



1-9-1851

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 04, No. 25): January 9, 1851

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail

 Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 04, No. 25): January 9, 1851" (1851). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 180.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/180

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. IV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JAN. 9, 1851.

NO. 25.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

R. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

At No. 3 1-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street

TERMS.
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POETRY.

LIFE IS SWEET.

"Oh, life is sweet!" said a merry child;
And I love to roam
In the meadow green, 'neath the sky serene—
Oh! the world is a fairy home.
There are trees hung thick with blossoms fair,
And flowers gay and bright;
There's the moon's clear ray, and the sun-lit bay—
Oh, the world is a world of light!"

"Oh, life is sweet!" said a gallant youth,
As he looked the storied page;
And he pondered on the days by-gone,
And the fame of a former age.
There was hope in his bright and beaming eye,
And he longed for his dear days;
He clung to life—he dared its strife—
He felt no dread now fears.

"Oh, life is sweet!" came merrily
From the lips of a fair young bride;
And a happy smile she gave the while
To the dear one by her side.
"Oh, life is sweet!" for we will live
Our constancy to prove;
Thy sorrows mine, my trials thine,
Our souls in love we live.

"Oh, life is sweet!" said an aged sire,
Whose eye was sunk and dim;
His form was bent—his strength was spent—
Could life be sweet to him?
O yes—for round the old man's chair
His children's children cling;
And each dear face and warm embrace
Made life seem ever young.

Thus life is sweet from early youth
To weak enfeebled age;
Love twines with life through care and strife,
In every varied stage.
Through rough, peaceful, path, the path we tread,
And dark the sky above,
In every stage there's something yet
To live for and to love.

POPULAR READING.

WALTER TREVOR.

BY META M. DUNCAN.

CHAPTER I.

"What is the matter with you, Belle?—Have you hurt yourself? Has any body affronted you, dear Belle? Now, Belle, this is unkind. What is the use of having a friend if you don't tell him all your troubles? Didn't you say the other day that I was your best friend? now you won't answer me."

These questions were addressed by a handsome, bright-eyed boy of thirteen, to a little girl apparently about eight years old, who, crouching in one corner of a sofa, with her head buried in the cushions, was sobbing most earnestly. Her features were hidden from view, but what could be seen of her skin, beneath the profusion of glossy brown curls which fell upon her neck, was delicately, almost unnaturally fair. Her person was slight even to fragility, and most sad to behold, upon the sofa beside the weeping girl lay a little black crutch. The room which the children occupied was a spacious and luxurious apartment, the windows of which opened upon one of those large and pleasant gardens, once so common in Philadelphia, where every thing around them bore the impress of wealth and taste.

"Very well, Belle," continued the boy, "if you won't speak to me, I shall go away. I can't bear to stay here and see you crying, while you keep from me what it is that troubles you. And remember, I don't consider it friendly in you."

"Oh! Walter, don't go," said the little girl, raising her head at this appeal, and exhibiting a face so pale and pinched, so marked by the unmistakable lines of pain, as to give her the appearance of being older than she really was. Even her excessive weeping not having had power to impart a shade of color to the bluish transparency of her skin. Her large, though deeply sunken eyes, swimming in their tears, alone betrayed that she had been weeping.

"Well, then, I'll stay, but you must tell me what is the matter with you."

"Oh! Watty," said the little girl, sighing deeply, "Maddie is so unkind to me."

"She is! But have you done nothing to her?"

"Oh no, we have not been doing anything, we were only talking."

"Well, what were you talking about?"

"Why, Maddie was telling me how she should have her wedding dress."

"Well, did you find fault with it?"

"No, I did not. I thought it very beautiful."

"Well?"

"And when she was done telling, I began—"

"Well, Belle?" continued the boy, getting impatient at her lengthened pauses.

"Oh! Watty, she says, 'sorrow the little girl, bursting into a passion of tears, and hiding her face in her hands, that I shall never be married! that nobody ever will have me, because I am so lame.'"

tion to assume the part of a listener. She ridiculed Isabella's account of her interview with her cousin, and told her that her mamma would consider it very indecent in a young lady to throw out hints so broad as to a gentleman, that she should be glad if he would marry her.

Belle knew nothing about all this, and cared less. Maddie had insinuated into her mind the startling idea that she was doomed, from her infirmities, to be unlike any body else.—This impression, so painful to a sensitive mind, being happily removed by Walter's manful assurance, she returned to her habitual contented state of mind; and as she had listened with so much interest and attention when she performed the part of audience, she felt assured that now Maddie was convinced that she would really need such decorations, she would in turn listen with similar good faith.

Maddie did listen, but with great impatience and undisguised contempt. How could it be otherwise, for knowing as she was in such matters, she must unquestionably be greatly scandalized at Isabella's choice of a sky blue velvet dress, dotted with silver moons, for a wedding dress! But when Belle went on to declare that she should be married in a pair of glass slippers, after the fashion of her favorite heroine, Maddie's wrath broke forth. She told her she was the most ridiculous girl that she had ever heard of; that there was no such thing as glass slippers—except in fairy tales—and that nobody but an ignorant little ninny would ever think of such a thing.

At this renewed attack, Belle flew off again to Walter, who told her not to mind Maddie, but to go off somewhere and play by herself, till he had done learning his lesson. As for the glass slippers he would get them for her himself when the time came.

"I would get them for you now, Belle," he added soothingly, "but you know they wouldn't fit you when you are big, and glass slippers won't stretch!"

Mr. Trevor, the father of Belle, was a merchant of large fortune, whose wealth had been acquired in the India trade. Isabella was the only survivor of a numerous offspring, and she, since her fifth year, had been the object of the deepest solicitude to her parents, in consequence of a fall which she experienced about that period of her life. The physicians held out hopes that in time she would recover from the injury that she had received, but there seemed now but little prospect that she would be any thing but incurably lame.

Mrs. Foster, the mother of Maddie, and Mrs. Trevor, though not relatives, were sisters in feelings; the former having been adopted in infancy by Mrs. Trevor's mother, and educated by her. A sincere affection subsisted between these two ladies, while their friendship—Mrs. Foster having married a gentleman in New York—was kept up by frequent visits. These visits were principally on the part of Mrs. Foster, who was generally accompanied by one or more of her children, Miss Maddie having been her mother's companion upon this visit; upon which occasion she did her best to dazzle and confound her young companions, enlightening their minds and introducing to their consideration various novelties in dress, fashion and manners that had never been presented to them before, quarrelling with them occasionally, ingeniously appropriating to herself their toys, playthings and finery, and impressing them, upon all occasions, with a profound sense of her knowledge, experience, and general superiority.

Walter Trevor was the youngest son of Mr. Trevor's oldest brother, who died, leaving a widow and three sons in rather straitened circumstances. Mr. Trevor educated his orphan nephews, and at the proper age put them forward in the world, according to their several talents. Walter, our little hero, was destined to be a merchant, and when his education was sufficiently advanced, he was to be sent to China, to acquire that experience and that footing in business, which had been the corner stone of his uncle's success.

Among Mr. Trevor's nephews, Walter was by far the greatest favorite. His frank, ingenuous character, his clear, intelligent mind, and above all, the peculiar winning tenderness of his disposition, which was combined with a sensibility almost feminine, endeared him to him, spite of his determination to make no distinction between the brothers; and, as time passed on, he filled the next place to his favorite daughter in his affections. The widow Trevor, some years after the death of her husband, returned to Boston, her native place, where her two elder sons were settled, since which period, Walter had passed the greater part of his time in his uncle's family.

