



6-5-1851

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 04, No. 46): June 5, 1851

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern\\_mail](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. 46): June 5, 1851" (1851). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 201.  
[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern\\_mail/201](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/201)

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, JUNE 5, 1851.

NO. 46.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

At No. 3 1-2 Bottle 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.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### SPRING FLOWERS.

The flowers, the lovely flowers!  
They are springing forth again,  
And lifting up their gentle eyes  
In forest and in plain!  
They cluster round the ancient stems  
And dried roots of trees,  
Like children playing gracefully  
About a father's knees.  
The flowers! the lovely flowers!  
Their pure and radiant eyes  
Greet us where'er we turn our steps,  
Like angels from the skies.  
They say that thought exists on earth,  
However poor and small,  
Unseen by God; the mearest thing,  
Its carol for them all.  
Ye flowers! ye lovely flowers!  
We greet you well and long,  
With light and warmth, and sunny smiles,  
And harmony and song!  
All dull and sad would be our earth,  
Were your bright beauties not;  
And thus, without life's flowers of Love,  
Oh! what would be our lot?  
L. L. B.—Fairfield.

## POPULAR READING.

### THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. STEPHENS.

'Scold, scold, thump, thump, scold away!  
There is no comfort in house upon a wedding day!  
Nonsense! I only wish the writer of those  
lines had been at our cottage by the old bridge  
on washing days, it would have made him sing  
other words to the same lively air, or I am sad-  
ly mistaken.

Washing day! why it was the happiest  
twelve hours in the week to us children. We  
could scarcely sleep all the night before from  
fervent anticipations of the frolic which it bro't.  
It was astonishing how our intellects were  
sharpened, and our ingenuity brought in force  
to devise ways and means for escaping school  
on that particular morning. \* \* \* A nice  
tidy old creature was our washerwoman, one  
that an artist would have sketched in spite of  
himself had he seen her wending her way along  
the shady path, in the cool of morning, with a  
kerchief of brilliant cotton passed neatly over  
her cap, and tied beneath the chin. Gory  
or Page would have taken a fancy to the old wo-  
man, even before her sad, mild face came in  
view. There was something picturesque about  
her raiment, and her movements were in fine  
keeping with the dewy quietude reposing among  
the dark green foliage through which she was  
wholly revealed, or seen only in glimpses, as  
she came towards the cottage.

But there was sometimes another object  
which almost every young man of taste, even  
though not an artist, would have fancied—for  
Lida was possessed of a beauty so soft and deli-  
cate, that it seemed natural to the green woods,  
almost as the flowers that spring to life and  
perish there. Lida—sweet, pretty Lida—as  
we always called her, was a girl of ten years  
old, when I could remember of her coming to  
the house with her mother—and she is almost  
the first object that I can remember—for she  
was just the creature to fasten herself on the  
mind of a child whose instinct it was to love  
the beautiful, and be grateful for kindness.—  
Lida came with her mother every week for  
many a year; and it was to her that our  
washing day owed all its cheerfulness. The  
old woman brought her girl to take care of  
the children, she said; and such pains as she  
took to make us happy, was never so success-  
fully exerted by mortal beings before or since.

A change fell upon our washing days, the old  
woman came as usual, but alas! Lida, dear  
Lida, no longer helped us gather sticks from  
the drift heaves, or allowed her ringing laugh  
to set the birds a chirping, from sympathy, in  
the pine woods. Lida was an apprentice now,  
learning the milliner's trade, on Falls Hill.

But sometimes the young girl would start  
early, and come with her mother for a few mo-  
ments Monday mornings; but she seemed more  
thoughtful than formerly, and there was some-  
thing peculiarly sweet in her smile, which was  
more beautiful even, than her pure bird-like  
laugh. Her complexion settled into that clear  
pearly white which carries the idea of mental  
purity with it, while it indicates perfect health  
quite as truly as the richest bloom. Her eyes  
were very changeable, and shaded by the long-  
est and most jetty lashes you ever saw; while  
her little mouth was bright and red as a ripe  
strawberry. When she smiled much, a dimple  
settled on her cheek, and round her mouth like  
the shadow of a honey-bee when hovering  
round a lily; and when Lida was seventeen,  
and had begun her apprenticeship, it was pleas-  
ant to observe how lively the child had become  
as she approached the threshold of woman-  
hood.

The milliner's shop where Lida worked was  
in the second story of a dry goods store, near  
the Episcopal church. There were two rooms  
in front, separated by a narrow entry; and as  
Miss Smith, the milliner, always took a re-  
markable fancy for fresh air whenever lawyer  
Gilbert was in the opposite room, and insisted  
that the door should be left open, Lida was  
hours together that she could not lift her eyes  
without knowing that a young man, rather  
handsome, and with singularly fine eyes, sat  
within the adjoining room; though she never  
looked directly at him, or could see the least  
indications that he took any advantage of Miss  
Smith's liberality regarding the door.

Miss Smith was a town bred, dashing millie-  
ner, rather social, and ready to impart infor-  
mation regarding former conquests in town, even  
to her apprentice girls, so long as they were  
content to admire and wonder at a respectable  
distance; but amid all her condescension she  
never allowed "our Lida" to forget the im-  
measurable distance that existed between a  
blush-box and a wash-tub. She sat before  
her two apprentice girls, with one foot resting  
on the top of a bonnet block, twisting up bows  
of ribbon, and admiring the effect, like Calyp-  
so and her Nymphs—that is, supposing the

goddess had ever condescended to become use-  
ful without the least shadow of necessity, as  
Miss Smith affirmed was the case with herself.  
Sometimes the lady would quietly steal a  
glance through her black ringlets to observe if  
the lawyer were remarking the elegance of  
her position; and as the girls seldom lifted  
their eyes in that direction, it was easy to in-  
dicate the force of her charms by exclamation of  
'Dear me! I wonder why Mr. Gilbert is, al-  
ways looking this way! What can he find so  
interesting? I really wish he would not sit so  
exactly against the door!'

Had the girls looked towards the lawyer's  
office at such times, they would have seen him  
tranquilly poring over a very new volume in  
paper binding, with his back turned towards  
the door, his chair balanced on two legs, and  
his feet resting on the edge of a table covered  
with law books in sheep-skin backs, perfectly  
untarnished, a pair of boxing gloves, a flute,  
quantities of wrapping paper, and pens with  
out number. If Mr. Gilbert really was at-  
tracted by the bold dark eyes which were so  
often bent upon him, or the beauty of a neck  
more than usually exposed, when the weather  
was warm enough for the doors to be left open,  
he was enough of a lawyer to avoid the obser-  
vation of witnesses to his delinquencies; and  
though Miss Smith's evidence passed very well  
before her elder apprentice, and dear, unso-  
phisticated Lida, it was good for nothing in a  
court of law, and no damages were likely to  
follow.

It would have been a very unprincipled  
thing in the young lawyer, had the deep foun-  
ces and pretty cap, which Miss Smith set for  
him, taken effect—for he was already engaged to  
a young lady who had just returned from a  
boarding school in New Haven; and the fine  
old homestead, which stood a little back from  
the church, embowered in a grove of oaks, and  
with an old fashioned flower garden attached,  
was at that very moment tumultuous with the  
noise of workmen who were preparing it for a  
bride—lawyer Gilbert's bride.

Once or twice, Mr. Gilbert did actually lift  
his eyes from the paper bound volume, when  
his position admitted of the effort without too  
much trouble, and looked earnestly into the  
milliner's room, but as Miss Smith leaned her  
head, and cast a side glance through the  
interstice thus made between two of her long-  
est curls, she saw that his eyes were fixed not  
on her, but on the drooping lids and dark lashes  
of Lida, the washerwoman's daughter.

He might well gaze on the innocent picture  
of that young girl, as she sat on a low stool,  
bending over her work, with her dark hair  
twisted in a single massive braid around her  
finely moulded head, her tiny foot creeping out  
from the folds of her calico dress, and her small  
hand fluttering about the rose colored silk she  
was sewing, like a bird coquetting with a flower.  
And the milliner might, indeed, experience  
an uncomfortable sensation as she turned her  
kindling eyes on the unconscious possessor  
of so much loveliness—especially as lawyer  
Gilbert never turned a page that afternoon  
without stealing a look at the gentle girl from  
over the top of his volume.

The next morning Lida was banished to a  
front window directly out of range with the  
door. The prettiest prospect imaginable lay  
before it, and the poor girl was delighted with  
the change. Bred to the fields as she had  
been, it was so pleasant to look up as she had  
work now and then, and rest her itching eyes  
with a glance at the green trees and the cool blue  
sky beyond. She was very grateful for the  
change in her position, and thanked the millie-  
ner so sweetly again and again, that the lady  
really began to applaud her for having done  
a kind action—a sensation which, from the ex-  
treme novelty, must have been extremely agree-  
able.

