed, beautiful to see Isabel in her home. There she seemed to live many lives in one. She superintended all domestic affairs and household arrangements with admirable courage and judgment. Her father never missed any of his accustomed comforts, and her brother and sister were as ever neatly dressed, and well taught and controlled. But on the baby she lavished the most of her attention and loving care. She took him to her own bed—she dressed and bathed, and fed him, and carried him with her all her walks and rides. And she was soon richly rewarded by seeing little Eddie become, an exceedingly small, fragile infant, a well-dressed, blooming boy, not stout or remarkably vigorous, indeed, but quite healthy and active. The child was passionately fond of his "mamma," as he was taught to call Isabel. Though rather imperious and rebellious toward others, he yielded to a word from her, at any time. At evening, she would summon him from the wildest play, to prepare himself for his bath and bed, and then he would twine his little arms about her neck, and cover her cheeks, lips, and forehead with his good-night kisses, then drop his sunny head on her shoulder, and fall asleep, often with one of her glossy ringlets twined about his small, rosy finger. At the very break of day, the little fellow would be awake—striding over poor Isabel as she vainly strove for one hour's rest, deliciously dozing—pulling at her long, black eyelashes, and peeping under the drowsy lid, or shoving in her half-dreaming ear his volubrious "good morning!"

And Frank and Emma found ever in their sister-mother, ready sympathy, patient sweetness, and the most affectionate counsel. They were never left to feel the crushing neglect, the loneliness and desolation of orphanage; and they were happy and affectionate in return for all that Isabel's goodness and faithfulness

Yet were they taught never to forget their mother, gone from them—neither to speak of her always with sorrow and solemnity. Her name was often on their young lips, and her name kept green and glowing in their tender hearts. Her grave, in the garden arbor, was a dear, familiar place. There sprang the first blue violets of spring—there bloomed the last chrysanthemums of autumn—there sweet sabbath-hymns and prayers were repeated by childish voices, which struggled up through tears—there, morning after morning, were reverently laid bright, fragrant wreaths, which kept quite fresh till far into the hot summer-day, on that shaded mound—and there, innumerable times, was the beloved name kissed in sorrowful emotion, by those warm lips, which half shrank as they touched the cold marble, so like her lips when they had last kissed them.

Thus passed two years over that bereaved family; over Judge Allison, grown a cheerful man, though one marked by deep reserve of manner; over his noble daughter, Isabel, happy in the perfect performance of her whole duty; and over the children, the good and beautiful children, who an angel-mother might have smiled upon from Heaven.

It happened that this third summer of his widowhood, Judge Allison spent more time than ever before at the city of S., the county-seat, and the place, where, by most of his professional duties. But it was rumored that there was an unusual attraction in that town—one apart from, and quite independent of, the claims of business and the pursuits of ambition. It was said that the thoughtful and dignified judge had sometimes been seen walking and riding with a certain tall and slender woman, in deep mourning, probably a widow, but still young and beautiful.

At length, an officious family friend came to Isabel, and informed her, without much delicacy or circumlocution, of the prevalent rumors, thus giving her the first inkling of affairs, which must have a serious bearing on her own welfare and happiness; her first intimation that the might soon be called upon to resign her place to a stranger—a step-mother! This had been her secret fear; to guard against the necessity of this, she had struggled with grief and weariness, and manifold discouragements—had labored uncomplainingly, and prayed without ceasing for patience and strength.

Pale and still, listened Isabel, while her zealous friend went on, warning momentarily with her subject; commenting severely on the heartless machinations of the widow, who, though only a poor music-teacher, had set herself, with her coquettish arts, to ensnare a man of the wealth and station and years of Judge Allison. Isabel was silent; but she writhed at the thought of her father, with all his intellect and knowledge of the world, becoming the dupe of a vain, designing woman. When her visitor had left, Isabel flew to her own room, flung herself into a chair, and covering her face with her hands, wept as she had not wept since the first days of her sorrow. Isabel had grown up with a deep, peculiar prejudice against step-mothers; probably from knowing that the childhood and girlhood of her own idolized mother had been cruelly darkened and saddened by the harshness and injustice of a stepmother; and now, there were bitterness and pain in the thought that those dear children, for she cared little for herself, must be subjected to the "iron rule" of an unloving and alien heart.

But she soon resolutely calmed down the tumult of feeling, as she would fain keep her trouble from the children while there still remained a blessed uncertainty. Yet she slept little that night, but folded Eddie, her babe, closer and closer to her breast, and wept over him, till his light curls were heavy with her tears. The next morning, which was Tuesday, while Isabel sat at breakfast with the children, a letter was brought in, directed to her. It was from her father, at S. Isabel trembled as she read, and at the last grew very pale and leaned her head on her hand. As she had feared, that letter contained a brief and dignified announcement of the approaching marriage of her father. There was no natural embarrassment exhibited; there was no apology for this being the first intimation to his family of an event of so great moment to them; such things were not in his way—not in character. He wrote: "Cecilia Weston, whom I have known nearly two years, and of whom you have heard me speak, is a noble woman, the only one I have ever seen whom I considered fully competent to fill your dear mother's place. We are to have a strictly private wedding, on Saturday morning next, and will be with you in the evening. To you, Isabel, my dear child, I trust I need give no steps to show towards Mrs. Allison; from the first, if not the tenderness and affection of a daughter, the respect and consideration due the wife of my father. This, at least, I shall expect from all my children, if it be not, as I fervently hope it will be, given willingly and gratefully."

When Isabel found strength and voice to read this letter of her father's aloud, the unexpected intelligence which it contained was relieved with blank amazement and troubled silence. This was first broken by the passionate and impetuous little Emma, who, exclaiming with flashing eyes and gleaming teeth, "I won't have a new mother! I won't have any mother but Isabel! I hate that Cecilia Weston, and I'll tell her so the very first thing! I won't let her kiss me, and I won't kiss papa if he brings her here. Oh, sister, don't ask her to take off her things when she comes, and maybe she won't stay all night!"

"Hush, hush, darling!" said Isabel "I think it probable you will like her very much; I hear that she is a very beautiful woman."

"No, I won't like her! I don't believe she is pretty at all; but a cross, ugly, old thing, that will scold me and beat me, and make me wear frights of dresses, and maybe cut off my curls!"

This last moving picture was quite too much for Isabel, and she burst into tears, covering her ringleted head all up with her invested pinafore. Frank, now a tall, noble-spirited boy of fourteen, was calm and manly under those trying circumstances, but expressed a stern resolve, which he clung to with an impressive classical oath, never, never, never to call the unwelcome stranger "mother." Mrs. Allison would be polite; Mrs. Allison would be sufficiently respectful, and by that name, and that only, would he call her. Isabel said nothing, but inwardly

resolved thus herself to address the young wife of her father.

During this scene, little Eddie, who only understood enough to perceive that something was wrong, some trouble brewing, ran to his mother, and hiding his face in her lap, began to cry very bitterly and despairingly. But Isabel soon reconciled him to life, by administering saccharine consolation from the sugar-bowl before her.