With a disposition such as we have described, Walter's life, it will be readily understood, that all his boyish sympathy was called forth in behalf of his little afflicted cousin—she who was always so patient, so meek, so docile, and, above all, so affectionate to him—and that his young heart should have swelled with indignation at the heartless speech made by Maddie, which had so affected her. Accordingly, he took the earliest opportunity after the scene with his cousin, which we have related, to find Maddie alone, and informed her that he considered her a very unfeeling girl—instantly that, in a world so full of remarkable changes, she might chance to be lame herself one of these days, and asking her how she would like it; adding that Belle's matrimonial expectations were now more securely based than her own, as he had himself engaged to marry her, when they were big enough. As for the wedding dress, he professed to know little about such things; but one thing he did know, Belle should have as much money as she wanted to buy it with. With regard to the glass slippers, he gave Maddie to understand that she had exposed her own ignorance in saying what she did, for hadn't they a boy at school whose father owned 'glass works,' and hadn't he often told him they could make any thing they pleased out of glass? And why not slippers? He would get them made for her himself, even if they cost a sack full of gold!

As a tangible proof of his future intentions, as well as for the purpose of affronting Maddie for the contempt with which this rebuke and explanation were received, Walter sunk a whole month's pocket money in the purchase of a ring, as an earnest of his faith, and, when some months after Belle accompanied her mother to New York on a visit to Mrs. Foster, he conveyed to her sundry most ostentatious epistles, in all of which she was addressed in very robust letters as 'my dear wife!' no notice whatever being taken of 'Maddie,' who, of course, it was shrewdly suspected, would read them all.

CHAPTER II.
We will now, without ceremony, beg the reader to skip with us over a space of five years. Walter Trevor was now eighteen, a fine, tall, manly-looking youth. His education was completed, and preparations were rapidly making for his impending voyage to Canton. Poor Belle—our little Belle—was still an invalid. The physicians had now forbidden the use of the crutch, and she was confined entirely to a sofa. The meekness and composure with which she had borne her malady in early childhood, had fled, giving place to a painful sensitiveness on the subject. She shrank from strangers, to bind herself, if possible, more and more in the affections of her family, with an appearance of hopelessness extremely touching. Walter was still her best friend, and she was still his little wife—the epithet 'little' having been gradually introduced as Walter's advances to manly importance developed themselves.

Under ordinary circumstances, no doubt, the recollection of this childish betrothal would insensibly have died away; but the recollection of Isabella made her peculiarly dependent upon the affections of those around her, and Walter continued to address her, partly through habit, and partly through an awkward incapacity to drop it—by a title, which, in the first instance, had been such a source of childish triumph and satisfaction to her. He had never omitted it. His letters to her, even when from home, always addressed her by this epithet. Nor must we forget the part which Miss Madeline Foster took in keeping alive the recollection of the childish engagement which she had so undesignedly brought about—Maddie's temper was by no means without blemish, and though, at the time, she had boldly set at defiance Walter as well as Belle, the alliance, both of offensive and defensive, which it had cemented between them, caused her afterwards much irritation and annoyance in her periodical visits; and even now, as a tall, rather stylish looking girl of sixteen, she twitted Walter with his engagement in a thousand annoying ways. This, however, never happened before Belle, for increased tact, if not improved feeling, had taught her that Belle was no object for sarcasm.

At length the day for Walter's departure arrived, a day full of sadness and sorrow to the whole family. Even Mr. Trevor, when the last moments arrived, feeling prompted to draw back from his purpose. Walter's farewell to his little cousin, as was dreaded, however, proved most painful to all. She lay in her arms almost paralyzed with grief, and when he pushed the thick curls from her fair young temple, through which silken skin the blue veins shone so distinctly, and pressed his lips upon it, murmuring words of comfort, she raised her eyes to his and whispered in a tone so low that none beside could hear—'It is good bye for ever, for we shall never meet again!'

Walter had borne till now, but when these mournful forebodings of his dear little playfellow met his ear, all thought of manliness was forgotten, he burst into tears and sobbed aloud, begging her for his sake not to speak thus.

"You will get better, dear Belle, I feel you will," said he; "you will live to be a comfort to us all. Promise me you will try? You forget," he added, his face brightening, "that you are my little wife, and bound to obey me if I tell you to get well against I return."

The child fixed her eyes steadily on him for a moment, then even her lips became colorless, and she faintly. Walter resigned the insensible child to her mother, and ere she recovered from the swoon, he was on his way to Boston to join his ship.

Through the knowledge and foresight of his uncle, Walter Trevor found himself most eligibly situated on his arrival at Canton, and before two years had elapsed his road to fortune was well chalked out. Those two years, however, proved the most painful of his sojourn abroad, for to an affectionate and sensitive nature like his, the shock of being torn from country and friends, and all the tender charities of home, was most severe. Letters from home were the only consolations he experienced, and even these, so fondly cherished, were few and meager with the craving of his yearning heart. No package came without its contribution from Isabella, whose letters, childish as they were, filled with the details of every day domestic events, were full of life and interest to him, and the closely written letters, directed in her small cramped hand, were always first sought and read. Isabella, now so sensitive on that point, never spoke of her health. It was only incidentally that he discovered she was no longer confined to her sofa. Mr. and Mrs. Trevor spoke of her as becoming slowly but gradually better.

When Walter had been absent about three years, he received a letter from his uncle informing him that Isabella's physicians had recommended a voyage to Europe, for the benefit of her health, and that they were preparing to depart immediately. About this period Walter lost his mother, a bereavement which sunk deep into his affectionate heart, completing that feeling of desolation which he had experienced on learning the breaking up of his uncle's family—his early home. For an indefinite period Walter's correspondents in his native land were now reduced to his two brothers, who, residing in a city in which he was almost a stranger, left him little of interest to hear from home.

As time passed on, occasionally letters reached him from his uncle, but as they changed their residence very frequently, Walter was always ignorant of their address, and unable to write to them regularly as before, the letters which he did write being enclosed to his brothers, and forwarded by them to Mr. Trevor's agent in Europe. Walter learned, however, from time to time, that the voyage and change of climate had proved beneficial to Isabella, though in what particular respect he could not ascertain, it being evident by allusions made by his uncle to former letters, that many of them had been misarrived. From Isabella herself he never heard, their correspondence having died away. Often, as time passed on, Walter determined to renew it, but a certain awkwardness of feeling always prevented him. The years, the changes which had taken place since they parted, had materially altered their relative positions. They were no longer children and playfellows, but strangers, and arrived at man's and woman's estate. Yet from a peculiar feature of his mind, founded upon great natural consistency and constancy of character, Walter found it impossible to shake off the impression, childish and imaginary as it was, of the tie which had bound him to his cousin. Foolish and trifling

as it may seem, he knew not how to address her. He had always called her his little wife, and now to begin with 'Dear Belle,' or 'My Dear Cousin,'—to say nothing of the awfulness of writing to a grown up young lady—was a step which he scarcely knew how to undertake. That in his secret soul, Walter repudiated all thoughts of the realization of that infant arrangement, is very evident. Walter, with all his sterling qualities of head and heart, combined an unusually strong dash of romance in his composition. Like most ardent young persons, he had pictured out in his day dreams and reveries his ideal, and she, that bright bewitching vision—tender, lovely and graceful—was as unlike as possible, any thing that poor, dear Belle could be.