Directly before Lida's window was a closely  
trampled greenward, divided by the highway  
as it curved up from the valley. Opposite  
stood a huge willow tree, with a profusion of  
delicate foliage drooping over its heavy branches  
to the ground. Behind this tree was a two  
story house, white as a snow-drift, and sur-  
rounded by those thickets; a large portico was  
over the front door, and around one of its slender  
pillars a single honey suckle vine had  
twined itself like a wreath. The house was so  
near that Lida could almost count the crimson  
blossoms from her seat by the window, and  
when the young girl would come into the por-  
tico with a book, which she never read, or an  
embroidery frame which she never used, Lida  
would ply her needle with great diligence and  
blush to be so earnestly regarded by the most  
accomplished and haughty girl in our village.  
She knew this young girl was the intended  
bride of Mr. Gilbert, but never dreamed that  
it was his presence near the window, with his  
flute, that drew Miss Warner's attention to the  
building. Poor Lida! in the innocence of her  
heart, she was beginning to think that the  
boarding school graduate had taken a fancy to  
her, and was desirous of an acquaintance.

In order to interest lawyer Gilbert, Miss  
Smith had already exhausted all positive means  
of attack. She had sent to his room for a vo-  
lume of Byron: she donated on his poetry, it  
was so soft, and would be obliged if Mr. Gil-  
bert favored her by the loan of Childs Harold,  
or Manfred or his comedies.

Mr. Gilbert returned answer that his copy  
of Byron was sent to Miss Warner across the  
way.

Miss Smith's compliments again. Would  
Mr. Gilbert oblige her by playing that lovely  
air once more, Miss Smith was so delighted with  
it.

Mr. Gilbert unscrewed his flute, laid it on  
the table, and then returned his most respect-  
ful compliments to Miss Smith, but the phys-  
ician had forbidden him to practice more than  
fifteen minutes at a time, under any circum-  
stances.

The milliner could hit upon no other device,  
so she gave an additional frounce to her dress,  
let down a ringlet of more subduing length  
from her hair, moved her work-table directly  
opposite the door, and had resolved on a siege,  
the success of which must depend upon her  
own personal attractions; when Lida became  
an apprentice, and was banished to the win-  
dow.

its shade. The next day it rained, and every-  
thing looked dull and miserable. The water  
drops patted, ceaselessly, against the windows,  
and the old willow stood on the green with its  
branches drooping to the earth, like the plum-  
age of a great bird that could find no shelter.  
The room was cold and cheerless. Miss Smith  
sat by the table disappointed and cross. The  
moist air which swept in from the entry, took  
the stiffness from her silks, and if she closed  
the door, all hopes of seeing the lawyer were  
at an end for the day. She would have sub-  
mitted to the faded lustre of her goods, but  
when the damp had taken her ringlets out of  
the curl, and began to chill her neck, she flung  
a shawl over her shoulders, tore up a bonnet  
pattern to roll her hair in, and putting on the  
worst of tempers with her altered looks, ordered  
the doors closed, and determined to make a  
miserable day of it.

'A knock at the door.  
'Come in,' said Miss Smith; 'Lida, go get  
the black crape bonnet you altered yesterday,  
the boy has come after it I suppose.'

Lida had scarcely time to lay down her work,  
when the door opened and Mr. Gilbert walked  
quietly into the room.

Miss Smith blushed crimson, dropped her  
shawl, and seemed tempted to commence de-  
precations on the curl papers forthwith. Lida  
took up her work again, and Mr. Gilbert sat  
down amid a torrent of compliments from Miss  
Smith, and began to turn over a volume of  
Byron, which he had brought in his hand.

He had done himself the pleasure of bring-  
ing the book which Miss Smith desired.  
Miss Smith was delighted—would Mr. Gil-  
bert oblige her by reading a few pages, if he  
was not too much engaged—she had been in-  
formed that he read beautifully.

Mr. Gilbert would be too happy, but the  
light was so dim that he must sit by the win-  
dow—so moving his chair with the self-pos-  
session of a man accustomed to have his own way  
—he sat down within a few paces of Lida.—  
She did not look up, but the most delicate of  
all blushes broke into her cheek, and the young  
man saw that her fingers were a little tremu-  
lous, as she bent diligently over her work. He  
seemed busy searching for a favorite poem, and  
Miss Smith took advantage of the opportunity  
to let down a quantity of black hair, which the  
mutilated pattern had failed to render more  
than wavy, and giving her frounces a slight  
shake, she drew her chair to the window, or  
folded her hands with a graceful languor com-  
posed herself to listen.

It would be quite superfluous to say how  
many times the sensitive Miss Smith lifted her  
hands and exclaimed, 'Beautiful! Exquisite!  
Oh! how sweet!' while the reading of Childs  
Harold went on; or to give any description of  
the color which glowed and deepened in the  
cheek of our Lida, and the pleasure which filled  
those soft eyes till they sparkled like gems be-  
neath her drooping lashes. But it is quite un-  
necessary to inform the reader that after this  
rainy day, Mr. Gilbert was a constant visitor  
at the milliner's shop—that he read Childs  
Harold quite through, and when Miss Smith  
solicited some of the shorter poems, he looked  
at Lida and answered no—he would read them  
to Miss Smith, but not there. Miss Smith was  
delighted with this indication that her neighbor  
desired a *tele-a-tete*, and Lida who had heard  
Byron for the first time—though she had read  
more than most girls of her age—was quite un-  
conscious of the compliment paid to her purity  
of character in the denial. The lawyer had a  
large library, and there was no lack of books  
for perusal. Lida seldom spoke while he was  
reading, but it was pleasant for an indolent  
and refined man like Mr. Gilbert to study  
the changes of her sweet face. It was like a  
volume of 'unwritten poetry,' which no one  
could read but himself. In less than a week  
his easy chair was wheeled into the millie-  
ner's room every day, and he was quite do-  
mesticated among the straw trimmings, scraps  
of satin, and paste-board chips, that littered  
the floor.

A sense of aristocratic distinction is a re-  
markable pleasant feeling, but in order to en-  
joy it perfectly, there must be some compari-  
sonship. It was very pleasant and agreeable  
for Miss Warner to return from a four year's  
residence at school, to be the richest and most  
accomplished belle of a country village. It  
was pleasant to be engaged to a wealthy and  
handsome young man like Gilbert, but as she  
did not care for books, had no one but a wid-  
owed mother to bestow the flattery which  
schoolmates barrier one with the other, as she  
detested all useful employment, it was to be  
expected that her time must pass somewhat  
heavily especially after the first objects that  
presented themselves when she went to lounge  
away her mornings in the portico, where the  
sweet face of our Lida bent over her work, by  
the opposite window, and just beyond, the dark  
locks and white forehead of her own affianced.  
Miss Warner was not absolutely jealous, but  
she was very idle, and so, very naturally  
enough, began to think it just possible that the  
country milliner might have received some-  
thing worth looking at from town. One morn-  
ing she was seen crossing the highway, elabo-  
rately dressed, with peach blossom gloves on  
her pretty hands, and a deep fringed parasol  
guarding her face from the sun. There was a  
great deal of artificial grace in her step as she  
glided over the greenward, and the little af-  
fected knock which she gave at the milliner's  
door was eloquent of high breeding, then there  
was the patronizing bend to Miss Smith, the  
gracefully extended hand to Gilbert, and the  
quiet stare at poor Lida, who sat blushing like  
a guilty thing by the window. Gilbert touch-  
ed his lips to her peach blossom glove, but  
when he saw the supercilious look fixed on Li-  
da, he dropped it again, and a dash of color  
swept over her forehead. Miss Smith was full  
of delight, exhibited all her finery, and instilled  
more of flattery into a conversation of fifteen  
minutes, about blue ribbons and leghorn hats,  
than was ever bestowed in the same time on  
those ladies who purchase it by the year in the  
form of a humble companion.

Miss Warner's dignity was not of an order  
to withstand this incense to her vanity, and  
even if her affianced husband had not been a  
constant visitor, it is doubtful if the honey  
suckle portico would not soon have been aban-  
doned for the milliner's room and its gossiping  
freedom.

In less than a fortnight, the peach blossom  
gloves were soiled by constant use, and if Gil-  
bert was a feature in the milliner's shop, his  
lady-love haunted it almost as regularly as he  
did. She thought Miss Smith 'such a good  
nice creature—such a dear good soul—so ca-

public of appreciating true elegance of manner  
—so very useful in her bonnets and fancy  
caps.' It was beautiful to see how condescend-  
ing the aged Miss became, how useful she made  
herself in snipping up little bits of satin, and  
how prettily she would ask Gilbert if he did  
not think she would not make a good milliner,  
if she should not learn the trade, and other im-  
portant questions, which must have diversified  
the passages of Milton and Young which he  
was reading with an agreeable variety.

The jealousy which springs from affection  
painfully aroused, cannot be divested of gener-  
osity; but that which arises from mortified vani-  
ty, is bitter and implacable. It was not long  
before Miss Smith became convinced that the  
gentle girl who sat listening with such intense  
interest to every word that dropped from the  
eloquent lips of lawyer Gilbert, was his sole at-  
traction to the room, and a few adroit words to  
his affianced bride were enough to arouse her  
attention to the damask color that went and  
came in the poor girl's cheek whenever young  
Gilbert addressed her.

'Artful wretch!' muttered the future bride,  
setting her pearl white teeth passionately to-  
gether as she spoke, 'she thinks of attracting  
him! and with a scornful laugh, in which the  
milliner joined, she began practicing her steps  
in a distant corner of the room.'

Gilbert went home that night with his af-  
fianced bride, and the next day he sent in a book  
for Lida, but avoided the milliner's room alto-  
gether. The young apprentice only saw him  
as he crossed the green towards the building;  
his countenance was very serious, and he seem-  
ed to avoid looking toward the window.