It was, finally, with saddened and anxious spirits that the little affectionate family circle broke up that morning. With the bustle and hurry of necessary preparations the week passed rapidly and brought Saturday evening, when the Allisons, with a few family friends, were awaiting the arrival of the Judge and his fair bride.

There were not many marks of festivity in the handsome drawing-room; there was something more light, perhaps, and a few more flowers than usual. Isabel, who had never laid off mourning for her mother, wore to-night a plain black silk, with a rich lace cap, and white rose-buds in her hair; Emma was dressed in a light-blue barge, with her pet curls floating about her waist.

At length, quite late in the evening, a carriage was heard coming up the avenue, and soon after Judge Allison entered the drawing-room, with a tall and slender lady leaning on his arm. Shrinking from the glare of light, and with her head modestly bowed, Mrs. Allison entered more as a timid and ill-assured guest, than as the newly appointed mistress of that elegant mansion. Isabel advanced immediately to be presented; offered her hand alone, but that cordially; made some polite inquiries concerning the journey, and then proceeded to assist the bride in removing her bonnet and shawl. She then called Emma, who advanced shyly, eyeing the enemy askance. She extended her hand in a half-diffident, half-defiant manner; but Mrs. Allison, clasping it in both of hers, bent down and kissed her, smiling, as she did so, on the loveliness of that face. The blood shot up to the very brow of the child, as she turned quickly and walked to a distant window-seat, where she sat, and looked out upon the garden. It was a moonlight night, and she could see the arbor and the gleaming of the white tombstone within, and she wondered sadly if her mother, lying there in her grave, knew about this woman, and was troubled for her children's sake.

Frank was presented by his father, with much apparent pride to his young step-mother, who looked searchingly though kindly into his handsome, yet serious face.

It was some time before Isabel found the opportunity closely to examine the person and manner of her father's bride. Mrs. Allison was, as I have said, tall, but would not have been observably so, perhaps, except for the extreme delicacy of her figure. She was graceful and gentle in her movements; not absolutely beautiful in face, but very lovely, with a most winning smile, and a sort of earnest sadness in the expression of her soft, hazel eyes, which Isabel recognized at once as a spell of deep power—the spell which had enthralled the heart of her thoughtful and unsuspecting father. She looked about twenty-five, and did not look unsuited to Judge Allison, who, with the glow of happiness lighting up his face, and sparkling from his fine, dark eyes, appeared to all far younger and handsomer than usual.

Isabel felt that her father was not entirely satisfied with the reception which his wife had met from his children; but he did not express any dissatisfaction that night, or ever, after.

It was a happy circumstance for Isabel, in her embarrassed position, that the next day was the Sabbath; as going to church and attending to her household duties absorbed her time and attention; thus preventing any awkward telegraphic with one whose very title of step-mother had arrayed her heart against her in suspicion and determined, though unconscious, antagonism.

On Sunday afternoon, about the sunset hour, Judge Allison had been wont to go with his children to visit the grave of their mother; but this Sabbath evening, I need hardly say, he was not with them there.

How cool and shadowy looks that arbor, at the end of the garden, where Miss Allison and the children are! Let us join them, dear Charles, said Mrs. Allison to her husband, as they two sat at the pleasant south window of their chamber. Judge Allison hesitated a moment, and then said, in a low tone, "That arbor, dear Cecilia, is the place where my Emma lies buried. The young wife looked startled and somewhat troubled, but said nothing."

Day after day went by, and Isabel preserved the same cold, guarded manner toward her step-mother, though she often met those soft, hazel eyes fixed upon her, with a half-pleading, half-reproachful look, which she found it difficult to resist. Frank and Emma still continued shy and distant, and the baby, constitutionally timid, would scarcely look at the stranger-lady, who sought in an anxious, ill-assured way, to win his love and confidence.

As little Eddie shrunk from those delicate, inviting hands, and clung about Isabel, she would clasp him yet closer to her heart, and kiss his bright head with passionate fondness.

On Friday afternoon, Mrs. Allison's piano arrived. This was a great event in the family, for Isabel did not play, though she sang very sweetly, and Frank and Emma had both a decided taste for music. Mrs. Allison was gifted with a delicious voice, which she had faithfully cultivated, and she played with both skill and feeling.

All the evening, upon Judge Allison, gazing proudly and tenderly upon the performer, and listening with all his soul. Isabel was charmed in spite of her fears and prejudices, and the children were half beside themselves with delight. The next morning, as the carol was sung from her walk, hearing music in the parlor, Isabel entered and found her step-mother playing and singing the "May Queen" with Emma close at her side, and Frank turning over the leaves of the music. The touching words of the song had already brought tears, and when it was finished, Mrs. Allison suddenly dashed off in a merry walk, and presently Frank was whirling his pretty sister round and round the room, to those wild, exhilarating notes. When the playing ceased, "Oh, thank you, mother!" said Emma, going up to Mrs. Allison. "Is a moment, the step-mother's arms were about the waist, and her lips pressed against the lips of the child. That name, and the glad emotion which followed, struck the foreboding heart of Isabel. Her eyes instinctively sought the face

of Frank, and she was not displeased to remark the lowering of his brow and the slight curl of his lip.

But the evening of the very next day, Isabel, on entering the parlor, found Frank alone with his beautiful step-mother, sitting on a low ottoman at her side, as she half reclined on a sofa, and leaning his head against her knee, while her soft white fingers were threading his wavy, luxuriant hair. Isabel, giving one startling glance at the two, who were chatting pleasantly and familiarly together, crossed the room, seated herself at a table, and took up a book. Presently, Frank rose, and came and stood by her side. She looked up and murmured, with a slightly reproachful smile, "Be true. The boy colored, and soon after left the room."

Thus the day wore on; Isabel feeling her treasures wrested one after another from the fond and jealous hold of heart; sorrowing in secret over her loss, and still pressing her mother's holiest legacy, her child, dear little Eddie, close, and closer to her breast.

One afternoon when the hour came for their daily ride, she missed the child from her room. After looking through parlor, kitchen, and hall, and calling through the garden, she sought Mrs. Allison's chamber, from whence, as she knocked at the door she heard the sound of singing and laughter. "Come in!" said a light musical voice. She opened the door hastily, and there sat little traitorous Eddie, in his step-mother's lap, playing with her long auburn ringlets, while she sang his merry songs and nursery-rhymes. "Eddie?" exclaimed Isabel, somewhat sharply, "you must come with mamma, and be dressed for a ride." "No, no," cried the peevish child, "I don't want to ride—I rather stay with my pretty new mamma, and hear her sing about little 'Little Boopie'."

"No, my dear, you must go with your sister," said Mrs. Allison striving to take the little fellow down. Isabel advanced to take him, but he buried his face in his step-mother's lap, and screamed, "Go away, go away! I love this mamma best I won't go to ride with you!"