And yet Walter's attachment to his cousin was strong and true. The love which he had felt for the little, patient, suffering companion of his childhood, was based upon the best qualities of his nature, and his heart still yearned towards her with undiminished kindness, but he liked best to think of her as his cousin. In short, he persuaded himself as he did so, that it was the most ridiculous thing in the world for a man to fetter his free mind with such a shadowy tie. He told himself that Belle, that his aunt and uncle, and even disagreeable 'Maddie,' must have forgotten all about it long ago, and shaking off the unpleasant impression, he would woo back the bright visions of his fancy, but ever came the cobweb links of time and habit, to resume their ancient reign. That blue and pain-worn face—that fleshless hand and mournful crutch appeared, ghost-like and shadowy, to damp his brightest hopes.

CHAPTER III.

Thus time past on, and nearly eight years had elapsed since Walter had left his home.—In the pursuit of wealth his most sanguine hopes had been fulfilled, and his thoughts became daily more and more strongly bent upon the feasibility of returning home. Walter had not heard for an unusually long period from his uncle, and he was loth to take so important a step without his concurrence. At the date of his last letters from home, the family was still abroad, detained, his brother said, by the improvement which change of climate had effected in their daughter's health.

At length, after months of weary expectation, a letter came from Mr. Trevor, and with a joyfully throbbing heart, Walter perceived that it was dated Philadelphia. The family had returned only a few months before its date from Europe, and Mr. Trevor spoke with joy of his daughter's complete restoration to health, which had repaid them, he said, fully for their long exile from home. Mr. Trevor anticipated Walter's intention, urged him to return home; saying—'You have been longer absent, my dear boy, than I ever intended you should, and but for the unhappy circumstance which took me abroad, this should not have been; at the same time, I am glad to hear that you have so ably employed your talents. Do not let any views of future gain prevent your returning to us immediately. I have the means of pushing your fortune here, and have, besides, enough for us all, and should the affection which has always existed between you and my dear child, ripen into warmer feeling, as I sometimes indulge myself by hoping it may, then, dear Walter, you will share all I possess. Adieu, my dear boy; God bless you. Your aunt and cousin desire most love and remembrance to you than my letter can contain.'

This letter, kind and affectionate as it was in its import, fell upon Walter's heart like a heavy weight. The part respecting his cousin neutralized all the rest of the contents, and deprived him of his chief pleasure in the anticipation of his return home. His uncle's remarks clearly proved that he had not forgotten the past, and Walter began to feel as if he was no longer master of his own destiny.

One effect of the letter was to introduce an unpleasant feeling into his mind towards his cousin. She was quite restored to health, his uncle said, and had therefore lost that claim upon his sympathy and tenderness which her infirmities had given her, and he could no longer better afford to think of himself. That his uncle should seem to think so little of his feelings and wishes, did not surprise him, for Walter had not lived five-and-twenty years in this world without discovering that of all affections, parental love is the most blind.

Disguise it—stifle it—hide it as we may, there is something in man's nature that revolts from the unlovely! It has been most truly said, that the portal to a man's heart is his eye, while that of a woman is through the ear. Walter was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty, and the image which presented itself to his mind of his cousin, chilled and depressed him. 'His wife,' that bright and graceful emanation of the imagination, fled before the pale vision which now haunted him—supported by a crutch, or at least limping her way through life.

We blush to record these unheroic sentiments of one, whom in all other respects we so cordially admire; but the truth must be told—Walter after all was but a man, and shared the weak points of his sex and we can no longer conceal that his whole soul revolved at the idea of a lame wife. Dearly as he loved his cousin, he determined, come what might, nothing should ever induce him to marry Belle!

Notwithstanding these mental perturbations, Walter's arrangements for returning home progressed rapidly, and in a short time he was enabled to embark on his homeward voyage.

It was late in the month of September when the good ship Drummond, from Canton, landed her passengers in New York, and among them our young friend, Walter Trevor. Walter's first step was to drop a line to his uncle, informing him of his arrival, and announcing his intention of proceeding to Philadelphia, as soon as some valuable articles which he had brought with him should be passed through the Custom House. The following day, however, brought him a note from Mr. Trevor's man of business, stating that the family had been absent on a visit to the Lakes, and Niagara, for six weeks, and were expected home in about ten days.

This was rather a welcome respite to Walter's agitated nerves, and he determined, as soon as his business should be completed, to proceed forthwith to Boston, to visit his two brothers, both of whom were now married.

On the evening before that fixed for his departure for Boston, Walter was lounging in his room at his hotel, when he was called to receive a visitor, who proved to be an old acquaintance, a gentleman whom he had become intimate with in China. Young Temple had arrived home some time before, and immediately

ly upon Walter's arrival had been doing the honors of his native city to him.

"Come, Trevor," he said, "go and brush up, and come with me. An aunt of mine, up town, who has rather a pleasant house, gives a party to-night to some distinguished who are flying through town, and she has empowered me to introduce you. So come, old fellow; it will, at least, be better than moping your time away, doing nothing."

Walter tried to excuse himself, but Temple would not be denied, pledging himself to introduce him to no one but his aunt, and to let him niche himself into any quiet corner he might select, there to be as sulky and morose as he pleased.

Walter being really indifferent on the subject, yielded without further argument to his friend's entreaties, and in due time they departed.

After going through his presentation to his hostess, and conversing the regulated three minutes with her, Walter passed on, separating from his friend, and literally following his suggestion of ensconcing himself in a quiet corner.

Mrs. Temple's room was spacious, and as it was not the 'season,' they were not so crowded as to prevent one from distinguishing persons and not masses. As the evening was cool, some of the youngest portion of the guests had resorted to dancing, and Walter's position commanded a view of the dancers. In a little while his attention, which had been bestowed at random, became concentrated upon one, and that one a beautiful girl, rather above the middle height, whose lovely face, exquisitely moulded arms and neck, and graceful motion, attracted him at the first glance. But as he continued to watch her, as she joined with airy lightness in the dance, or conversed easily with her partner, there was a sensibility in her countenance, an expression of sentiment, changing rapidly at times to a sprightly archness, that riveted his gaze with a power almost amounting to fascination. In short, she was the very embodiment of that shadowy vision which had floated through Walter's brain for years; and as the quadrille finished, and the object of his attention disappeared through the door of an adjoining room, he drew a deep sigh, and like a man in a dream, absorbed and forgetful of all around, he followed her.

It was some time before Walter succeeded in edging his way through the crowd, and when he entered the next room, the object of his search was standing beside a group of persons examining a lot of fine engravings which lay before them in a portfolio. A little boy, the son of their hostess, stood by her side, holding a candle for her convenience. As Walter entered the room, the child's attention became attracted by a print, in the hands of some one near him, and gradually forgetting himself, the candle diverged from the perpendicular, approached the person of the young lady, and in one moment her lace berthe, the sleeve of her muslin dress, and part of her drapery, were in a blaze!

Another moment, and Walter, like lightning, had seized the woolen cover from a table close to him—to the utter demolition of some fifty of Mrs. Temple's choicest knick-knacks—and enveloped the young girl in it, crushing out the fire with his hands.

A scene of confusion ensued, several nervous ladies screamed. The company as usual, all tried to squeeze into this one small room, and with considerable difficulty the young lady was conveyed from it.