Just at night Miss Warner came in. She  
took the milliner into a distant part of the  
room, and as they conversed in low voices, a  
scornful laugh now and then reached the ears  
of the apprentice, who had become nervous and  
sensitive, she scarcely knew why. Miss Smith  
followed her visitor to the entry.

'It is well that I mentioned it in time,' she  
said, in a confidential whisper, 'she is attempt-  
ing to draw it on.'

'A pretty speculation for a washerwoman's  
daughter!' she said with a curling lip.  
'But he cared nothing about her?' rejoined  
Miss Smith anxiously.

'No, indeed: he was quite angry at the  
charge, and consented to stay from your room  
forever, if I desired it.'  
'She would have made a splendid mistress  
for the homestead up yonder,' rejoined Miss  
Smith, with another low disagreeable laugh;  
'it is almost a pity she failed in her aim upon  
it.'

'Splendid!' exclaimed the bride, with a light  
mocking laugh; 'but no, no—I should not so  
much regard seeing him the son-in-law of a  
washerwoman, but it would break my heart to  
know that any one but myself was mistress of  
the homestead and property.'

'Hark! did you not hear some one moving  
in his office?' said the milliner, listening ap-  
prehensively.

'No; it cannot be. I saw him going to the  
house just as I came in.'

'Let us move away from his door; there is  
harm in that,' whispered Miss Smith, and they  
walked down the entry conversing together.—  
After a little while, the sound of their half sup-  
pressed laughter filled that little apartment.

'It would be a capital joke!' said the mil-  
liner.

'Just the punishment she deserves, presumptu-  
ous creature!' was the reply.  
'But can you persuade him to join us?' was  
the next question.

'He shall!'  
Gilbert was standing that night in the little  
portico of his bride's dwelling. It was a lovely  
evening; everything was deluged with a flood  
of pearly moonlight, and the dew lay like rain  
drops among the crimson flowers which shed a  
rich fragrance from the honey-suckle vine.—  
She was by his side, his arm had been around  
her waist, and but a few moments before his  
eyes had been with tender and affectionate  
earnestness on her face, but now his arms were  
folded, and he looked sternly upon her.

'Do you really desire this, Louisa?' he said  
in a deep, constrained voice: 'would you ever  
respect me again, if I could do so cruel, so un-  
manly an act?'

'I will never love you again if you do not!'  
was the petulant reply.

'An expression almost of disgust swept over  
the young man's face, and his lips trembled as  
he spoke.'

'Tell me, have you been to Miss Smith's  
room to-day?' he inquired.

'Yes! I was there just at sunset. But why  
do you ask?'

'No matter! Have you thought this all  
over, are you resolved to deceive this poor  
girl?'

'Resolute!'

'And you are willing that I devote myself to  
win her affections?'

'They are already given, without the trou-  
ble of asking.'

Gilbert's brow contracted in the moonlight,  
and the word 'Unmanly!' was smothered  
between his compressed lips.

'And you will assist me—will tell her that  
you resign all claims on my hand—on the  
homestead and property?' he added, with a  
slight and bitter emphasis on the last words.

'She did not observe it, but answered eagerly—  
'Yes, yes, I will do my part to perfection;  
how mortifying the truth will be when she  
thinks herself Mrs. Gilbert and finds that it is  
all a joke.'

'But think of the shock it will give her pride  
and delicacy!'

'Add refinement, pray add refinement!' said  
the young girl scornfully; 'pride, delicacy  
and refinement are such common attributes to  
the daughters of our washerwomen!'

'You are only doing this to annoy me,' said  
the young man; 'so good night, you will throw  
off this cruel wish before morning.'

'Shall I?' replied the girl, with a slow bend  
of the head.

I would not believe my own senses, till she  
confirmed them. But she will not persist in  
anything so cruel; it is absurd to suppose so.  
If she does; if she does; I obey her.

As he muttered these words, the young  
man walked slowly into the house.

How melancholy poor Lida had been all  
the previous day; how many strange con-  
jectures had passed through her brain regard-  
ing the remarkable absence of Mr. Gilbert. They  
haunted her all night, and in the morning, when  
she came along the foot-path through the fields,  
tears stood in her eyes more than half the way.  
She had cast many a sad, earnest gaze through  
the shop window, before she saw Gilbert and  
Miss Warner coming through the opposite por-  
tico. The sight made the heart struggle with  
a throbbing pain in Lida's bosom, and a mist  
came over her eyes till they could scarcely dis-  
cern the needle with which she seemed occu-  
pied. They were coming toward the shop, and  
the sound of footsteps in the entry made the  
young girl tremble in her seat.

'Come,' said Miss Warner, addressing the  
milliner, 'put on your bonnet. We are going  
up to the house and want your opinion.'

Miss Smith ran for her bonnet, and for the  
first time in her life, the young lady addressed  
the apprentice.

'Get your sun-bonnet,' she said, 'you can go  
with us.'

The blood rushed over Lida's face, and she  
would have refused; but Miss Warner whis-  
pered a word to her lover, and he pressed Lida  
to go with such respectful earnestness, that she  
arose, tied on her little straw bonnet, and was  
ready to attend them long before Miss Smith  
made her appearance.

The homestead was a large and superior old  
mansion for a country village. Its material  
was heavy, and touched with the brown tinge  
of age; the trees around it were majestic, and  
its shrubbery luxuriant: its furniture was that  
of another century, old fashioned and massive,  
but Gilbert had interspersed it with chairs and  
tables of a lighter and more recent model; and  
the gloom which low ceilings give to an apart-  
ment was relieved by tall mirrors and modern  
windows, which were cut from ceiling to floor.

Altogether, it was the dwelling which a do-  
mestic and studious person would have prefer-  
red above all others.

Lida had never seen anything half so splen-  
did before, but there was a heavy feeling at her  
heart which more novelty could not dispel.—  
She followed her conductors up the broad stairs,  
heard them admire the ballusters of dark ma-  
hogony, and walked through the chambers like  
one in a dream. She was pale, bewildered  
and sick at heart, almost for the first time in  
her life.

There was one room on the first floor which  
Gilbert had fitted up exclusively for his bride.  
It had but one bay window, which opened upon  
the most verdant nook of the old fashioned gar-  
den; and the window required no drapery, for  
an immense white rose tree was trained along  
the casement, till a profusion of thick green  
leaves and snowy blossoms dropped like a cur-  
tain over the upper part, and when the sash was  
open a storm of fragrant leaves fell like snow  
flakes all over the rich old easy chairs and  
moss-like carpet which decorated the room.—  
On a curious little table, with legs carved and  
twisted together like a knot of serpents, lay  
a guitar, with an azure ribbon just attached,  
and yet unused; a superb old book case, crowd-  
ed with newly-bound volumes, stood opposite  
the bay window, and a little French work-table,  
perfectly new, occupied a corner close by.

Miss Warner flung herself on a seat, and  
taking up the guitar, began to trifle with the  
strings, as she turned with an unpleasant smile  
towards Lida.

'How would you like this room for your  
own?' she said.

'Me?' said Lida, faintly; 'I have never  
dreamed of living in such a palace as this.'

'But you can live here if you like,' replied  
the milliner.

'My mother was well off once, and she would  
not let me live out for anything,' said the ap-  
prentice, for she could only imagine that Miss  
Warner wished to engage her for 'help,' when  
she should take possession of the homestead;  
'besides I am not strong enough for very hard  
work!'

'Oh, we don't mean that,' replied the millie-  
ner; 'Mr. Gilbert wants a wife, and as this lady  
here has taken a fancy that he likes you better  
than he does her, she is quite willing that he  
make you mistress of the homestead instead of  
herself.'

'Don't say so—it is cruel to joke in this man-  
ner!' said the bewildered girl, turning very  
pale.

'I am sure, quite sure that Mr. Gilbert  
never thought of me.' Lida spoke hastily, but  
in a faint voice, and had a look of troubled  
doubt in her eyes, as if she almost hoped they  
would contradict her.

'But he does think of you—he told me so  
last night!' said Miss Warner, 'and I am will-  
ing to give him up. What harm can come of it?'

'And could you give him up?' said Lida,  
clasping her hands with an energy which be-  
spoke her astonishment that any one could re-  
sign, of her own free will, a being so perfect.

'Oh, Mr. Gilbert is not the only agreeable  
one on earth,' replied the young lady, removing  
the azure ribbon from her neck, and laying  
down the guitar; 'I am perfectly willing to  
re-sign him at any moment—so prepare your-  
self for the wedding to-morrow if you like.'

As she spoke, Miss Warner and her com-  
panion glided from the room. Lida had no  
power to follow, she was confused and strength-  
less, a mist came over her sight, and sinking  
into a seat she covered her face with both  
hands, and remained in a state of mental be-  
wilderedness, almost unconscious of the solitude  
which surrounded her.

Miss Warner and the milliner met Gilbert  
in the hall, and both were laughing as they  
moved toward him.

'We have broken the ice for you,' said Miss  
Warner; 'she is in the little room yonder,  
quite prepared for a proposal.'

'And you are really determined to carry  
this hoax to an end?' enquired the lawyer,  
gravely.