Pale as death, Isabel turned hurriedly and passed from the room. She almost flew through the house and garden, to the arbor, to the grave of her mother. There she flung herself upon the turf, and clasped the mound, and pressed her poor wounded heart against it, and wept aloud.

"They have all left me!" she cried; "I am robbed of all love, all comfort; I am lonely and desolate. Oh, mother, mother!"

While thus she lay, sorrowing with all the bitterness of a new bereavement, she was startled by a deep sigh, and looking up beheld Mrs. Allison standing at her side. Instantly she sprang to her feet, exclaiming, "Have I then no refuge? Is not even this spot sacred from officious and unwelcome intrusion?"

"Oh, forbear, I entreat!" exclaimed Mrs. Allison, with a sudden glow of tears. "Pray do not speak thus to me—you do not know me. I seek to love you, to be loved by you—this is all my sin."

Isabel was softened by those tears and murmured some half-articulate apology for the passionate feelings which she had exhibited.

"Dear Isabel," said her step-mother, "will you hear my little history, and then judge whether I have erred in assuming the relation which I now bear towards you?"

Isabel bowed her head in assent, and Mrs. Allison seated herself in the arbor; but Isabel remained standing, with a firm set lip and her arms folded.

"I fear," began Cecilia, "that your father has not been as communicative and confidential with you as he should have been. I heard from him this morning, with much surprise, that he had told you very little concerning me and our first acquaintance. He said that you never seemed to wish for his confidence, and he could not trust to wish for you. I know that you must wonder greatly how your beloved father could choose a woman like me—poor and without station, or high connections."

"No, replied Isabel, coldly, "on the contrary, I wonder most that you so young and richly endowed by nature, could prefer a man of the years and character of my father. I know not what there is in him for a beautiful woman to fancy."

"Ah, Isabel," said Mrs. Allison, looking up reproachfully, "I never fancied you father. It is with a worthier, deeper, holier feeling that I regard him."

Isabel sat down on the rustic seat near her step-mother, who continued, in a low fervent tone, "Yes, Isabel, I love your father, dearly love him; he is the only man I have ever loved."

"What!" exclaimed Isabel, "were you not then, a widow when you married him?"

"Why no, dear. Why did you suppose it?"

"I heard so—at least, I heard that you were in deep mourning."

"That was for my mother," replied Mrs. Allison with a quivering lip; "yet, until now, I have not been out of mourning for many, many years. I have been much sorrow, Isabel."

The warm-hearted girl drew nearer to her step-mother, who after a brief pause continued—

"My father, who was a lawyer of S., died while I was quite young—a school-girl, away from home, already pursuing with ardor the study of music. He left my mother very little besides the house in which she lived. My only brother, Alfred, a noble boy, in whom our best hopes were centered, had entered college only the year before father died. Then it was that my mother, with the courage of a true heroine and the devotion of a martyr, resolved to remove neither of her children from their studies, but, by her own unassisted labor, to keep me at my school and Alfred in college."

"She opened a large boarding house in S., principally for gentlemen of the bar; and, almost two years longer at school, when a terrible situation was offered me, as a teacher of music in the family of a wealthy southern Senator. I parted from my mother, from dear Alfred, and went with the Allisons to Georgia. There I remained, year after year ever tinging cheerfully in the blessed hope of returning North, with the means of restoring my beloved mother to her former social position, and of freeing her from toil and care for the remainder of her days. This was the one constant desire of my heart—the one great purpose of my life. I cared not for distinction, or admiration, or love. I thought only of her; my patient, self-sacrificing, angel mother."

Here Isabel drew nearer, and laid her hand

in that of her step-mother, who pressed it gently as she continued— "To school and college, commenced the study of law. I shall ever fear that he confined himself too closely and studied too intensely. His constitution was delicate, like his father's; and, after a year or two, his health, never vigorous began to fail. Mother finally wrote to me that she was anxious about him; though she added, perhaps her affection for the beloved one made her needlessly fearful. Yet I was alarmed, and hastened home some months before my engagement had expired. I had then been absent five years; but I had seen mother and Alfred often in that time, when they had met me on the sea-shore."

"It was a sultry afternoon in August when I reached S. I shall never forget how wretchedly low and weary seemed the last few miles and how eagerly I sprang down the carriage steps at last. I left my baggage at the hotel, and ran to my mother's house alone. I entered without knocking, and went directly to our mother's little private parlour—the sanctum of the household. I opened the door very gently, so as to surprise them. At the first glance, I thought the room was empty; but on looking again, I saw some one extended on the familiar, chintz-covered sofa. It was Alfred, asleep there. I went softly up and looked down upon his face. Oh, my God, what a change! It was thin and white, save a small red spot in either cheek. One hand lay half-buried in his dark chestnut curls, which alone preserved their old beauty, and that hand—how slender and delicate it had grown, and how distinct was every blue vein, even the smallest. As I stood there heart-wrung with sudden grief, my tears fell so fast on his face that he awoke and half-raising himself, looked up with a bewildered expression. Just then dear mother came in, and we all embraced one another, and thanked God out of the overflowing fullness of our hearts. As I looked at Alfred then, his eye was so bright and his smile so glad—so like the old smile—I took courage again; but he suddenly turned away and coughed slightly—but such a cough! It smote upon my heart like a knell."

"When I descended from my chamber that evening, after laying aside my travelling-dress, I found a gentleman, a stranger, sitting by Alfred's side reading to him, in a low pleasant voice. That stranger, Isabel, was your father—Alfred's best, most beloved friend."

"I will not pain your heart by dwelling on our great sorrow, as we watched that precious life, the treasury of many hopes and much love passing away. With the fading and falling of the leaf, with the dying of the flowers he died."

Here Mrs. Allison paused, and covered her face with her hands, while the tears slid slowly through her fingers. And she wept not alone. At length she continued— "I have since felt that with poor Alfred's last dying kiss, the chill of death entered into dear mother's heart; for she never was well after that night. Though she sorrowed bitterly for that only son, so good and so beautiful, she said she wished to live for my sake. Yet vain was that meek wish—vain were my love and care—the constant, agonizing pleadings of my soul with the Giver of life. She failed and drooped daily, and within a year, she was laid beside father, and very near to Alfred. She died, and left me alone in the wide world! Oh, how often, dear Isabel, have I, like you, cried out with that exceeding bitter cry of the orphan, 'Oh, mother, mother!'"

Here Isabel flung her arms around her step-mother, and pressed her lips against her cheek.

"In all this time," pursued Cecilia, "my chief adviser and comforter was the early friend of my mother, the generous patron of my brother—your father, Isabel. And when the first fearful days of my sorrow had gone by, and he came to give me the consolation of my life, and strove to give me comfort and courage—telling me at last that he needed my love even the love of my poor, crushed heart—then I felt that in loving him and him, I might hope for happiness ever more. But ah! if in loving him—in becoming his wife, I have brought unhappiness to those near to him, and darkened the light of their home, I am indeed miserable!"