Walter meantime retreated to the dimmest and most retired corner of the passage, where he was busily employed in saving the remnant of his right sleeve the wristband of which had been quietly smouldering and crisping his skin for some minutes past, when he was accosted by Temple.

"By George! Trevor," he exclaimed, "that was an admirable exploit of yours. How came you to think of the table cover? It would have been a thousand pities if that sweet girl had been burnt. Think of such a neck and such a pair of arms being scorched by fire!"

"Then she is not burnt?"

"No—only frightened out of her senses."

"Do you think she will appear again to-night?"

"Appear! Why, man, how could she appear? You almost tore the gown off her back! The carriage was at the door, and her mother hurried her off directly. I packed them up myself."

"Can you tell me her name, Temple?"

"Yes, her name is Smith—at least I suppose so, as that is her mother's name; I was introduced to the old lady this evening, and talked some time to her. They are Philadelphians."

"Good night, Temple," sighed Walter, "I am going. My wrist is burnt more than I thought, and I must do something for it."

"Well, my dear fellow, since you are in pain I won't urge you to remain; good bye. Stay—I forgot to tell you, that after the Smiths were packed, Miss Smith put her head out of the carriage window, and said, pray sir, will you have the goodness to say to the gentleman who aided me, that I thank him most gratefully for his timely assistance? She repeated it very sweetly I assure you. I wished myself in your place. It's a pity you are off so soon. Trevor, for this might prove the germ of quite a little romance to you. Such a girl, with such a pair of eyes discarding gratitude at once, might do very sweet mischief!"

Walter made no reply, but proceeded with great gravity to draw on his overcoat.

"Trevor!" cried Temple, calling after his friend. "I am afraid you are thinking of all josses, and caruncles, and what nots, of my aunt, that you upset to-night? Don't trouble yourself about them, my dear fellow; if Mrs. Temple sends you in a bill, I will use my interest with her to make a large abatement!"

The next morning, at an early hour, Walter left New York. As he drove down Broadway to the steamboat, a hack loaded with trunks and travelling bags passed rapidly by him, and as it passed, he beheld on the front seat the countenance which so fascinated him the night before. The hack turned the corner of Barclay street in the direction of the Philadelphia steamboat landing, and Walter was soon gliding away in the opposite direction.

Going to Philadelphia, thought he. I wonder if I shall ever meet her there?

CHAPTER IV.
Walter had been scarcely four days in Boston before he received a letter from his uncle, dated Philadelphia. They were all at home again, and overjoyed to hear of his arrival. Mr. Trevor entreated him not to let his brothers detain him long from them; and in the warmest terms, assured him of the delight

which it gave them to know that he was to be once more among them—he hoped, never more to part—adding, that his aunt and cousins were all impatient to embrace him.

Walter's feeling were deeply touched by this kind and characteristic letter, and but for one shadowy dread upon his mind, he would have felt truly happy. With two new sisters to be come acquainted with however, to say nothing of sundry nephews and nieces, Walter found it difficult to tear himself away from Boston, and another (half wounded) letter from his uncle was received before he decided to leave them.

It was deep twilight, and in their spacious and luxurious drawing room Mr. and Mrs. Trevor and their daughter were gathered round an early autumn fire. All were musing under the influence of that dreamy hour, when a servant opening a door, announced Mr. Walter Trevor. The next moment Walter was locked in the arms of his uncle.

"Dear uncle, dear aunt," he exclaimed as he passed from the arms of one to the other, in almost speechless emotion. "But where is Belle?" he asked, as recovering himself a little, he missed that one gentle voice which had always been the first to welcome him.

"There she is," said Mrs. Trevor. "It is so dark here that you did not discover her. My dear husband, ring the bell and let us have lights, that we may see our dear boy."

Isabella had sat immovable in her chair from the moment Walter entered the room, and when in the dim light he at length perceived her motionless form, remembering with a sudden pang her lameness, which no doubt prevented her rising, approached her—

"Dear Belle," he cried, with deep feeling, "how are you?" She arose, and he pressed his trembling, agitated cousin to his bosom.—Isabella sunk immediately back into her chair, and gave way to a burst of tears. Walter took her hand and pressed it. Could it be possible that the soft, silky hand which rested in his own was the same which so often clasped his in his skeleton grasp, and he murmured something about his joy at finding her so completely restored to health.

"Yes, Walter," said Mrs. Trevor, "Belle is a different creature. My dear, why don't John bring the lights?"

The door opened and the servant entered with an astral lamp in his hand, which with the obstinacy peculiar to those luminaries, gave out at the moment when it was most needed, but a feeble spark.

"Belle, dear, do examine and turn up that lamp; John's stupidity in managing lamps is I believe incurable."

Belle rose at her mother's request and crossed over to the other side of the large room.—Walter glanced his eye furtively towards her cousin as she rose, when to his astonishment, he beheld Belle gliding across the floor without the least appearance of limping. A moment after the flame of the lamp shot up, and a volley of light filled the room. Walter rose involuntarily and made one step forward. The gaze of his uncle and aunt were bent upon the changed, though handsome, manly form before them, but his regards were riveted upon his cousin. Startled, agitated, bewildered, his thoughts were in a state of wild confusion.—She turned, and he beheld face to face the beautiful creature who had struck him in New York. "Is it possible, Belle?" he exclaimed, as he advanced towards her with outstretched hands.

"Was it you, dear Watty?" said a silvery voice, while her upturned face and dewy eyes glowed with sensibility.

No wonder that Walter was speechless, and that several minutes elapsed before Mr. and Mrs. Trevor could be made to understand that it was Watty, who ignorant of his cousin's presence at Mrs. Temple's soiree, had rendered her such essential service, and how deceived by her being taken for the daughter of her chambermaid, he should have continued in ignorance of her real name.

An hour of bewildering emotions, of questions and replies, that were made with almost breathless interest, ensued; and even when the first agitating period had passed, Walter could scarcely persuade himself that he was not in a dream.

"Come, Walter, come," said Mrs. Trevor, rising, "let me interpret John's bow. Tea is ready," and she placed her hand upon his arm. Walter took the kind hand which rested upon him, and in the warm impulse of the moment pressed it to his lips ere he drew it within his own. All laughed, but there was a moisture in more than one eye, as this peculiar trait of the boy of old times showed itself.

"You would not have known Belle, then, Walter?" said Mr. Trevor, when they were comfortably seated at the tea table.

"Certainly not, sir. I saw her in New York, you remember, without recognizing her, and I assure," he added, smiling, "it was not because I did not scrutinize her sufficiently. There is nothing but her eyes and those brown curls that resembles the Belle of former days."

"And you, Belle," said her father, "would you have known Walter?"

"No, papa, not at first. But I know him now. Every instant he looks more like himself. I believe," said Walter, "I have inquired for every lady I ever knew, except one. Pray, Belle, what has become of Maddie Foster?"

"Oh, Maddie is very well. We saw her when we passed through New York."

"Then she is still Maddie Foster. She has not been called upon to provide that very recherche wedding dress of hers."

"No, not yet," replied Belle, laughing, then blushing deeply as she caught the expression of Walter's countenance.

Three months after this, Walter entered his aunt's sitting room, but in hand, and asked his cousin to take a walk with him.

"It is such a delicious day, Belle, I must have you enjoy it."

Belle was about to acquiesce, when her mother exclaimed,

"Why, my dear, you are surely not going out? You forget that Madam Contretemps is to be here at twelve to try on your dress."