'Oh, by all means,' was the reply; 'it really  
is ridiculous, the idea of her believing us. I  
wish you had seen her clasp those hands, and  
wonder how I could give you up. Go—go!  
before she takes it into her head to follow us.  
But I say, Gilbert, do remove that horrid little  
table with the twisted legs—it is such a fright!'

'It was my mother's,' replied the lawyer,  
quietly.

'Well, well it can be put in the garret and  
kept quite safe. But go along—your lady love  
is waiting.'

Mr. Gilbert stood motionless in the hall till  
his affianced bride and her companion had dis-  
appeared amid the oaks; he then turned with a  
calm, free and resolute step towards the little  
room where Lida had been left. She was still  
sitting in the easy chair, sobbing like a child,  
and tears were breaking like half confined jew-  
els, through the slender fingers that concealed her  
face.

Gilbert approached with a noiseless tread,  
and gently taking one of her hands from her  
face, pressed it to his lips. She started up,  
and tried to conceal her tears with the remain-  
ing hand, while her brow and face and neck  
were deluged with crimson.

His voice was strangely tender and musical  
for the cruel plot he was acting.

'They have told you no falsehood, Lida,' he  
said; 'I do indeed love you—very much—  
Will you come and live with me here in this  
pleasant old house where my parents were so  
happy? Can you love me and study for my  
sake, when we are married?—for if you can  
answer yes to what I have said, with your  
whole heart, in three days you shall be my  
own sweet wife.'

The poor girl could not answer—she was  
perfectly overcome by the sensation of exqui-  
site happiness that thrilled every nerve.

'Why do you weep so, Lida? Am I an-  
noying you by these questions?'

'No—no,' said the young girl, half lifting  
her eyes to his face, '



hand should tremble so, and why the tears should fill our Lida's eyes so constantly, when she observed her mother's agitation.

It was scarcely dark when we saw a party of two ladies and as many gentlemen, coming along the foot-path towards the house. The washerwoman closed the bed-room door, and went out to receive the guests, leaving us with the bride. How beautiful and pure she looked in the simple dress that had exhausted all the money which her mother had hoarded up for the winter in the purchase. The black hair which she usually wore twisted in one heavy woe over her head was now divided into three rich braids, and knotted together on one side, just back of the ear by a single white rose. Another bud, with the blush leaves just bursting asunder, lay within the folds of sheer muslin that covered her bosom. When she placed it there, Lida's cheek grew pale and her hands began to tremble, for that moment she heard Gilbert's step in the next room. It was instantly drowned by the voices of Miss Warner and the milliner both in high and cheerful conversation. The sound only caused our friend to tremble the more. But when her mother came into the room, folded her in a kind embrace, and led her towards the young man who came forward to receive her, a soft blush broke over her cheek, and her fingers wove themselves in his confidently as if she had nothing to fear, and yet could not help trembling all the time.

'Be kind to my child,' said the washerwoman gently, 'when I was married to her father he was prosperous, happy and proud as you are. He died and left me in poverty. His child has never heard a harsh word beneath this humble roof—be gentle to her as I have been.'

The old woman sat down, and bending her head began to smooth the folds of her faded silk dress, and thus she tried to conceal the tears that her own words had unlocked.

Gilbert did not answer, but his cheek turned a shade paler, and he bent his eyes almost sternly on the two females who had urged him into his present embarrassing position.

The young student arose. He had been wisely chosen by the plotters, for never was clerical dignity more thoroughly put on. He looked serious and earnest enough to have deceived more suspicious persons than Lida and her honest-hearted mother. He pronounced the ceremony with impressive solemnity—so impressive that Miss Warner and her companion could hardly suppress their laughter at his successful acting.

The young couple sat down. Lida, pale, confused and trembling; but Gilbert sat motionless, and with his eyes bent steadfastly on the two females who were a little nearer the door. They were whispering together. Miss Warner seemed striving to suppress her mirth till the proper time, and a slight giggle now and then broke from the milliner at the exquisite success of their joke.

The washerwoman arose and brought forth cake and wine. Lida could not taste a drop, but she touched her lips to the glass, while Gilbert drained his to the bottom. The milliner was compelled to set her wine on a table, to conceal the laughter which shook her hand—while Miss Warner gracefully drank to the bride.

'And now,' said the young lady, setting down her glass, and dusting the crumbs of cake from her white gloves, 'as our amusement is over for the evening we will return home, if you are ready, Mr. Gilbert.'

Lida lifted her eyes almost in terror to the man whom she believed to be her husband, while the washerwoman arose from her seat, and looked Miss Warner keenly in the face.

'You need not look at me so voraciously, good woman,' said the unfeeling girl; 'I have lent Mr. Gilbert to Miss Lida here, it was for our mutual amusement; but play cannot last forever, and as it is getting dark, we must go home again.'

'Very much delighted with our little party,' chimed in Miss Smith; 'if you ever get up a wedding in earnest this would be a delicate pattern. I trust the bride will not feel so exalted, that she cannot come to her work in the morning.'

The washerwoman was deadly pale; she lifted her hand as if to enforce silence on the flippant mockery with which she was insulted, and stepping a pace forward, was about to address the man who had violated the peace of her home; but Lida had risen to her feet, and would have fallen, but Gilbert reached forth his arm, and drawing her to his bosom, kissed her forehead, and her pale lips, while he trembled from head to foot.

'What means this?' exclaimed Miss Warner, grasping his arm in passionate amazement; 'what means this, in my presence, sir?'

'It means,' said Gilbert, who lifted his head, and looked firmly around, 'it means that she is my wife, my own beloved and wedded wife, before God and in the sight of man! Weak, wicked girl! did you believe me so base, so utterly devoid of all manhood, that I should lend myself to a plot so atrocious? I loved you Lida; at least I thought so; and when I was flung into the dangerous society of a creature so good and lovely as this young girl, who is my wife, I felt that your fears were well founded, that my allegiance to yourself was in danger; I consented as an honorable man should, to see her no more. You were not satisfied with this submission to a just demand—but would have made me a villain—and after that would have married the dastard for the sake of his property and the homestead!'

Before the last words were fairly uttered, Miss Warner had dropped to the floor in violent hysterics, and some two hours after, she undertook rather an unpleasant walk home through the damp grass, between the great-fallen milliner, and the young clergyman.

The next day she had the satisfaction of seeing Gilbert drive toward the homestead in a barouche which had been purchased for another occasion, and on the back seat was the washerwoman, in a new straw bonnet and that identical old cloak—by her side sat our Lida, looking as pretty as a snow-drop, a slight which made the village aristocrat rather out of conceit with the 'mock marriage'; but we were perfectly satisfied—true, we were obliged to look out for new help—but the homestead gained a capital housekeeper in the washerwoman, and the most lovely, joyous little mistress you ever saw when it received 'our Lida.'

A correspondent tells us a pleasant anecdote of a case of absent mindedness. It was at a county ball in the Pine Tree State. J. B. was noted for his gallantry and gentlemanly manners no less than for (we are sorry to say it) his vinous propensities. During the evening he had tasted various qualities of the juices laid in store for the occasion. Fresh from rendering a decision in the case of a half-bottle of the vintage of 1800, he rejoined the dancers. 'My dear Mr. B.' exclaimed a lady of the party, 'you must dance the basket cotillion with me; really, I have hardly seen you to night.' 'Certainly, with great pleasure, my dear,' was the answer, 'but, you recollect I do not dance all figures, what brand did you say this was?' [Carpet Bag.

THE OLD MAN.—No expression that we are acquainted with, grates so harshly upon our ears as that of 'the old man,' when it comes from the lips of a son, speaking of his father. It is irrelevant, and shows a lack of some kind in the training of the child. The person who habitually uses the expression is either intimate with low characters, or he does not feel that respect and reverence due from a child to a parent.

In excuse, it is said 'tis but a jest and means nothing. If so, it were better not to jest on such a subject, and use some expression that does mean something.

Old man is used as a term of reproach, a sort of by-word, and a bugaboo to scare bad children and in the manner used expresses a sort of contempt or don't care.

There are several stages to be gone through before the old man is brought on. Pa, papa, and father have had their day, and as the young swell lazily rolls his cigar or quid of tobacco to the other corner of his mouth, strokes his goose-down chin, he replies with a curl of his lip, to the gentleman by whom he is interrogated, 'That's nobody but the old man.'

Young chaps that frequent oyster cellars, beer saloons, and fashionable wine shops, who can smoke a 'regalia,' or chew 'ladies' twist, without making them sick, or walk a crack with three glasses of champagne—these are the sprigs who talk of 'the old man' who don't know they're out.

We have also heard these same characters speak of their mother as 'the old woman.'—True, it's no heinous offence, yet it shows—and it shows as plainly as any other swagger, what company they keep, and the estimate they place upon their parents' love and care for so many years.

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE....JUNE 5, 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. B. Nichols, residence at Brown's Corner.

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

V. B. 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. PETTEKILL, 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.

### John Jones' Party.

We find the following rich anecdote in the Bath Mirror. Whether the Mirror has blundered in regard to the real point of the story, or whether its application to the position of its favorite candidate for the presidency was tho't too good to lose, we cannot tell. Perhaps the trap was designed expressly for the Mirror.—

We can expect nothing less, as we understand the joke, than to hear the Mirror shouting—'Saw my leg off!'