"Oh, do not say so—do not say so!" exclaimed Isabel. "You have won all our hearts—have you not seen how the children are drawn toward you—even little Eddie, my babe—I have not yet called by her name—I do not know that I can so call you here, but I can and will love you, and we shall all be very happy, and, by God's help, kindly affectionate one to another!"

"Ah, my dear girl," replied Mrs. Allison, with a sweet smile "I do not ask you to call me by a name of so much sacredness and dignity; only love me and confide in me—lean upon my heart, and let me be to you, as an elder sister."

The evening had come, and Mrs. Allison, Isabel, and the children were assembled in the pleasant family-parlor, awaiting the return of Judge Allison from his office. Isabel was holding little Eddie on her knee. The child had already repeatedly begged pardon for his naughtiness, and Cecilia was, seated at the piano, playing half-unconsciously, every now and then glancing impatiently out of the window into the gathering darkness. Isabel sat down the baby-boy, and going up to her said— "Will you play the 'Old Arm-chair' for me?"

"If you will sing with me," replied Cecilia, with a smile.

The two began with voices somewhat tremulous, but they sang on till they came to the passage—

"I've sat and watched her day by day,
While her eye grew dim"—

here they both broke down.

Cecilia rose and wound her arm about Isabel's shoulder, and Isabel leaned her head on Cecilia's shoulder, and they wept together. At that moment Judge Allison entered, and after a brief pause of bewilderment advanced with a smile, and clasped them both in one embrace. He said not a word then; but afterward, when he bade Isabel good-night, at the foot of the stairway, he kissed her more tenderly than usual, saying, as he did so, "God bless you, my daughter!"

GOLD AND HOT ROOMS.—Never heat your rooms to excess; they might better be too cold than too warm; the sudden change from an overheated room to the cold air, produces more

colds and consumption, than sleeping all night in the park, with the gate open. The scientific American says, that care should be taken not to let the iron work of a stove get red hot, for in that case it absorbs the oxygen from the atmosphere, and vitiates the air of the room, rendering it unfit for the support of human life. Large surfaces, then, moderately heated, are the best means for heating apartments.

REFUGEES.

There are two sorts of refugees in Great Britain just now; and how different in character and condition! We grant that both are fanatics; but how little does the one sort suffer from fanaticism in comparison with the other! The fanatics of inertia—the crushing, chaining, dungeoning Guiltless, Louis-Philippe and Metternich—are like gentlemen of England living at home in ease; they are out of the storms and tempests of the troubled continent, and are being festered and fettered and befriended by the sympathizing misfortune of England. But the fanatics of progress, the impetuous-hearted ones who had grazed upon starvation and misery until they forgot that even tyrant's lives are sacred, are wandering about our country almost friendless and homeless. The despot never perils to-morrow's breakfast by his tyrannies. The revolutionist casts his life and all upon the hazard of a die. The crowned cause of the misery and despair of millions is bowed to and respected for his misfortune; the despairing one, the motor-car who dared to rebel, is scowled at for his presumption. We grieve that men should be tyrants; but we deplore the effects of their tyrannies to the world more than to themselves.

We met a refugee last night in a reading-room—a democratic refugee, whose life had been a long trial of suffering and who seems to support it like a hero. He was born in Poland, and was constrained to fly into Germany at the overthrow of his country. From Germany he proceeded to France, and for some time previous to the Revolution was one of the editors of Ledru Rollin's paper, "La Reforme." In February, 1848, he was a triumphant leader at the barricades. He was implicated in the events of May, however, and was forced to fly from Paris to Frankfurt. He was in Frankfurt at the October outbreak, and being a foreigner and a refugee from France, was included in the list of the proscribed. There was no rest for poor Cannock; 600 francs were offered for his head; so he cut off his long, dark locks, and disguised himself, as well as he could, and took to flight. He was constrained to sleep one evening in a vent, but finally escaped to Scotland. I gave him my hand and spoke to him of peace and fraternity, and sought to show him how fully the musket and bayonet has falsified his hopes. He looked thoughtful a moment, sighed, and shaking his fine head, exclaimed, "Où a la force est le droit de la liberté." Alas, that there should be refugees from their own beloved lands, or hearts that suffer because they cannot open an asylum door to them. Who knows the amount of suffering that is moving over this wretched world in the name of expatriated rebellion?—C. B. Syme, in "Christian Citizen."

A WATER TELESCOPE.—In answer to an inquiry of a correspondent, the editor of the Cultivator says:

"We know nothing of the Norwegian Water Telescope, but from boyhood have been conversant with a very simple and effective machine which has been found to answer the purpose. It is nothing more or less than a pair with a glass, instead of a wooden bottom, by which, on dropping beneath the surface of the sea and darkening, by placing the head of the operator in it, the bottom may be examined, as by a telescope, fathoms in depth. We were once present at a shipwreck, in England, on board of which was a case of Brazilian diamonds, that went down with the ship. A neighboring farmer hearing of this circumstance, went off in a boat with his Telescope, vulgarly called his Peepers, and ascertaining the position of the case, attended the sale of the wreck, purchased the whole, and in less than an hour afterwards had the case of diamonds safely stowed away in his own parlor, having drawn it up by means of a large pair of iron forceps constructed with a spring—a necessary adjunct to the Peepers or Water-Telescope, and by the use of which large fortunes have been recovered from the bed of the ocean."

THE RISING GENERATION.—Temperance societies may use their utmost exertions for the moral improvement of society, and may effect good, courts of justice may punish guilt, and ministers of the gospel reprove sin; but all will be ineffectual whilst parents neglect to instill proper principles into their offspring, and train up the youthful mind to the observance of decency and good order. Mere infants, if neglected by their parents, will become vagrants and vagabonds, and commence a course leading to the penitentiary or the gallows. Yet, notwithstanding the certain disgrace which awaits children who are untrained in their religious, moral and social duties, too many of them are left to evil associations by fathers and mothers until they contract habits alike demoralizing to themselves and injurious to society.

NOVEL PERFORMANCE. Capt. Senbury, of ship Minerva, which arrived at Leningrad, on the 16th of August reports hearing from the ship Alert, Green, in the first part of the season, who being on the Tartary coast, sent two boats' crews in after wood. They not returning as expected, he sent the third boat which was also detained. The ship was thus left with a single boat's crew, and continued standing off and on for two weeks, or more before he had any intelligence of the boats. They finally all returned to the ship, and related that when they landed upon the shore the natives made them prisoners and took them back into the country and villages for exhibition. They were treated in the kindest manner, during their imprisonment. When their keepers had exhibited them to their satisfaction, they restored their boats and every thing belonging to them; not even the smallest article was missing.

"Who can paint like nature," exclaimed a young lady as she held a copy of "Thomson's Seasons." "Is one hand, while the other was clasped by her enraptured lover."

"Ah! what a soul there is in that passage, who indeed can paint like nature?"

"You can!" shouted her boy brother, who had been peeping in at the window; "you're just the girl that can;—You're painted like nature now?"

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, NOV. 29, 1849.

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

CELEBRATION OF THE OPENING OF THE A. & K. RAILROAD TO WATERVILLE.