"Dear me! When will all this monomaniac and millinery, and furbelowing and flouncing be done with? I am tired to death of it," grumbled Walter, squeezing himself into a place on the littered sofa beside his cousin.

"I declare to you, aunt, I have not had Belle to myself a minute these three weeks."

"Well, Walter," said his aunt, good humoredly, "your trouble will soon be over; this is the last dress."

"Is it the dress, Belle?" he asked, smiling and looking mischievously in her face.

Belle nodded her head, with a glance half shy, half humorous.

"And is it complete in its several points, according to the plan laid down so many years ago?"

"No, it is not," replied Belle, looking very demure. "It is not a very important item yet to be supplied, and by you!"

"By me? and what is that, light of my eyes?"

"THE GLASS SLIPPERS!"

NOT A RAG ON THEIR BACKS.

There are, among the many things which Mr. Smith, like other men, will not understand, frequent difficulties about the children's clothing. He seems to think that frocks and trousers grow spontaneously; or that the dry goods, once bought and brought into the house, will resolve into the shapes desired, and fit themselves to the children's backs like Cinderella's suit in the nursery tale. Now, I never did claim to be a sprite; and I am sure that the experience of all housekeepers will bear me out in the opinion that the longer a woman is married the less she becomes like a fairy.

Stitch! stitch! stitch! Hood's Song of the Shirt, which everybody has heard and admired, is certainly most eloquent and pathetic upon the sufferings and difficulties of sewing girls.

"Much yet remains unsung," particularly in regard to the ceaseless labors of women who are as rich as Cornelia in muslin-rendering, habit-destroying, children's-plaid-rubbing—jewels! I am sure that the Roman matron never went shopping. I am sure that she did not undertake to keep her own children's clothing in repair; for if she had, she could not have been ready, at a moment's warning, to put forward her troublesome charge as specimen jewels. Do all I can, my little comforts never are 'fit to be seen'!

Many is the weary evening that I have been occupied, past the noon of night, in repairing the wear and tear of habiliments—abridging the volume of the elder children's clothes into narrow dimensions for the next, or compiling a suit for one, out of the fringed raiment of two or three. Honest was the pride with which I have surveyed these industrious efforts, and sincere the thought that I had really accomplished something. Depositing the various articles where the wearers elect would find them, I have retired to rest; almost angry with Mr. Smith, who was asleep hours before me—asleep as unconcerned as if an indestructible substance fabric had been invented for children's clothing. Little reck they, the unfeeling men, of the never-ending, still-beginning labors of the housewife. And what is more provoking than all, you never can convince them that there is any reality in the difficulties of which we complain.

Well, after such a night's work, imagine me waking, with a complacent and happy sensation that, my work having been done on the day before, the morning is open for new employment. Down stairs I come, full of the thoughts of the confusion I shall heap on Mr. Smith's head. He, faithless man, observe, told me, as he left me to retire, that I had much better go to bed, for all my work would amount to nothing but loss of necessary rest. I am ready to show him triumphant evidence to the contrary, in the clothes, as good as new, in which his children are habited. Before I can speak, I discern a lurking smile in his face. My boy will stand in a sheepish posture, with his back as close to the jam, as if he were a polypus growing there, and his life depended upon the adhesion.

My eldest girl—another of the laboriously fitted out of the night before, has a marvellous affection for the little stool, and the skirt of her frock seems drawn about her feet in a most unbecoming manner.

But the third, an inveterate little romp, unconscious of shame, is curveting about in a most abandoned manner, utterly indifferent to the fact she has—no, indeed, 'a rag to her back'—for she is all rags! One hour's play before my descent has utterly abolished all traces of my industry, so far as she is concerned.

I exultate—at first more in sorrow than in anger—but as Mr. Smith's face expands into a broad laugh, it becomes more anger than sorrow. The child on the stool looks as if she would laugh, if she dared. Lifting her up suddenly, I discover that the whole front breadth of her frock is burned—past redemption.

I say nothing—what can I say? I have not words equal to the emergency. And the boys—boys are such copies of their fathers! He actually forgets all embarrassment, and breaks out into a hearty laugh. I jerk him forward.

Horror on horror! The unveiling of the Bavarian statue, of which I read an account in the newspapers the other day, is nothing to it. The jamb, it appears, has supported something besides the mantle shelf; for when I draw the young Smith forward, deprived of the friendly aid of the wall, his teguments drop to the floor, and he stands unveiled! One fell swoop at rude play has destroyed all my little innumerable stitches; and I am just where I was before I threaded a needle the night before!

Now I appeal to anybody—any woman with the least experience, if this is not all too bad! And yet my husband—the torment!—insists that I have no need to be continually worrying myself with the needle. It is true that each of the children has four or five changes of clothes, which they might wear—but what is the use of their having things to 'put right on'—and tear right off? I like to be prudent and saving. It was only the other day that Mr. Smith came in early, and found me busy; and commenced a regular oration. He said that every child in the house has a better wardrobe than he; and so he went on, and counted all off to me. I do think men might think their own business! He says—and men think they know so much—that if children have clothes they should wear them; and when they are worn out, provide more, and not try to keep as many half-worn suits in repair, as there are new suits in a queen's wardrobe. But he likes, as well as any man, to see his children look neat, whatever he may say. And yet he pretends that children should have clothes so made that they can convert themselves into horses, and treat each other to rides, without rendering to pieces! And he protests that it is all nonsense to undertake to keep children dressed in the fashion! Truly I am tempted to say to the men as Job did to his friends: 'No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you!'

Such plagues as these are sometimes! Such a plague as this is! But I could not help laughing after all, when, as I said before, he was lecturing me. The table was covered with work, done and in progress. He went on till out of breath. I answered—

"Now you know the children have not a rag to their backs!"

"I should think not," he said dryly, as he looked about him. "The other morning finished up the rags on hand—but you are doing your best, with flimsy finery, to get up a new assortment."

"Now, that is unkind in you, Mr. Smith," said I, feeling hurt, and looking and speaking as I felt. "Really unkind in you. I'm sure it's no

pleasure for me to work, work, work, from morning till night, until I'm worn down and good for nothing. I wish my children to look decent at least; and to do this at as small a cost to you as possible. You can't charge me with wasting your property, at least."

"There, there, dear! That will do. Say no more about it," returned Mr. Smith, in a soothing voice. "I didn't mean to be unkind. Still, I do think that you are a little over-particular about the children's clothes, as I have said before—over-particular in the matter of having things just so. Better, a great deal, I think, spare a few hours from extra work given to the clothing designed for their bodies, to that which is to array and beautify their minds."

"Now Mr. Smith," I exclaimed, and then bending my face into my hands, gave way to involuntary tears.

That he should have said this!

Labor-Saving Washing Fluid.

"Quails," the queer correspondent of the Boston Museum, who is dodging about the country, picking up and inventing all sorts of good things, relates the following laughable story, which he pretends to get from a Vermontian in a stage coach.