At the time of the first election of General Washington to the presidency, there was a party in Virginia called the 'John Jones party.' Now the said John Jones was a man of talent, and a plotting shrewd fellow, possessing all the requisites of a politician except personal popularity. To overcome this deficiency in a contest with a more popular candidate for Congress, John early avowed himself as the peculiar and devoted friend of Washington, and upon the point endeavored to place his rival in opposition. To carry out his object, he called a meeting of the people of ——— county, friendly to the election of Gen. Washington. On the day appointed, Mr. Jones appeared, and was, on motion of a friend, made chairman. He opened the proceedings by a high eulogium upon the life and services of Washington, but taking care only to speak of himself as his early patron and most devoted friend, and concluded by proposing to form a party to be called 'The true and only sons of the father of his country,' and for that object he submitted to the consideration of the meeting the following resolution.

Resolved, That we are the friends of Geo. Washington, Esq., and will sustain him in the coming election for President, against all other candidates.

'Gentlemen,' said Mr. Jones, 'the chair is now about to put the question. The chair hopes that every man will indicate his sentiments, for or against. All those in favor of the resolution will say "aye."'

The response was like the shout of many voices. 'Now for the opposition,' said Mr. Jones; 'all of the contrary mind say "no."'

Not a voice was heard. The dead silence seemed to confuse Mr. Jones a little, and he said, 'Gentlemen, do vote.' The chair can't decide a disputed question, when nobody votes 'either side, so that the country may know who are the true friends of Washington.'

Upon this appeal 'one of the audience arose and said that he perceived the dilemma in which the chair was placed, and in order to relieve him from such a quandary, he proposed to amend his resolution by adding after the word Washington, 'and John Jones for Congress.'

'I accept the amendment,' said Mr. Jones, 'and the chair will now put the question as amended.'

'All who are in favor of Gen. Washington for President, and John Jones for Congress, will please say aye.'

'Aye—aye,' said Jones and his brother Sam.

The chair hesitated, like—'put the contrary,' said a hundred voices.

'All op—op—opposed say no.'

'No!' thundered the congregated multitude.

'Gentlemen,' said Jones, 'the chair perceives that there are folks in this meeting who don't belong to our party; they have come here to agitate. I therefore adjourn this meeting.'

Upon which he left the chair, amidst shouts and huzzas for Washington, and curses for John Jones.

LARGE HEN'S NEST. Seven thousand dozen eggs recently went in one train over the A. & K. Railroad from Waterville, destined for market in Boston. An extensive flour dealer tells us, that at the average price of various quantities of flour brought into Waterville, these eggs would pay for over two hundred barrels. We are assured on good authority, that the total value of eggs sent from Waterville since the commencement of the egg trade is greater than the value of flour received here during the same period. We hear it asserted that the eggs sent from Maine would pay for all the flour brought into the State. We should not venture to dispute the assertion, however extravagant it might at first appear

to some. Add to this the amount received for poultry sent out of the State, and we find a source of income worthy of the attention it is everywhere receiving—to say nothing of the luxuries it affords for Thanksgiving.

IMMENSE TRAIN. The new locomotive built by the Portland Co. for the At. & St. L. Railroad, hauled out to Yarmouth yesterday morning 39 double cars, equal to 78 single ones, containing three hundred tons of freight.

We can tell the Argus, in addition to the above, that of the 39 cars, ten were empty—20 loaded cars and one empty one came on to the A. & K. Railroad—eight empty and ten loaded cars went on to the At. & St. L. Railroad. About two hundred tons of the freight came on to this road, some seventy tons of which came through to Waterville. The freight bills on the A. & K. Railroad that day amounted to about \$300, of which \$135 was paid at this place.

TO THE LADIES. We advise the ladies, one and all, to avail themselves of the opportunity to improve their penmanship, under the tuition of Miss BARRETT. Her style of writing is exceedingly neat and graceful, and she has the reputation of being a very agreeable and successful teacher. Such an opportunity seldom occurs. Bad writing, for a lady, is even worse than a "shocking bad hat" for a man—and both are bad enough to be got rid of at almost any expense.

An invention has been patented for setting up ten pins, without the aid of the 'alley boys.' The machine is worked at the head of the alley, and the pins are set up by touching a spring or turning a crank.

This is all very well as far it goes, and we are heartily glad that the boys can be released from their end of the bowling alley: now if some Yankee will only contrive a plan by which the men can be spared from the other end, we shall pronounce the invention perfect. This improvement could not fail of producing results highly advantageous to the productive industry of the country and the promotion of good morals among the rising generation.

THE ILLUSTRATED DOMESTIC BIBLE.—This beautiful Family Bible, which has been issued in numbers, is now completed. Its distinguishing features are:—1, seven hundred wood engravings; 2, many thousand marginal appropriate references; 3, three finely executed steel maps; 4, numerous improved readings; 5, a corrected chronological order; 6, the poetical books in the metrical form; 7, questions at the end of each chapter for family examination; 8, reflections, drawn from the subjects of the chapter, and giving, in a condensed form, its spiritual import; 9, an exposition of each chapter, containing the essence of the best commentators, with much original matter by the editor; 10, dates affixed to the chapters for each morning and evening's reading, comprising the whole Bible in a year. It is printed on fine paper, with beautiful, clear type, and is furnished in a neat arabesque binding for \$7.50; in Turkey morocco, extra gilt, \$10.50. Sold in Boston by Gould & Lincoln, 59 Washington street. Specimen numbers can be seen at this office.

THE SEASON.—Our down East boys who have gone South, and are growing fat on strawberries and green peas, are doubtless wondering whether the frost is out of the ground in Maine? We assure them it is—and corn and potatoes have taken their place. But the season is thus far unusually cold. Rain and sunshine are not wanting; but the chilly winds and cold nights, which indicate the old idea that "all the snow hasn't got down," have kept back almost everything but grass and winter grain. These look exceedingly well. In passing, a day or two ago, through Winslow, Vassalboro', Palermo and China, we thought we never saw the grass so forward. Some fields of the best wheat of the sylvan a tolerable swarth. The crop of winter wheat everywhere promises well. It has endured the winter with little injury, and should it escape the other evils to which it is exposed, the harvest will greatly reduce the importation of Southern and western flour.

PAPER MILL IN WATERVILLE.—It is well known that the Emerson Stream offers peculiar facilities for an extensive paper manufactory. The warmth of the water, which admits of but little ice, and the exemption from freshets, adapts it for permanent and undisturbed operations through the year. The attention of our citizens has several times been drawn to this enterprise, but without any successful result. Messrs. Webber and Haviland have already in forward progress a building well adapted to the purpose; and the low price at which land can be obtained in its vicinity points to this as the place for such a manufactory. What is the place of the work? Facilities for transportation, both by water and railroad, are rarely found more favorable, and the necessity for some effort of the kind is felt by all our citizens. Capital is abundant, even at home.—Trade, and even some branches of mechanical business, are already running ahead of our population; and without some definite movement in the line of enterprise pointed out by our facilities and location, what is to sustain the stores and shops almost daily springing up in our village? A reaction and ultimate stagnation must inevitably result, more fatal to our prosperity than the annihilation of the very facilities and advantages which so plainly tell us what ought to be done. The following paragraph from the Skowhegan Press has suggested the above remarks—

PAPER MILL IN BLOOMFIELD.—The brick building erected a few years ago in Bloomfield for the manufacture of starch, has been purchased within a few days past, by a company of gentlemen, consisting of the Messrs. Coburne, of Bloomfield, Moses H. Pike, of Skowhegan, and others, some of whom reside in Boston, for the purpose of commencing the manufacture of paper. The company paid \$2750 for the building, including the land and privilege on which it stands, and it is considered to be a good investment. The work of fitting up

the building for the reception of the machinery, we understand is to be commenced the present month. The amount of capital to be invested in the enterprise, is about \$20,000. Bloomfield is going ahead.

There is no better property in New England than her paper manufactory. They are everywhere pushed to their utmost power, and no foresight can indicate a glut in the market.—Such a manufactory, even on a small scale, that should break the ice that binds the enterprise of Waterville, would draw attention to the great advantages she offers for the investment of foreign capital, and ultimately the thousands and tens of thousands of wheels and shafts and spindles, of which everybody sees the need, would be in motion. Foreign aid cannot be successfully invoked to this object except by a course which shall indicate our own confidence in its success. Waterville capital must move the waters. The long and fruitless watch for the millionaires of distant cities—for some god-send of foreign enterprise and foreign capital—has been continued long enough. It is not merely fruitless but fatal. Native interest and native capital and native hands must be drawn into the work. Then if foreign aid is needful it can be had. And if these assertions are true and reasonable, then where, and when, and by whom, shall the ball be put in motion?

Consecration of the Cemetery. The new Cemetery was consecrated by appropriate religious services on Sabbath afternoon. The religious meetings of the various societies were suspended, and the exceeding beauty and appropriateness of the day called together a large concourse of people. The first tenant of the newly broken soil—Miss Helena Low—was committed to the grave, and the services proceeded as follows:

Singing by the choir.  
Prayer by Rev. Dr. Sheldon.  
Address by Rev. Mr. Gardner.  
Address by Rev. Prof. Loomis.  
The following hymn, composed for the occasion by Miss Julia Moor, was sung by the choir—

Here we come, with feelings tender,  
Lo, a willing band we come;  
Every minor thought surrender  
At the portals of the tomb;  
Consecrated, consecrated—  
With a light its shades illumine.