The Directors of the A. & K. Rail. Road having at their last meeting voted to open the road to Waterville and give the Stockholders a free ride on the twenty-seventh inst., the citizens of Waterville determined to provide a free collation and celebrate the day in a manner befitting the occasion.

For a week previous to the long-to-be-remembered 27th, intense anxiety and excitement pervaded Waterville and vicinity; anxiety lest the elements should conspire to defeat the opening of the road, and excitement at the realization of the hopes, and the reward of the incredible exertions, sacrifices and labors of the three past years. The Railroad opened to Waterville. The thought sends a warmer thrill through the veins of every one of her sons—aye and of her daughters too. The ladies, God bless them, were not, as the sequel will show, uninterested and idle spectators. On Sunday, the weather seemed unpropitious enough, but Monday's sun brought with it a day barely equalled at this season, for beauty and mildness. The preparations for the festivities went rapidly on. All day the street, leading to the Depot was lined with comers and goers. The Freight Depot (250 feet long and 80 wide) was fitted up for the occasion. A table loaded with sumptuous viands, ran the whole length. Abundant provision was made for seats, and long before evening all was in readiness for the festivities of the ensuing day. The citizens of Waterville were by no means niggard, but were determined to make the greatest day in the annals not only of that town, but of the county and of its five or six neighbors; long and gratefully remembered by themselves and their fellow-workers in their mutual glorious enterprise. Monday evening, the engine Dioniso came in with some passenger cars for the accommodation of the Stockholders of Waterville and vicinity for a free ride on the road early the next morning. Though it was in the evening, and but comparatively few expected it, yet at an early hour, the Depots and adjacent hills were thronged, and when the shrill whistle of the iron horse was heard, shout after shout went up, that made the welkin ring again. Every thing promises a lovely day tomorrow. If we have such a day as to-day has been, set us down as a false prophet, if Waterville does not see within its borders a greater multitude than it has ever seen. Stockholders and others are already flocking into town. Some have come to see the Depot go out; some to see the Railroad come in; and some, in spite of the anxious fears of their better halves, are even determined to take a ride on the critter himself. One man in the immediate vicinity of the road has gathered in his cabbage, for fear the cars may run off the track, go smash through his garden fence and an instant demolish all his hopes of *voir l'out* for a whole year!

Tuesday. Our anticipations of a good day are well realized. A clear, cold morning, just cool enough to brace one's nerves, and not too cold for comfort, gives us the assurance of a fine day. At an unusually early hour, this morning, the streets leading to the Station were thronged. A train for the Stockholders left at seven, and of course all that intended to take the jaunt to Readfield were on hand at an early hour. The cars (four in number) were crowded principally with Stockholders. By the kindness of the Committee of Arrangements they were furnished with a ticket, and took our seat among the Stockholders, with as much dignity as our enthusiasm would permit the company were in to give us. Probably a large majority of the passengers had never seen the iron horse before, and the fact that they actually owned a share in him, and were about to ride on a Railroad that they helped build and in which they owned a part, together with the free ride and anticipated free rich dinner, gave them that complacent dignity that is peculiar to men of quiet conscience, who are perfectly satisfied with themselves in particular, and every body and every thing else in general. A large crowd assembled about the Station House and on the hill by the side of the Road. As the Engine and the first train of cars that ever left Waterville started off steadily and smoothly, the cannon rang out its thunder tones, while the assembled crowd added their loudest in good hearty cheers. This inspired an enthusiasm among those in the cars too much for their dignity, and losing all thought of their particular importance, they returned three times three with a hearty good will. We passed on swiftly, just pausing at each Station House, to grow in a few more of the sovereigns, and soon arrived without accident at Readfield. On our way, at every bridge, road crossing &c. we found swarms of the natives, who, of course, had to give vent to their enthusiasm in hurraing loud enough to remind our brethren in the vicinity of "the waters of" a certain text in Scripture. "Beware of false prophets &c."

At about half past ten the train from Portland came in, loaded down with passengers. The two trains were soon united, and almost a carle blanche given to all for a ride. The cars were filled, and then, omnibus-like, there was still room for more. The number was variously estimated from 1200 to 2000. As we returned, the road in many places was lined with men, women and children, in greater numbers than on our passage out. As our magnificent train wound along, we were continually

greeted with cheers. Our route lay along the shore of a chain of ponds for several miles, presenting a most beautiful view. In the summer this must be an enchanting route to all the lovers of the beautiful in nature, and must become a resort for parties of pleasure. These ponds, smooth as a mirror, except when ruffled by the flight of the wild duck, scared from their bosom by the hitherto unknown and unheard whistle of the steam car, afford an abundance of fish, while their further shore abounds in all kinds of game. In many places the water washes the foot of the embankment of the road. It seemed almost as if our senses were deceiving us. We could scarcely believe that there, where but a few years ago the silence was broken only by the whirring of the partridge, the scream of the wild duck, or the howl of wild beasts, that all these were driven from their retreats, by the fierce tramp of the fire-mouthed iron horse! The cars soon came in the vicinity of Waterville, and as we approached, we found the sides of the road, for nearly a mile from the Station, lined with an unbroken phalanx of spectators; while the gravel hill near the Depot was covered—literally covered. The cannon spoke out its welcome, the immense throng of spectators prolonged its tones in deafening cheers; those in the cars flung back the echo, and as we wound through the cat to the Station, cheer after cheer rent the air, in the outburst of enthusiasm at the completion of our glorious enterprise, and the full realization of our wildest hopes. Our reception showed fully that this is not to be regarded as a local enterprise, but as common, especially to the six or eight counties represented to-day, and generally to the whole State.

A procession was formed by the Committee, and it passed slowly into the Freight Depot. An immense throng of Stockholders and invited guests filled the Depot to overflowing. On entering, we found it (as we have before said) splendidly fitted up for the occasion. A row of cushioned seats ran round the whole, while in the middle stood the table, groaning under its load of bounties. A platform was raised at the middle of one side of the Depot, for a rostrum, &c. The Stockholders were received and welcomed by a fine and appropriate speech by S. P. Benson, Esq. Mr. B. said it was the completion of that work, which two years ago they commenced, that they had now assembled to witness. He alluded to the commencement of the work, to the difficulty they at first met with in obtaining subscriptions. But now it was finished; and he welcomed them in behalf of the citizens of Waterville, to the entertainment now placed before them. "And," said the gentleman, "one word more, when you return home and mingle with your neighbors and friends, then resolve yourselves into a committee of the whole, to devise ways and means for the benefit of your road." [Cheers.]

After Mr. B. had concluded a prayer was offered by Dr. Sheldon, and then, at the word of the President, all fell to devouring what was spread before them. Provision went down rapidly. Half a ton of meats of various kinds disappeared in a twinkling. Considering it was the best and most abundantly spread table ever seen in Maine, and that about 2500 men, with appetites whetted by an early breakfast and a long ride, were putting the substantial out of sight, the havoc can be easily imagined than described. There were representatives from all sections of the State, and from three-fourths to nine-tenths of them were farmers. About nine-tenths of the stock was represented. The dinner passed off quietly—there being an abundance for all. When the general warfare had ceased, and a few desultory skirmishes only remained to betoken the general onslaught, the venerable President arose and said he would refrain from any extended remarks upon the occasion, and confine himself to a few words introductory to the occasion.