"Well, gentlemen, I live in the State of Vermont, and in the village of ———; 'taint no matter gentlemen, where I live: the story is just as good without being located; so, as I once before stated, I live in the State of Vermont—in one of the largest and most flourishing villages in the State—have a wife and one child, and have for the last year boarded a young physician, who will probably one day or another be master of his profession, and is now, for aught I know; but he used to be mighty careless where he put his drugs and stuff; that's sartin! But that's neither here nor there, at this part of the story; so, as I was going to say, about a year ago, my wife didn't enjoy very good health, and it came very hard for her to do the washing, although our family, of course, wasn't very large, inasmuch as I at that time, didn't have the pleasure nor honor of being a father;—but as I was saying, it came mighty hard for wife to do the washing, and it always made her sick for a day or two afterward; and as I was trying to find a girl, one day, I dropped into a store to talk the matter over, and says the merchant to me, says he—

"There aint no necessity for having a washwoman, now," says he, "for I have got a dozen bottles of a patent labor-saving washing-fluid, that'll make your clothes just as clean as new, by just stirring 'em up in a tub with a stick, and letting 'em hang on a line to dry."

"What do you charge for a bottle of it?" says I.

"Well, seein' it's you," says he, "you may have a bottle of it for seventy-five cents, though I calculate to sell 'em generally, for a dollar a bottle."

"If sixty-two and a half cents will pay for a bottle," says I, "I'll take it home, and say no more about it."

"Well, seein' it's you," says he, "take it along; but don't tell nobody what you paid for it, or it would ruin my business with the neighbors; and then, says he—After you have used it once or twice, and find that it starts the dirt as I tell you 'twill, I'd like for you to give me a recommendation to put in the newspapers, and will make it all right at the end of the quarter."

"Certainly," says I, "If the fluid comes up to the scratch, I'll do the handsome thing by you."

"Well, gentlemen, this was on a Saturday afternoon, about four o'clock, and I took my big black bottle of fluid, put it in my overcoat pocket and started for home. Now, thinks I to myself, wife always picks up her clothes Sunday night and does up the washing Monday morning, after breakfast; and so 'twould be a good joke, for me not to let her know anything about this blessed fluid, but get up Monday morning, while she is asleep, put the clothes in a tub, pour on the fluid, stir 'em up with a stick and then hang them up to dry."

"Lord!" says I to myself, right in the street, as loud as I am talking now, "I'll do it, by ginger, if I have to get up at two o'clock!" So when I gets home I just takes the bottle of fluid out in the woodshed, and pokes it up on a high shelf among a lot of old beer-bottles and blacking boxes, and went whistling around the house just as if nothing hadn't happened.

Saturday night I went to market just as usual; and Sunday we both went to church in the forenoon, and staid at home and talked about our future prospects in the afternoon; but I kept a keeping still about the fluid, and I didn't let on but what I expected she would do the washing the next morning just the same as ever. But I didn't sleep much that night. I kept a thinking about stirring up that tub of clothes, and getting 'em out to dry before daylight. Once I got into a short doze, and dreamed I was swimming across a deep river of washing-fluid, and the rocks at the bottom and both sides were all petrified shirt-bosoms and pillar-cases, and there was an old washerwoman on the banks of the river, who kept a stirring on us up with a long pole. I reckon I woke up about five o'clock; for 'twas just about half between daylight and dark, and I could just see the least streak of light in the world, among the clouds around the tops of the green mountains. I turns over and looks at wife and she was sleeping as sound as a dead salmon; so I carefully slides off 'o bed, hurries on my clothes, and in less than ten minutes, had the old wash-tub filled clear to the top with all of wife's white clothes, and all I could find of my own. I pours in about a pailful-and-a-half of clean rain-water, and then goes out into the woodshed, takes down the bottle of fluid, walks back to the tub, and pours her all in! Lord! but 'twould have done you good to hear it sizzle!

"Well," says I, to myself, "if that's the dirt coming out, it makes a good deal of noise about any way; and I guess it's doing up the thing handsomely." So after letting it sizzle for about a minute, I takes up an old broom-handle that was standing near, and wallops the thing about, like a lamb's tail in fly-time, for about three minutes, and then takes hold of 'em with my hands to string 'em out on the fence. But, gentlemen, you'd better believe I dropped that pile of duds mighty sudden!—bilin' water wasn't a circumstance to 'em, and afore I could get my hands into a pail of fresh water, I tho't my soul I should lose 'em both. For about a minute, I was as mad as a scratched kitten, but I finally thought I wouldn't wake up my wife with my belling, but hang out the bilin' duds with the old broom-handle and let 'em drain and dry on the fence; but the plaguy things never cooled to the last minute, and every time a drop of the pesky fluid splattered on my hands or face, it burnt worse than a half a bushel basket full of live coals. I soon got tired of that sport, however, and before I had got out on the fence half of what was in the tub, I just washed off my hands and face in some cool rain-water, and streaked it off to bed. But I couldn't sleep a wink; my hands pained me so that I had to keep a blowing on 'em to keep from belling, so says I to my wife, says I—

"Susan, hadn't you better get up and put your clothes to soak?"

"Ho, h-u-m," says she, rubbing her eyes with her thumb joint, and kind of winking, as if she was half asleep. "Yes John, I guess I had; but how long have you been awake?"

"Oh, sometimes," says I, blowing my hands and digging my legs, with my toe-nails all the time to keep from groaning! "but get up now, Susan, do, dear, or you will be late with your breakfast, and I've got to go out of town this morning on important business."

"If that's the case," says she, "I'll certainly hurry."

"You may depend upon it, gentlemen, I was in a mighty uncomfortable fix about that time. I wanted to groan like a dying horse and have something cooling wrapt around my fingers; and then again, I didn't want to make no noise, till wife had seen how nice I had fixed her things. Well, wife she hurried and dressed herself and went out into the kitchen to fill the tub, and in a few minutes I overheard her say to herself, says she—

"Good Heavens and earth! What does all this mean? I never put these things to soak! John! John! Get up and come here, do!"

"I am under a strong impression, gentlemen, that this customer wasn't very slow in his movements about that time; for in less than forty seconds, I was there, and says I—

"What's the matter, Susan? What's the matter?"

"Why, do look here," says she, "somebody has put all of my best clothes in this tub, and then put something on them, which has entirely ruined them!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" says I, "well, Susan, I suppose I might as well own up to the joke at once, for my hands ache so that I can't hold 'em any longer. It's nothing but washing-fluid, and it cleans the clothes without any rubbing, and it's well it does, for no pair of hands in this world could stand it to do the rubbing. I got up this morning while you were asleep, and done up the whole washing, and hung part of 'em out on the fence to dry."

While I was saying this, wife she took a little stick, and in trying to lift out of the tub one of her—or that is—one of her garments—by ginger! the tarnal thing burst in two! right through the middle: one half holding on to the stick, and 'other half falling back into the tub! Although I was sufferin' from my burnt hands, and was as mad as a Green Mountain catamount, at what the infernal fluid had done, I couldn't a kept from laughing that moment, if I'd a died for it.

"Wife took a peep at the clothes on the fence—called up the young doctor to dress my hands, and then set down and had a good crying spell. The doctor hurried into the room, and after seeing wife a-sitting in the rocking-chair a-crying, and me a walking the room and groaning like a fall wind in a graveyard, says he—

"In the name of calomel and hot-julep, what's the matter now?"

"Nothing particular," says I, "only I've burnt up all the clothes in the house and both of my hands, with a bottle of thunderin' washing-fluid, that I've been experimentin' with."

"The doctor looked at my hands, and says he—

"Where's the bottle?"

"Out on the door-step," says I.

"The doctor went and looked at the bottle, and then went out in the woodshed and took a peep at the old beer bottles and blacking-boxes, and after swearing a little to himself, came back into the kitchen and says he—

"Well, you have immortalized yourself, and no mistake, and you shall be known hereafter as the Washing-Fluid Experimenter!"