Now the gentle Spring is waking,  
And the drier of winter gone;  
Blossoms and verdure all are taking,  
Groves with melody resound;  
Fresh as Eden, fresh as Eden,  
Be this consecrated ground.

Come with more of joy than sadness,  
When the busy day shall close;  
Let there be a sacred gladness,  
Man has conquered all his foes;  
Soft as twilight, soft as twilight,  
Be his peaceful last repose.

When this virgin soil is broken,  
Who shall first to rest be laid?  
Who to-day his home has spoken?  
Who the last to rest his bed?  
Thus inquire we, thus inquire we—  
Soft and careful be our tread.

Be it in the morn of beauty,  
Ere it is known a seeming care,  
Or in later years of duty,  
When the world has claimed a share,  
Trust in Heaven, trust in Heaven,  
That our spirits may be there.

Deem it not a sealed prison,  
As ye lay your dead to rest;  
Christ the Lord has laid, and risen,  
Low his head in earth was prest—  
But ascending, but ascending,  
Leads to mansions of the blest.

After which, and the benediction by Rev. Mr. Gardner, the audience retired.

In our next we hope to give, in substance, the remarks of Mr. Gardner and Prof. Loomis.

### Beautiful Compliment.

The new Division of the Sons of Temperance recently instituted in our village have received from O. D. Ashley, Esq., of Boston, the present of a most beautiful quarto Bible, splendidly bound, and marked with the name of the Division. If the brothers of the order appreciate the gift as we esteem the giver, they will profit by its teachings. The following correspondence is associated with the present:

Boston, May 24th, 1851.  
To the Officers and Members of "Waterville Division," No. 28, Sons of Temperance:  
Gentlemen,—Be good enough to accept the accompanying Bible, as a slight testimonial of respect, from one who at a distance has watched your movements in behalf of the glorious cause of Temperance with great interest and pleasure.

The object you have in view is noble and soul inspiring in its character, and your efforts cannot fail to enlist the warm sympathies and command the hearty approbation of every human being who can appreciate the importance of restoring to their proper place in society men who by sore temptation have been led astray, and who only need the force of example to become useful and happy members of the community.

Success, my friends, will entitle you to a reward which alone is sufficient to cheer and inspire you to new exertions. The suffering hearts of wives, mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, and children, will be relieved, and their grateful thanks will compose an offering of which you may well be proud.

Accept, gentlemen, my hearty wishes for the success and prosperity of your Division.

Yours very respectfully,  
O. D. ASHLEY.

WATERVILLE, May 30th, 1851.

Dear Sir,—The undersigned, a committee appointed to forward you a copy of the annexed resolution unanimously adopted by Waterville Division, No. 58, S. of T., at a regular meeting held May 29th, 1851, respectfully tender our sincere thanks for the inestimable gift which the goodness of your heart and love for your fellow man have guided you in selecting; and may the purity of its instructions influence us so that we may be not only true Sons of Temperance, but worthy to be called the sons of God.

May the Great Patriarch above guide us all to that haven of rest, where sorrow is never known, and where love and harmony shall reign forever.

With the best wishes for your prosperity and happiness we are respectfully

Yours,  
RICHARD PERLEY,  
T. MCINTIRE,  
PUNNET HILL,  
O. D. Ashley, Esq., Boston, Mass.

Hall of Waterville Division, No. 28, S. of T., May 29th, 1851.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Division be tendered to O. D. Ashley, Esq., of Boston, for the beautiful and appropriate gift received from him.

Voted, That Brothers Richard Perley, Tim-

othy McIntire, and Punnet Hill be a committee to forward to O. D. Ashley, Esq., a copy of the above resolution, with such a communication as they may deem proper.

A true copy of the resolve and vote,  
T. ASHLEY, R. S.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. We are sorry to learn that an unexpected obstacle—unexpected at least by many—promises to interrupt this project. The priest refuses to sanction the undertaking unless the deed of the lot is given directly to the bishop. Mr. Pearsons, of whom the lot was to be purchased, offers to convey to the bishop in connection with six trustees, Catholics, and residents of Waterville, but refuses to deed to the bishop alone—probably having in mind the case in Buffalo, where a church was furnished with an unworthy priest, and ultimately turned out of doors for refusing to sit under his ministrations. No Catholic church is entitled to consecration till the bishop has the deed. Thus the project rests for the present. We have thought it proper that those whose aid is solicited should know how matters stand.

THE BOSTON MUSEUM.—This sterling literary paper—which has no superior in New England—is about entering upon a new volume. It has now been published three years, and its large and constantly increasing list of subscribers is proof of its popularity with the people. The editor, Mr. Putnam, is a vigorous writer and thoroughly alive to the progress the world is making. The Museum is published in quarto form, convenient for binding, and is filled with what is well worth preserving. Each number is embellished with a portrait of some of our distinguished men, and contains also a piece of music. Published by Charles A. V. Putnam & Co., No. 12 School St., Boston, at \$2 per year.

THE LEGISLATURE adjourned on Tuesday, till the first Wednesday in January—having in a session of three weeks given good indications of industry. Appropriations were made for the repair of the Hospital—for the State Reform school—for roads and bridges in Aroostook, and various other objects, that indicate a good degree of liberality. The bill to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage also passed and received the signature of the Governor. We shall shortly give our readers this law, with the other laws and resolves, in an extra sheet.

FUN AHEAD!—Harrington, the world-renowned Ventriloquist and wonderful Necromancer, will soon be among us. Our citizens may expect a rich treat, as he has no equal in his profession. See advertisement.

MERRY'S MUSEUM, AND PARLEY'S MAGAZINE. The June number of this excellent magazine for children, is before us. It is certainly the best magazine for children we know of. The July number will commence a new volume. Published by S. T. Allen & Co., 116 Nassau st., New York. Terms, \$1 in advance.

Our readers are especially requested to notice the new out of Mr. GEO. W. PETTES' Store, in Boston, at the corner of Washington and Summer streets.

The establishment is one of the very largest in the New England States, and it is said by all who visit it, to turn out the very handsomest goods at the very lowest prices.

THE NEW COSTUME. The press is everywhere eloquent in urging the adoption of the Turkish costume. Even the Boston Traveller—that staid and sober journal—incommending to the ladies an able article from an eminent physician recommending the new dress, says:—

'We should rejoice to see a change in ladies' dresses, which should give them freedom of action and comfort in motion, and at the same time be graceful and modest. The absurdity of the existing fashion is so manifest that it is astonishing that sensible ladies have so long submitted to it. What can be more uncomfortable, ungraceful, uncleanly, than the tightlaced trailing dresses of the present fashion. And how much of actual suffering, and of injury to health, this style of dress has inflicted on the mothers and daughters of our land.'

[For the Eastern Mail.]  
MR. EDITOR.—Feeling the importance of understanding the nature of the Institutes recently held in the different Counties of this State, I addressed a member of the Board of Education upon this subject; and as they all adopt resolves in favor of Mandeville's Reader, I took the liberty to inquire his opinion of their merits, and it would oblige the public and myself if you would publish his answer.

A Committeeman.

SIR.—In reply to your inquiries, I would say that in these days of 'Teachers' Institutes' when catalogue after catalogue, containing resolutions commending a particular series of reading books, is sent to committees in almost every mail, it is very natural that the question should arise 'whether the Institutes which send out these catalogues are the regular State Institutes under the supervision of the members of the Board of Education?' In answer to this question, I would say that they are not the authorized State Institutes, but are Voluntary Reading Classes under the patronage of a foreign publishing house, and differ very much from the Institutes in the following particulars:—

1. The State Institutes hold their sessions in the Fall; and these voluntary classes hold their meetings in the Spring. 2. The object of the Institutes, it is well understood, is to qualify teachers, in every respect for the better discharge of their duties in our public schools; the object of these voluntary classes, it is equally well understood, is to exhibit and make proselytes to Mandeville's system of reading books, and to secure their introduction into schools. 3. No authorized Teachers' Institute, under the supervision of the Members of the Board of Education and patronage of the State, during the past or present year, has expressed, by resolution or otherwise, any approval of Mandeville's Readers, or recommended their introduction into the schools of the State. All such commendatory resolutions, in regard to these books, purporting to emanate from Teachers' Institutes, have been adopted by these voluntary classes which are under the exclusive direction and instruction of the Agents for these books.

The so called Institutes, which have been held during the present season, in Dixfield,

Skowhegan, Greene, Camden, Union, Waldo-boro, and Lewiston, were all of this character; and having stated the above facts in relation to them, I will leave it with you to judge of the degree of confidence which should be placed in the recommendation of books, coming from such interested sources.

In reply to your question asking my opinion of Prof. Mandeville's series of Readers, I would briefly say that I am fully convinced that they are not well adapted, either in plan or matter, to the wants of our public schools. There is entirely too much machinery about the system, in my opinion, ever to be of any practical utility; and, as the Rev. Russell Streeter, of Portland, remarks, 'I think that too many of the selections are light, ludicrous, vulgar, or worthless.'