GENTLEMEN STOCKHOLDERS: It is now short of three years since we first began to agitate the project of a Railroad from Lewiston to this place, and a little more than two years since the contract for grading was made. This period has been marked by a severe pressure in the money market, seldom equalled for many years. To you and your Directors it has been a period of intense anxiety, lest your means might fail, and so the whole enterprise be brought to naught. For such was the situation of your Road, and of the Stockholders in relation to it, that it was necessary to put the whole of it under contract at nearly the same time; and this, of course, involved the necessity of equipping and furnishing the whole Road, and of opening it on the whole line at nearly the same time; so that, unlike other railroads, you could not have had even a temporary suspension, without jeopardizing the whole undertaking. These peculiar circumstances, requiring large sums of money to be raised in so short a time to meet our contracts, have required greater efforts than Railroad companies are ordinarily required to make. Your Directors, I assure you, have seen many, very many dark times, when it seemed hardly possible there was any escape, and we were almost ready to sink under the weight. But we were, at all times, encouraged and cheered by the good wishes and cheerful aid of the Stockholders and friends of the Road. You never, at any time, faltered or despaired, but you gave constant proofs of your undoubting confidence in the final success of the Road; and what is more, that you also had confidence that we, on our part, would do all that determined men could do. The constant estimation and confidence you so liberally accorded to us, encouraged our hearts and strengthened our hands in the good work, and you this day behold the result. Even the Heavens seem to have smiled beneficently on us—for who has ever before seen such a season, one so propitious to our operations! Whatever may be the future destiny of your Road, whether it

may prove profitable or otherwise—to you and to all coming generations, the product of your past efforts is secure, and must ever remain a proud monument of your indomitable courage and perseverance. There is your Road, destined, we trust, to be extended to the "Queen City of the East," and thence to the confines of our State, with a large margin of fertile land on the north, dotted with many thriving villages and towns, and abundances of water power, and destined to be webbed over with numerous branches, connecting with your Road and swelling the tide of its travel and business. We open this Road as we are about to enter on the second half of the 19th century—full of hope and confidence. It is our privilege to have before us a most cheering prospect of the future such as our fathers had not. It has cost us many sacrifices, but they are now forgotten in the full realization of our most sanguine hopes. Here we may stand, and with a proud consciousness, point to this work as accomplished in our day, and welcome the coming generation to all its benefits and advantages; for we have sown the seed, and they will reap the harvest—we have planted the acorn, and they will repose under the shade of the oak; and may they, when in their turn they shall come to welcome the generation that shall succeed them, point to the useful works they, in their day, shall have erected, with the same pride and hope, that now glow in our hearts.

The President then introduced to the assembly JUDGE PREBLE of Portland. As soon as the cheering with which his appearance was greeted had subsided, the Judge commenced by remarking that on an occasion like this, it would seem if one never spoke before he might speak now. We come here, and in the name of our citizens we rejoice with you on this great event. Let this not be the last act of hospitality between us. Well, we have at last got a railroad, and it may be a question difficult of solution to tell how we get it in so short a time. Yes, gentlemen, it's a fact we got here by a railroad by the BACK ROUTE. [Cheers.] You see, that while all around you have protested that it could not be, you have gained your object; you have got your road. Is it not, then, an occasion of congratulation? The old mode of transmission still remains to those who wish to use it. The people down river have laid claim to a vested right. The say let Kennebec stick together. Why? In order that you may come down and let us shove you. [Prolonged cheers.] Now, gentlemen, come to Portland, and we'll use you at least as fairly as your lower friends have, and that's not saying much! [Laughter.] You have opened to yourselves a new and great avenue, and its effects are already beginning to be felt. Why, gentlemen, let me tell you a little incident which occurred the other day in A—, that will illustrate my remark. Some gentleman of Portland was conversing with a wealthy merchant of A— concerning our road. "Why," said he, "that road won't hurt you; they'll all come down here as before." C. could bear much, but he couldn't stand that. "Why, don't," he exclaimed, "the best of my trade is gone already!" [Cheers and laughter.] I cannot believe that the road will not pay well on the stock. "Why," he said, "it can do otherwise than pay well. Look at the great advantages presented to every class by it. Look, for instance, at your own traders, and see how they are benefitted. You have only to order your goods one day, and they will be delivered the next at the depot. You will not be obliged to keep a great stock on hand, but can, as it were, live from hand to mouth. But our time is very short. I can only say, never was there an occasion on which the gentlemen of Portland visited your beautiful village with more pleasure than to-day. With a renewal of my congratulations, in behalf of my brethren of Portland, and those of the southern end of the line, I take my leave.

Hon. W. B. S. MOORE, of Bangor, was next called upon. He said, "We have, said Mr. Moore, fixed one foot to the Road. The Railroad we promised to build, is built; it has reached its immediate destination. I had something to do in starting and aiding along this enterprise, and made (as I then thought) some predictions, rash predictions, extravagant promises. I said 'if people would take up the Stock in small quantities, the iron horse, beneath whose feet the grass never grows, would soon pass from Portland to Waterville.' I thought I was rash, but I did not appreciate the indomitable energy and enterprise of the farming interest of Maine. In two years and four months we are here, and soon are determined to go on, and I now notify you all, that this road must and is going to be extended to the Penobscot. If we can get up an opposition to it, it can go in two years. If some will take hold of this as some others did yours in endeavoring to head it, in two years the road will go. But I wish to speak about your stock paying. I mean the original, the subterranean stock. As in all other roads and companies of this kind, the first stock lies under disadvantages. But if you hold on, you will get your money back with interest, good interest. This is one link of the chain, the iron chain, that will connect the golden sands of San Francisco with the frosts and snows not only of our State, but of the adjoining Empire. This grand enterprise must go. The people around here and between here and Portland, with a little aid from Portland and elsewhere, have undertaken an enterprise that ten years ago would have put to fault the energies of the whole State, and carried it through. Let the Union take hold of this enterprise, as you have yours and it will go, and immediately too. And besides, the freight will make this road. It is the outlet of a large territory, of a freight territory, and you are taking the business from the East. And now I'll make another prediction, and though I may seem rash, I cannot seem more rash than when I made the prediction three years ago which is to-day fulfilled. In three years we will receive from an ex-

cursion similar to this, in Bangor, when you shall have come from Portland and Waterville by Railroad to Bangor, as you have come from Portland to Waterville. There is a deficiency of capital in the East, and you gentlemen, Presidents, Directors and Stockholders of all the other roads in Maine, you must and will take hold and help us; every one a little, for it is the small and not the large Stockholders that build the road. In helping us, you help yourselves. In three years then, I say, that old horse, that same old horse that brought us here to-day, will carry us to the banks of the glorious Penobscot. Why? Because he pulls the business west, and we must build the road to save ourselves. The merchants and market men tell us their supplies of provisions to carry on their lumbering operations used to come from this direction. They tell us they felt the effects of opening this road to Wintthrop, and now that it is opened to this place, they will feel it in ten-fold proportion. When I am asked about the Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad, I reply, that bottom will take care of itself! We of the East, and I say it, without jealousy, must share with you of the West in the spoils of Canada. And in conclusion, I would leave in repeating my prediction, that in three years, the short of that same iron horse which brought us here, the horse that never has the heaves, will be heard in the valley of the Penobscot!