"What in thunder are you laughing at?" says I.

"Why," says he, "your bottle of washing-fluid stands out on the shelf where you put it, I suppose; and you have used up a quart and a half of the best quality of oil of vitriol, that I've had on hand these six months."

"Gentlemen, I'm a man that don't use profane language only in extreme cases, but if I didn't make the atmosphere in that room blue for a few moments, then 'twas because I didn't know how. I went and smashed up the uncorked bottle of fluid, and swore eternal enmity to everything of the kind, and we've always washed our clothes in the old fashioned way ever since; and if a man ever offers me a bottle of that infernal stuff again, he has got to be a smarter man than I am or take a thrashing."

Why She Did So.

Those who attended some of the Jenny Lind concerts in this city will recollect that, at times, the Nightingale seemed to smile as if in recognition of some one in the audience, and that on such occasions she lifted her hand to her brow in a peculiar manner, which movement attracted much attention. It was noticed by some that this gesture was made at times when Captain West, of the steamer Atlantic, was present; and it was supposed by the knowing ones that the signal was a telegraphic one, having some meaning which the parties well understood. The matter became a subject of inquiry. "What does Jenny mean by that gesture?" the whole city were guessing. "Anxious inquirers" sent us communications on the subject, but we were in total darkness until we alighted on the following paragraph in the columns of a contemporary, which explains everything. Our knowing confidant says:—

"Captain West, of the steamer Atlantic, related to Jenny Lind a humorous narrative of the discovery of the sea-serpent by the Bostonians, with a pantomimic representation of the worthy Yankees rushing to the sea-side, with extended telescopes, and taking observations of the monster. The gesture passed from the narrator to the listener; and whenever the Captain himself, using the privilege of a traveller, touched on the ultra-marvelous in his stories, his fair auditor would put an imaginary telescope to her eye with one hand, and adjust its focus with the other, as if attempting to bring the incredible monster within view."

This story is a good one, and as every thing which Jenny does is likely to become fashionable, it is not improbable that the gesture alluded to will soon be popular, taking the place of the old-style movement, with the thumb at the tip of the nose and the fingers extended.—[Philadelphia Sunday Despatch.]

GIVE YOUR CHILD A NEWSPAPER.—A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads of names and things which are very familiar, and he will make progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with advancement. The mother of a family, being one of its heads, and having a more immediate charge of children, should herself be instructed. A mind occupied, becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children, amused by reading or study, are, of course, considerate, and more easily governed. How many thoughtless young men have spent their earnings in a tavern or grog shop, who ought to have been reading? How many parents who never spent twenty dollars for books for

their families would have given thousands to reclaim a son or daughter who had ignorantly and thoughtlessly fallen into temptation?

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.....JAN. 9, 1851.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

E. B. SIMONSON, General Newspaper Collecting Agent, is authorized to collect our bills. Office in Augusta, over the store of Messrs. Caldwell & Co., with A. R. Nichols; residence at Brown's Corner.

A. B. LONGFELLOW, of Palermo, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and collect money for us.

V. D. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Scollay's Building, Court st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PETERSON, General Newspaper Agent, No. 10 State St., Boston, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

Something Profitable.

Indeed!—what is it? Profit is the god we all worship, and he that points the way brings us all to our knees. Some are too old to be profited by any thing that profits others; and some too holy to be interested in any thing but dollars and cents. Still profit is the watch-word, from Calais to California. The very word glitters in the eye and jingles in the pocket. It has but this single meaning—this solitary chink-chink sound—this yellowish, silvery copperish aspect, with this class of profit makers. With them profit means money, and nothing else.

As we understand it, a most profitable enterprise has been undertaken by some of our citizens during the past week. A permanent lyceum has been organized—with one hundred good members, and a fair prospect of another hundred. The following officers were elected, at the meeting for this purpose on Saturday evening last:

Rev. CALVIN GARDNER, President,	
EDWIN NOYES,	V. Presidents,
P. L. CHANDLER,	
JOHN B. BRADBURY, Rec. Secretary,	
TH. W. HERRICK, Treasurer,	
SAMUEL P. SHAW,	
R. B. THURSTON,	
J. P. WESTON,	
A. LYON,	Managers.
W. L. GETCHELL,	
W. H. PEARSON,	
T. W. HERRICK,	

The plan adopted will, it is believed, produce an annual fund of about \$200. The objects contemplated, under the most favorable success, are an annual course of lectures, a library, and a reading room. In many other places, associations of this kind have been eminently successful towards these three objects. There is not in Waterville—to the shame of somebody be it told—a single public library. The Odd Fellows, the Sons of Temperance, and the Agricultural Society, have each a small but choice library, but their benefits are limited to their respective members. The College libraries are accessible to few beyond the actual members of College. It is true that a large portion of the families in the village are connected, through some of the members, with one or more of these societies, and have admission to their libraries; but a larger portion have access to few books beyond the yellow covered stuff that abounds everywhere.

No effort, we believe, has ever been made to open a reading room here. The credit of supplying this deficiency ought to be secured by this association. An economical and well-arranged course of lectures may be secured each winter, on such terms as will leave at least one half of the subscription fund of the Lyceum for other purposes. A small annual appropriation for books, and, as the state of the funds may ultimately permit, an additional one for papers and periodicals, would in a few years provide a place where our young men, as well as old, might spend an hour or an evening with decided profit. We cannot say that this will be the result here, but we know it has been done in other places, where the enterprise commenced with less encouragement than seems to attend ours. Nearly all depends, under the liberal encouragement now promised, upon the board of Managers. If they appreciate the enterprise, as one in which the good name of our village and the moral and mental cultivation of our young men are deeply involved, they will give it such fostering care and labor as will secure these results. Without such care the association will have a short and fruitless course.

A regular course of lectures is not contemplated this winter. The season is too far gone to admit it under favorable circumstances. During the Summer and Fall the managers will be able, in connection with kindred societies in other places, to make arrangements for a course next winter, that will do credit to both the character and funds of the Society. In the mean time good efforts should be promptly made to fill up the ranks of membership. No resident of the village or vicinity should fail of an invitation to join. Fees of membership are put so low as to place all the benefits of the Lyceum within the reach of every class of persons.

It would hardly seem necessary to commend the undertaking to the favorable notice of our citizens. To the good opinion and best efforts of parents, especially, it cannot fail to commend itself. Those who have been active in starting it have had in mind, more particularly, the interests of the young men of the village—the clerks, apprentices, and others of their age. They need the means of profitable amusement, and to their patronage we commend it. In a few years, and when with good management its value will be known, it will be in their hands. Even now its future success depends on the degree in which it receives their favor. If they encourage it, it will in turn do them good; if not, its success is questionable.

A correspondent makes inquiry relative to the improvement of the new cemetery. We believe it is the intention of the committee who have this matter in charge, to lay their plans

before the public in due time. The cemetery is in good condition for the labors of all who feel interested in its occupancy and decoration, and the coming Spring will probably see the work commence.

A Young Earthquake.

The rumbling of an earthquake was distinctly heard in this vicinity, in Frankfort, Hampden, Hermon, and Levant, last Friday night about 11 o'clock. Many describe the noise produced as a roaring sound such as is occasioned by fire, and in consequence were greatly alarmed and got up to see if their dwellings were on fire. We met with a gentleman of South Levant, this forenoon, who informed us that a portion of the stone wall under his house was thrown down by the jar.—[Ban. Courier.]