But I will conclude by calling your attention to the opinion of W. G. Crosby, of Belfast, former Secretary of the Board of Education, touching this question, for his opinion is worth much more than mine. He says:—

'It is but a short time since a pretty thorough change was made in the reading books used in our schools, and I do not believe that our educational interests require another change; I am sure parents do not desire it, and that what influence I can exert will be adverse to it. I do not think that Mandeville's books are so well adapted to the wants of schools and teachers in this section of the State as Town's, and so far as I know, such is the prevailing sentiment.'

Respy's Yours,  
A former Member of the Board of Education.

Deputy Sheriffs. The following persons have been appointed Deputy Sheriffs by the new High Sheriff of Kennebec:—

Joseph Nudd, Waterville.  
Enoch Marshall, Gardiner.  
John Quimby, Greene.  
Lewis D. Moore, Augusta.  
Orrin Rowe, Thomas.  
Thomas Newman, Hallowell.  
Esty N. Doe, Augusta. Jailor.  
John Hatch, China.  
J. L. Stanley, Winthrop.  
Benj. J. Gilbreth, Mt. Vernon.  
Moses Whitler, Readfield.  
Royal Brown, Benton.

The letters remaining uncalled for at the Post Office in Waterville will hereafter be advertised once in six weeks and charged with one cent each—one half the price under the present law. The new law, reducing postage on letters, &c., goes into effect on and after the first of July.

CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Under the new plurality law of the Massachusetts Legislature, the long protracted contests in the 2d, 4th and 7th Congressional Districts were settled on Monday last.

In the 2d district, Mr. Rantoul, (Free Soil) was chosen by a plurality of about 1100; in the 4th, Mr. Thompson (Whig) by a plurality of about 100 only; and in the 7th, Mr. Goodrich (Whig) by a plurality of from 200 to 300.

WASHINGTON, May 23.—The Census statement in the Republic, says that the total population of the free states is thirteen millions five hundred and thirty-three thousand three hundred and twenty-eight.

The slave states contain a population of six million three hundred and ninety-three thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven, of which three million one hundred and seventy-five thousand seven hundred and eighty-three are slaves. In the districts and territories there are one hundred and sixty thousand eight hundred and twenty-four, of which three thousand and eighty seven are slaves.

The States of Alabama, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Indiana, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Maryland, Missouri, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, and Texas, have each a representative added to the number appointed.

### Northern Gold Diggings.

Last week we stated that we had received a specimen of gold dug from a stream in Moscow. We have since been shown another specimen taken from the same place by Mr. James Whorff, of Madison, weighing 15 grains, and worth 83 cents. We are informed by Mr. Hussey, the stage driver, that some 16 more pieces, about the size of kernels of wheat, were taken out on Saturday morning last.

There can be no doubt of the fact that gold has been found in our county, whether of sufficient quantity to make it an object in working the mines can only be determined when the water shall fall sufficiently to allow of a more thorough examination.

Many are already flocking to the new found "Eldorado," and ere long the question will be finally settled.—[Clarion.]



ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS H. \*\*\*\*\*

Mourn, for a loved one gone,  
A bright form passed away,  
Crushed in the bloom of life's young morn,  
Doomed early to decay.

Mourn, for a bright star set,  
A sun, gone down at noon,  
So dear to loving hearts, and yet  
To set in gloom so soon.

Mourn, for the stricken ones,  
Whose loss we now deplore,  
Whose path, a yearning sister's love,  
Shall cheer to them no more.

Rejoice, her sufferings o'er,  
A crown of glory now,  
Death's icy touch shall chill no more,  
His withering work is done.

Rejoice, that in her Father's love  
Her spirit resteth now,  
Gone to that "Happy home above,"  
His seal is on her brow.

Rejoice, though passed away,  
As dew-drops from the bough,  
Born to a bright eternal day,  
"She'll" with the angels now."

May 31st, '51. ANNA.

TO "I HAVE WRONGED THEE."

Thou hast wronged me; thou hast wronged me;  
Wrong which cannot be forgiven;  
And thy heart too late upbraids thee  
For the lies which thou hast given.

Thou hast wronged not only me,  
But thou hast wronged thyself;  
Thou hast wronged thyself and me,  
But thy soul's truth and purity.

Thou hast wronged me, thou hast wronged me,  
Thou hast wronged me, thou hast wronged me,  
Thou hast wronged me, thou hast wronged me,  
Thou hast wronged me, thou hast wronged me.

Thou hast wronged me, thou hast wronged me,  
Thou hast wronged me, thou hast wronged me,  
Thou hast wronged me, thou hast wronged me,  
Thou hast wronged me, thou hast wronged me.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

A late writer, in speaking of Bostonians, says they divide their time between metaphysics and "fancy poultry;" and while they look upon Emerson as far ahead of inspiration, they look upon a thirty pound rooster as far ahead of him.

The Belfast Signal says that twenty-one dwelling houses are now being erected in Belfast, and that there is not a respectable tenement for rent.

The Chatham are about to establish a nunnery in Providence, R. I.

All the editors seem to be pleased with the new fashion of short dresses, and have espoused their cause. In return it is supposed that all the ladies will be pleased with the editors, and consent to espouse them—when asked, of course.—[Springfield Post.]

A company has opened an office in Boston, to insure women against dying old maids. The rates of premium differ according to looks and disposition. While a smart, tidy girl is insured for two per cent., a brazen, ill-tempered quainter is charged, in some cases, as high as ten. Where snuff is used, one per cent. extra is charged.

What are the most unsocial things in the world?—Mile-tones—You never see two of them together.

Why is a horse the most miserable of animals? Because his thoughts are always on the rack.

He that gives a million on his death-bed, is a smaller philanthropist than he who bestows a dollar while in good health.

The old draker's definition of perseverance was not a bad one, and will do for a motto. Here it is, "Catch hold—hold fast—and never let go."

A female writer says, "Nothing looks worse on a lady than darned stockings." Allow us to observe that stockings which need darning look much worse than darned ones.

The sum of \$100,000 for the establishment of the proposed Universalist College, has all been subscribed, but a location has not yet been agreed upon.

A CHICKEN. A new musical museum is thought of, and among the curiosities sent in is the skin of an onion which the "convent belle" was "morally peeling."

They used to go and "see the elephant" in Shakspeare's time. In "Twelfth Night," Antonio says to Sebastian:

"In the south suburb, at the elephant,  
Is best to lodge; I will bespeak our diet,  
While you beguile your time."

He means that Sebastian should amuse himself by "seeing the elephant" while they were getting the dinner ready.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends," as the doughnuts remarked, when the girl was making them.

It is a singular fact, that when the Indian swears, he swears in English. There are no oaths in the Indian vernacular.

Ben-jon. There is a long article in the Valley Farmer, by which it is established beyond question that sweet oil occasionally rubbed over the bedsheets, chairs, &c., will effectually prevent the appearance of bed-bugs.

A Useful Animal in a Printing Office. A Kentucky corker advertised in the "Herald," as this office, a building of color except pumpkin and milk, of respectable size, snub nose, cropped ears, abbreviated continuation, and bad disposition—who can come when called with a new heel-stick, and bite the man who spits tobacco juice on the stove, and steals the exchange."

Riot at Hoboken. The telegraph has furnished our readers with some particulars of the German riot at Hoboken, on Wednesday afternoon and evening.

The particulars of this infamous affair, as detailed by the New York papers, show it to have been one of the most sanguinary conflicts that has ever occurred at or in the vicinity of New York. It is equalled only by the Astor Place riots. In the Tribune we find the following account of the origin and progress of the melee:

Monday was celebrated by the German residents of this city as the holiday of Pentecost—a day which in Germany is commemorated by festivals in the woods. A large number of Germans, ten to twelve thousand in all, perhaps, crossed to Hoboken in the morning, after assembling in the Park, where they formed into line, displaying the national colors. They had leased for the day the "Cricket Ground" some distance from the village of Hoboken, where refreshments were provided, with a platform for the orators and a band of music.

Beer was plenty, and the party appeared to enjoy themselves finely.

Everything passed off peacefully till towards the close of the afternoon, when some difficulties occurred, through the presence of a gang of rowdies belonging to this city, and known by the title of "Short Boys." According to different representations, there were about forty in all, some of them Germans, some Irish and some Americans. They were armed, and evidently came for the purpose of assault, as they commenced, without provocation, to insult the females, overthrow the refreshment tables, and destroy the property of the vendors. This was half past three in the afternoon.

The Germans, who saw the object of the rowdies, had determined, at first, to avoid a collision, on account of the number of ladies and children who were present; but these outrages were not to be tolerated, and the offenders were driven off. The rowdies retreated towards the Elysian Fields, and were followed by the Germans. The Short Boys obtained access to the house at the Fields, kept by McCarthy, and a

regular fight commenced. The Germans had now become infuriated, and after driving off the Short Boys from the house, they commenced breaking the furniture. The keeper of the house and his wife were assaulted and driven off. McCarthy, we are told, made his retreat to a part of the house where he had a double barreled gun already loaded. With this he shot two of the Germans, killing them instantly, and seriously injured another by knocking him over with his gun. The house was completely riddled, and everything that it contained thoroughly demolished.