Hon. JOSIAH S. LITTLE, of Portland, President of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad Co., was then introduced by the President, and spoke as follows: I am happy in having the privilege of responding to the call of the people of Waterville, who have so generously provided for our entertainment. It is an auspicious time. It is a day you have long anxiously looked for, and you have come to your farms, your workshops and stores, to rejoice together. The opening of this road is an event worthy of being commemorated by this immense assembly. It is a fit occasion, when counties and towns are brought together by bonds of union, that we should mutually congratulate each other. I would ask if there should not be mutual congratulation when means and facilities for comfort are enlarged. This day will be long remembered in the elements of prosperity which will flow out from the great operation of a certain and unbroken line of communication. But that it should have been so speedily accomplished would have seemed wonderful to me, had I not seen, ere this, the same body of intelligent men that has now assembled. To commence with such is to execute. But in the speedy accomplishment of your work you have outstripped us of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad. This indomitable zeal and energy is worthy of all praise, and your success will stimulate us to put forward and open to the State the trade of the mighty West, in which your road will enjoy largely. Instead of being jealous, we feel deeply and appreciate highly our connection with you. Yes, gentlemen, for these roads form a part of the great trunk line from East to West. For the surrounding country can be accommodated in no other way. It will succeed, and whatever may be the obstacles, and whatever may be the difficulties, this extension will go on. Every interest and every section will urge it on, and however it may be extended, Waterville will be the great central point, and this vast assembly that I see is but a prelude of the accumulation and crush of business that will follow upon this glorious completion of your road. Permit me to tender the sincere thanks of Portland and the particular friends of the Atlantic Road, on the result of your labors. Thus far our roads have gone on in harmony. May it so progress, that as time passes on, they may be perfected on a basis of mutual interest and good will, and I cannot believe there is anything that can disturb the harmonious feeling of the people on the line. Such enterprises come directly home and enlarge the bounds of humanity and kindness, as well as bring home to us the comforts and wants of life. I now thank you for the opportunity you have given to our people to participate in this joyous occasion.

Hon. D. KIDDER, of Skowhegan, was introduced, but on account of a weak voice, he was unable to speak loud enough to be heard fully by us. Mr. Kidder caught a part of his remarks. He said a part, a small part of Somerset County had undertaken to have feelings of jealousy towards this Road. But they have been losing it, constantly, and now it is almost entirely gone. He then went on to give a beautiful description of Waterville, its situation, its natural privileges and resources, its prospects and future importance. He predicted that it would become a great place, extending its limits far beyond what now would be called the farthest suburbs of the town. In conclusion, if he were to give a toast, he would give, "The city of Waterville. The queen of the valley of the beautiful Kennebec."

Lt. M. MORILL, Esq., of Augusta, being called for, came forward and remarked as follows: I am satisfied I am indebted for this honor to my situation on *side waters*. [Cheering and laughter.] It is said this is a great day and it is in many respects a glorious day, and one long expected, but I tell you my friends it is a hard one for us on *side waters*. [Laughter.] How it has been brought about I cannot tell you. I am inclined to think however if you ask the one most experienced in this matter among you, he would be puzzled to say how it has been brought about—trudged down by us have been by the press on the money market. I say it is a wonder how it has been accomplished. When you consider how two years ago it was begun, when you consider that you had but one third of the cost of your Road to commence with, I ask you if you are not surprised it was ever completed. How has been done? By strong hearts and hands, with such a body of Directors, with such a

body of Stockholders, you can accomplish anything. With such a body of troops, under such financiers, I would volunteer to take the city of Mexico in ninety days; cross the Atlantic, enter Queen Vic's palace and twig John Bull's nose. The only thing I have heard of in disparagement of the Road is this, "You have got your Road built but it won't pay." And who says this? He who would not subscribe to take your stock. Who else says it? Those who have some private, local end to accomplish. In fine all those who have prophesied falsely are enraged and exclaim "Oh you have done well, but it won't pay." But as they prophesied falsely then, so do they now, and you can and will make this a paying Road.

Hon. F. O. J. SMITH, of Portland, Pres't of York & Cumb. R. R., being introduced, said, I have not the time, if the ability, to express the heartfelt and overwhelming gratification it gives me to meet you here on such an occasion as this. If there ever has been any thing of which the whole State of Maine has just reason to be proud, it is this—that this enterprise has been carried through in so short a time, and under such disadvantages, and such a pressure in the money market. You have been told of the energy of the city of Portland, but I will say if the roads depended on cities for construction, we could not have rode here, as we have to-day. You have built 55 miles sooner than we have built 45. But both have done well, have done nobly. Gentlemen have spoken of your road paying, and those too, whose reputation is a guaranty of their words, and have said it must be among the first. But they have spoken chiefly of local interest alone. It is truly a great local enterprise, but when we look at the extent of these United States, and the position of this road, we find it is not local, but will develop immense resources, and that too at no distant day. This Road besides leading from the queen city of Maine to the East, will become the great thoroughfare of nations. When we examine the position of our State, between the busy worlds on both sides of the earth, we find that just as sure as events of the present indicate those of the future, so sure, this hitherto obscure State of Maine must be the highway of the world. Let your schoolboy put his finger on the most enterprising part of Europe, and upon the cities of the old eastern world, full of science, wealth, and God knows what, and see where the merchant will go, which route is the most direct, safe, cheap and short, and your child will draw a line from Liverpool to San Francisco, and from thence to the East, and Maine will lie in its path and the most direct that can be found. (There is not a harbor on the Atlantic coast that will not, if connected with this road, share in the commerce of the world.) It will come through you and among you. This may seem a strange prediction, but in six months you will see results that will prove that Maine must be the way of nations. Your ships and roads will do it. See the convulsion of the West, already concerning the grand enterprise of Commerce. Every man of any hopes of preferment, political, or what not, hitches his ear to this. The question is not "can it be done?" but "which is the best route?" The Atlantic seaboard of the East and South must give rise to the traffic that supports this road. We have been told that your success is a mystery. But it is not. Upon your faces is stamped the determination that it shall be done. This explains the mystery of this day of all the rest. Go and find in any land a man of determination, and they will tell you he is from Yankee land. Find one of these engaged in any enterprise, and you will see it written on his face, "It must and shall be done." Our doctrine is, not sectional, good, but the good of the State. Railroads have given a new interest to Maine, and the Railroad brotherhood must give character to Maine. Finally, impress it upon your children's minds, that those who enter upon undertakings as you have done in this, that they are the true sons of Maine—the genuine sons of Maine—wherever they may be found throughout the world!