The same noise was heard by many in this place. It aroused us from our first nap, and we sprang up in bed, under the impression that the building was in a roaring flame. As it gradually died away, in the space of about one minute, we thought of a train of cars crossing a bridge. We discovered nothing like a trembling of the earth, and should have some doubts about the case of the stone wall under the Levant man's house. We found our wood-house door open and the pump frozen up—but we don't lay it to the earthquake, without further proof.

The Gauge Question.

The unusually severe snow storms of this winter have most conclusively settled the question of the relative merits of the broad and narrow gauge, for railroads. The broad gauge roads seem to have been the only ones that have not been brought to a dead halt by the snow drifts. Not a trip has been lost, on either the A. & K. or the At. & St. L. Railroads; though the Vermont roads, in the same latitude, and the same storm, were entirely blocked up. So between Boston and Portland, the trains were stopped for an entire day. It must be plain that the broad gauge has a most decided advantage, especially in the winter. It gives a power and steadiness of balance, that greatly facilitates the pushing of the plow thro' the heavy drifts. Nothing need be plainer, even if practice had not settled the question. Most conclusive experiments, last winter and this, have convinced the public that the broad gauge must prevail, notwithstanding the great number enlisted against it, as stockholders in narrow gauge roads.

A correspondent of the Portland Advertiser thus writes—

"Notwithstanding the very severe snow storm of Sunday and Sunday night, the regular trains upon the At. & St. L. and A. & K. roads were not at all interrupted. The morning train from Waterville, due at this city at 2 o'clock P. M., arrived at 2 12 minutes, with 2 passenger cars well filled. So far as we have experience, the advantages of the broad gauge are manifested in nothing more than the ease with which they can be run without interruption from snows. Immediately after a heavy snow storm, the regular passenger train upon the A. & K. road was run, with a snow plow ahead, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour; the snow on the track varying from one to seven feet deep. Where the snow was deepest, it was thrown by the plow in two immense winrows off the track upon either side. While the narrow gauge roads running into Portland are seriously interrupted by our heavy snows, our broad gauge roads run regularly, or very nearly so."

At a late Monthly Concert at Park street church, Boston, Rev. Dr. Anderson made the following classification, for the U. S., of the religious denominations named:

Congregationalists, 200,000 church members, with a population of 1,500,000; Presbyterians, 700,000 church members and 4,500,000 population; Baptist, 700,000 and 4,000,000; Episcopalians, 100,000 and 800,000 people; Methodists, 1,200,000 and 5,000,000—making a total of three millions of church members and fifteen or sixteen millions of people.

For convenience in making further estimates, Dr. A. proceeded to reduce these five divisions to two, as follows:

The first, including Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Baptists, which may be called the Congregational family, the people being predominant in ecclesiastical affairs, embraced 18,000 churches, 17,000 ministers, one and a half millions of members, and a population of ten millions; the second, including Episcopalians and Methodists, which may be called the Episcopal family, the voice of the clergy being predominant in ecclesiastical affairs, had 11,000 churches, 600 ministers, one and a half millions of members, and six millions of people.

These calculations were made with reference to certain operations in which the Universalists do not directly participate, which is probably the reason why they are not embraced in the classification. Dr. A. then went on to state, that,

In the department of Home Missions these divisions expend in the support of the gospel, including tract, Bible, Sunday School, and labors for seamen, \$760,000 annually; in the last year for building churches, \$2,500,000; for the support of 1700 pastors and 1500 missionaries, a sum sufficient to make a total of a little short of \$9,000,000. Deduct the amount paid by those who were not members of churches, and the average would not be above 2 dollars per member.

The friends of Rev. Mr. Gardner—and they are many—will be gratified to learn that he has been induced to continue his pastoral relation with the Universalist church and society in this place.

The steamboat of the Eastern Railroad, *Harry* at Boston, was consumed by fire on Sunday night last.

SAMARITAN LODGE I. O. O. F.—The following is a list of the officers for the present quarter.

E. L. Getchell N. G.
Noah Boothby V. G.
W. C. Bridge S.
H. P. Dyer T.
D. M. Black W.
J. R. Elden C.
J. Smiley O. G. and Lib.
J. S. Craig I. G.
P. Perival R. S. of N. G.
Geo. W. Lincoln L. S. of N. G.
C. Paine R. S. of V. G.
W. G. Penney L. S. of V. G.
Geo. H. Esty R. H. S. S.
C. C. Cornish L. H. S. S.
C. Gardner Chaplain.

By the politeness of Mr. Gardner Waters, Jr., and Mr. Geo. L. Waters, we were favored with copies of California papers by the late arrival.

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE for February contains many beautiful embellishments, among which is a charming picture of Mary and William Howitt, and an illuminated Flower Piece, John Neal, Miss Bremer, and a score of other brilliant writers, have contributed articles for this number.

Arrival from California.

By the arrival of the mail steamer *Georgia*, at New York, from Chagres the 26th ult., we have received California papers to the 1st of December. The *Georgia* left Chagres with 924 passengers, arrived at Havana on the 30th ult., and transferred 410 passengers to the *Pacific*, for New Orleans. Besides this, the *Crescent City* was left at Chagres, waiting for gold, and having 430 passengers engaged. The propeller *Ontario* had left Chagres for New Orleans with 200 passengers. From all which it appears that the number of returning Californians is very great—greater far, probably, than the out-going Californians. The *Georgia* brought \$5,000,000 in gold dust.

The news from California possess no very striking interest. The newspapers represent the state of things generally to be very hopeful. Gold was coming in pretty freely, and large numbers of miners were expecting to winter in the mines, with the confident hope of making up their losses sustained during the summer, by the failure of their dams, &c. The rainy season commenced in good earnest at San Francisco, on the 19th of November, with a gale of wind and heavy fall of rain. But the city was so well prepared, by the erection of good houses, the planking of streets, the opening of culverts, &c., that no anxiety was felt by the inhabitants in view of the approaching rains. The Indian troubles seem to be blowing over.

CHOLERA at SAN FRANCISCO. We are pained to notice that the cholera, which was supposed to have left San Francisco almost entirely, has reappeared in great virulence, attacking indiscriminately the high and the low. Some fifty-five cases and twenty-four deaths are reported to have occurred at San Francisco during the five days preceding the sailing of the steamers; and for the 24 hours ending at noon on the 30th of November, 24 cases and 10 deaths were reported.—[Traveller.]

LATER. The *Crescent City* arrived at New York on Tuesday morning. She brings 400 passengers, and \$1,500,000 in gold dust on freight; also a large amount in hands of passengers.

The specie train for the *Crescent City* was attacked by a party of 16 men; five mules were led into the woods, and \$100,000 taken from them, but it was finally all recovered, except \$600. Two of the robbers were taken—one badly wounded. They were not Americans.—[Telegraph to Traveller.]

We notice the names of quite a number of Maine people, but none, we believe, from this vicinity.

EMIGRATION TO OREGON.—Strong Inducements.—Mr. Thurston, the delegate from Oregon, has published a circular showing the extraordinary inducements for emigrants to go to Oregon. The Legislature, at its last session, took measures to secure the quiet of the Indians by purchasing their lands, and providing for the removal of the tribes.

A bill was also passed giving to all men, over eighteen years of age, arriving and settling in Oregon previous to December, 1850, 320 acres of land, if single and if married, 640 acres.—The bill then provides that if those single men marry in one year from the 1st of December, 18