Mr. CAXTON, Mayor of Portland, came forward and said—I have no more time than to tender you my most sincere congratulations, and express my heartfelt pleasure at the success of your great enterprise, and the delight it gives me to meet you on this occasion! As Mayor of the city of Portland, in the name of her citizens, I return you hearty and sincere thanks for the hospitality you have shown us to-day, and would respectfully tender you the hospitalities of our city, and we should be extremely happy to meet any and all of you there. Renewing my thanks for your attention and kindness, I must leave you.

J. A. POOR, Esq., of Portland, was then called upon, and addressed the assembly as follows: I welcome this day. I have looked forward to it with feelings of gratification. Indeed I look upon it as a day when Maine takes her true rank in the sisterhood of States. It has been well said—it is a mystery that this road has been built. It is but twenty years since the first locomotive passed through the sturdy soil of our New England. The last twenty years has done more to advance mankind than the previous hundred. This, gentlemen, is an age of locomotion. I look upon it as a most extensive speculation in all that pertains to travel. It reaches almost to infinite power. It has brought us 82 miles from our homes, this day, in about 4 hours. In aftertimes we shall come to our city to your beautiful village in an hour, and a quarter and some in whistling time. The work is but just begun. In three years it will extend to Bangor. From Cape Canis to Maine, the iron horse will rush on its tireless course. A, gentlemen, in three years time the Railroad of the Pacific will cease to be a wonder to the world. From this place, even now, a line is in progress to N. O. We shall see Maine, within the next ten years, covered with a network of railroads, almost as it is now covered by common roads. Its population will

be more dense than that of Massachusetts. This is the result of the action of the public mind. You can no more stay it than the locomotive that now puffs along your track. Then let the work speed forward to the first point where the road ends the sea, and let the shrill whistle echo from the shores of the Atlantic to the rocky cliffs of the Pacific.

Hon. WM. PAINE, of Bangor, having been repeatedly called for, came on just as the cars were to leave, and said he had been out, and having heard he was called for, he could not leave without expressing his lively congratulations at the perfect success of an enterprise of such vast magnitude. He spoke of the difficulties, and obstacles to its completion, and highly lauded the talent and energy that had carried it through in spite of them all. He said the citizens of Bangor and of the Penobscot valley felt a lively interest in its success, and now would rejoice equally with us at our success. They were determined, said he, that it should go on. He had been in Committee, and as a member of the House, for the charter to the A. & K. Railroad, and did it gladly and cordially; and now he most cordially congratulated the citizens of Waterville, and all interested in this road, on their success, contrary to the predictions of all opposers, and surpassing the fondest hopes of the warmest friends of the enterprise.

These speeches were all received with continual cheers. The Depot rang at times with the laughter of the guests, and at other times shook with the reiterated cheers. The Directors of the Road, through their President, invited the President and Directors of all the Railroads in our State, to attend at the opening of the Road, and to partake of a collation with the Stockholders.

As a few of the invited guests were unavoidably absent, we have thought proper to introduce, through the columns of the Mail, some of the letters received upon that occasion. [Ad From Hon. Basil Williams, Pres't of P. & R. R.]

Hon. T. BOUTELLE, Esq., of Bangor, Nov. 24, 1849: Dear Sir:—On my return from Brunswick I find your favor of 22d inst., inviting the Directors of Ken. and Port. R. R. to be present at the opening of your road to Waterville, on the 27th inst. I am very much obliged to you for the compliment, and should be happy to be present on so joyous an occasion, but my engagements will not allow it. I have communicated your wish to Friend Lang and Mr. Smith; the former has an appointment in Portland on Tuesday, and Mr. Smith's engagements are such that he cannot leave home. Col. Stanley is absent. If I can find opportunity I will notify the other Directors of your kind invitation. Very respectfully, T. BOUTELLE.

From Hon. Wm. Williams, Pres't of P. & R. R. to Hon. T. Boutelle, Esq., Bangor, Nov. 24, 1849: Dear Sir:—If my engagements would admit, I should feel highly gratified to be with you on the interesting occasion which marks the opening of your great enterprise. Well deserved honor belongs to those whose energy and industry have perfected a measure which connects Waterville, not only with towns far distant, with the business world, and all that interests in the successful progress of your road, and we trust the result is not far distant, when our city and Waterville will be united by bands of iron, which will tend to promote and advance our mutual interests. I humbly trust, Bangor has been the market place for the rich products of the upper waters of the Kennebec, and she can not long remain indifferent to her true interests, should this trade be diverted. We must keep up with the whirlwind progress of the age; and in the confident expectation that your road will in a few years be extended to this place, we may, in advance, tender to the Stockholders of the A. & K. Railroad, the hand of fellowship and welcome. I am, with high regards, Yours truly, Wm. Williams.

From William H. Miller, Mayor of Bangor, to Mayor of Portland, Nov. 24, 1849: Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your polite note inviting me to participate in the festivities of the opening of the A. & K. Railroad to Waterville. Nothing would afford me more happiness than to be with you at that joyous hour; but it is incompatible with my private engagements. I must therefore decline; but in doing so, allow me to commingle, though distant, my joys with yours, and also to express the hope that the time may be short, when I may have the happiness to reciprocate your favor, upon the occasion of the public entrance of the "iron horse" into the "queen city of the East," direct from your patriotic town. Very respectfully, Wm. H. Miller.

From Hon. T. Boutelle, Esq., of Bangor, to Hon. F. O. J. Smith, Esq., of Portland, Nov. 24, 1849: Dear Sir:—I regret that my engagements will prevent the acceptance of your invitation to be present at the opening of the Railroad to Waterville. I can assure you that I shall be with you in spirit, in connection with most of our community. The event is an epoch in the history of our country, and the occasion a fit one to commemorate the 50th anniversary of Old Kennebec. I hope the same indomitable energy and perseverance, which have carried this road to the people of your fair city of Bangor, will be found in ours to prosecute the noble enterprise to the city. We shall then have intercourse by steam power, through the interior, to St. John, with the exception of seventy miles staging from Matawanook to Woodstock, your line will be nearly as short as ours. What you may realize your most ardent anticipations for the Road; it remains with true regards to you and your friends, and very truly, T. Boutelle.

have said to-day!"

A true copy. Attest; F. DAVIS, Register. 3w18

1 CASE of DARK PRINTS, for sale very cheap at
Oct. 24. CHASE'S.

Waterville July 10 1849.

WILL be received for building three RESERVOIRS for the fire department in Waterville.
Aug. 13, 1949. ALPHEUS LYON, Supervisor

Walnuts, Almonds, Shellbarks, Peanuts, Cashews
Pecan Nuts, just received by **E. B. SMITH, 1931**
at 24. **No. 1 Ticonic Row.**