The rowdies retreated towards the village, followed by the Germans, and a sort of running fight was kept up for the whole distance. On reaching the village, the rowdies were reinforced by others from this side of the river, and by a gang of boys from 14 to 16 years of age.—Towards evening they assembled before the boat, for more than an hour they shot off all communication. About half past six o'clock, the Germans, in a body, accompanied by their families, came from the woods for the purpose of returning to the city. At the village of Hoboken a violent fight took place, which lasted with little intermission for two hours. The females were assaulted, and the men were struck down without discrimination. The rowdies were armed with guns, pistols, swords, slung shot, &c., and after the first attack the Germans also armed. Two men were killed at this place. Many were stabbed in different parts of the body, and others beaten with staves.

One man had his head shockingly cut by a large pole, the end of which was covered with spikes. The fight was one of the most brutal and sanguinary which ever occurred in this vicinity.

The Coroner's jury on the Hoboken riot cases rendered a verdict severely censuring the rowdies known as "Short Boys," they also say a portion of the Germans called "Turners" were to blame. Nearly all the persons arrested have been discharged for want of sufficient proof to hold them for trial.

GREAT EXCITEMENT!—A "BLOOMER" OUT IN FULL RIG.—Last evening, or late in the afternoon, our citizens were gratified with a sight of the new costume, with a specimen of the fair and lovable portion of humanity enrobed in it. A sweet Miss of some sixteen summers was out on promenade, "the observed of all observers." She had on pink colored pants, a coat, a belt and a nice little hat, all of which made her appear lovely and unique. She walked with much grace, and seemed not in the least disconcerted in being closely scrutinized by the crowd. The windows along Cambridge Court and Tremont streets were filled with spectators, and many of the ladies regretted that the pink Bloomer had got the start of them. The Turkish dressed beauty was accompanied by a gentleman who carrying a big cane, formed her protection. They marched and counter-marched the streets. The lady is a west-end of the first respectability, and we may now expect the new style will be seen and universally adopted. [Boston News.]

CHOLERA. Southern and Western exchanges bring intelligence of a number of fatal cases by this disease, principally at various points along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. Twenty-five deaths by cholera took place at New Orleans in one week, recently; a few instances have occurred at Cincinnati and Memphis, and there is a prospect, from the early period of the season at which it has commenced it ravages, that this dreadful epidemic may again visit our country with all the disastrous effects which characterized it two years since.

M. St. Clair Clarke's last story is repeated as an admirable illustration of the probable result of secession movements. It runs as follows:—Mamma, I won't eat my breakfast; (excite boy, pouting, and returns.) "My child, won't you eat your breakfast?" "No, I won't; (excite boy, but returns hungry, and finds the breakfast is about to be removed.)—Mamma, why don't you whip me and make me eat my breakfast?"

LOOK OUT FOR COUNTERFEIT \$3 ON UNION BANK, BOSTON—First complexion, easily detected by judges. First appearance here yesterday, May 27. These are new counterfeits, and we understand, found their way into the city from the vicinity of Readfield and other towns along the line of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad. [Portland Advertiser.]

The "short dresses" are becoming popular. Several have appeared in this city. We saw two young ladies in Main street in full costume, short skirts, sacks confined with a wash, flowing trousers and gipsy hats. They look cool and comfortable. [Hartford Times.]

GEORGE JUDKINS, of Augusta, says the Kennebec Journal, was lost overboard from the steamer Sea Gull, in the Columbia River, on her trip down from Oregon to California. It was from this same steamer, on her upward trip, that Mr. Daniel C. Child, (whose death was recorded last week) was lost; and it is a somewhat remarkable circumstance, that in both cases, as we understand, the persons drowned were not seen to fall overboard.

RAILROAD MEETING.—A meeting is to be held at the Court House in Farmington, on Friday, 6th inst., to hear the report of the survey recently made from Livermore Falls to Farmington, and to concert upon the necessary measures for the speedy completion of so much of the Franklin and Kennebec Railroad as is included in the above survey.

RESCUE TRIALS.—The trials of the persons charged with aiding in the escape of Shadrach, an alleged fugitive slave, commenced in Boston, before Judge Sprague, on Tuesday of last week. Hon. John P. Hale, and R. H. Dana, Esq., are the counsel for the defence. The case of James Scott, a colored man, occupied the attention of the court, last week, but it was not concluded.

MAINE CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.—The Maine Convention of Universalists will hold its annual session in Turner, on the 24th, 25th, and 26th, of the present month.

The A. & K. Railroad in addition to other new equipments, has just received an eighty seat passenger car. It is of course very long, and runs upon double tracks, or sixteen wheels, instead of eight, as usual with passenger cars. It is a very elegant structure, and rides with remarkable steadiness and ease.

THE TWO SEXES.—When a foolish youth goes astray, friends gather around him in order to restore him to virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back again to innocence and peace. No one could suspect that he ever sinned.

But when a poor confiding girl is betrayed she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the ways of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected, esteemed, but his ruined, heartbroken victim finds there is no peace for her this side of the grave.

Society has no helping hand for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. These

are earthly moralities; they are unknown of heaven. There is a deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences.

NOTICES.

WHEELER'S Shoe Store is now filled with a fresh stock of Boston, of late and beautiful styles of Ladies', Gent's and Children's BOOTS and SHOES, which will be sold as low as can be bought in town. Please call and examine. N. B.—First Street Boots made to order, by one of the best workmen in the State. Also all kinds of Custom Work done in the neatest manner.

It would be well for all purchasers of Dry Goods, Crockery, Feathering, &c., to call on ESTY & KIMBALL, No. 4 Ticonic Row. They have just received a large stock of the above articles, and are making this year famous beyond all precedent for low prices. Persons of taste and judgment never think of looking anywhere else, and those who are not judges of Goods, but of them, of course, because they are not judges of the latest style, and are always sure of getting the worth of their money.

LAST RESORT.—Last Spring I was imported by a friend from Bangor, to make application to DOCTOR POLLARD, who was then a resident of that city, and obtain some of his Medical advice, for a certain kind of disease, which I had contracted, and most distressing complaint, the Piles, with which I had suffered for thirty-five years, preventing me, a great portion of my time, from attending to my ordinary business in the city of Portland. On the 4th of July last, I called at Dr. Pollard's office, in Portland, and stated my case to him. He at once offered to cure me, risk, or charge me nothing if I could not be cured. I accepted of his offer, and paid him \$10.00. I am now perfectly cured. I have performed my duty as a citizen for the last four years. I have also witnessed his success in many other cases among my acquaintances. Dr. Pollard does not claim to cure all diseases, but such as he undertakes, he undertakes to cure, and he does so. I therefore do not hesitate to recommend him as a successful and skillful and reliable, and advise those troubled with such complaints as have baffled the skill of others, to give him a call before it is too late. ISAAC N. FARRINGTON, Monmouth, Nov. 15, 1850.

For value received I promise to pay Every Body, on order, on demand with interest, the amount of their money in Books, Stationery, Paper Hangings, Drawing Materials, Sheet Music, Fancy Goods, and Valentines, at my Store, North End Hancock's Building, near Elmwood Hotel.

REMOVAL.—Mrs. Lyford has removed to the Glass Front Store, corner of Main and Temple-st., with her NEW GOODS and FASHIONS; where her customers will find it for their interest to call. Dress-Making and Bonnet Bleaching done in the best manner.

MARRIAGES.

In St. Albans, Sumner I. Pratt of Corinna, to Sarah J. Foss.

In Starks, Enoch L. Greenleaf to Rebecca W. Gorton.

At Moose River, Samuel Holden, Jr., to Annis Hughes; Josiah T. Whitney to Mary Moore.

In Gorham, George W. Crockett to Eliza J. Newcomb.

Deaths.

In this village, on the 3d inst., Mrs. Priscilla, wife of Henry B. White, aged 51. [Born in the State of New York.]

In this village, May 3d, Miss Helena, daughter of Ivory Low, Esq., aged 24 years.

In this town, Thomas Bates, aged 52 years.

In St. Albans, Mrs. Lavina, wife of Thomas Foss, 52. In Starks, Hartley V. Waugh, aged 36.

In Fairfield, Milton Osborn, aged 24.

In Portland, David, Henry Moore, aged 55.

In Monmouth, Mrs. Charlotte P. Gould.

In Sanguineville, Mary, wife of George Roberts, aged 71.

In Portland, Mrs. Mary, relict of the late Commodore Edward Preble, and daughter of Mr. Nathl. Deering, 81.

In North Main, 30th inst., Miss Julia A. Getchell, aged 23 yrs 7 mos.

Rich and Unsurpassed Attractions AT THE TOWN HALL IN WATERTOWN, ON FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, June 2d & 3d.

MR. HARRINGTON, THE GREATEST VENTRILOQUIST IN THE WORLD, RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCES to the citizens of Waterville and vicinity, that he will appear as above, in one of his

Unique and Fashionable Entertainments, which have been the theme of admiration and delight in all the principal cities and towns in the United States.

SHOULDER ARMS! A. P. BAXTER, who informs the citizens of Waterville and vicinity, that he has removed from Silver street to Main Street, No. 2 Ticonic Row, up stairs.

Sign of the Big Padlock, Where he would be happy to see all his old customers and welcome new ones. After giving up his shop, he is now prepared to do anything in the line of

WHITESMITHING, such as Making and Repairing Locks of all descriptions—Bank, Store, Chest, and Gun Locks. Keys fitted and altered to any pattern.

The subscriber, having served a regular apprenticeship at BRASS CLOCK MAKING, and being able to give perfect satisfaction to all who may want CLOCKS REPAIRED or CLEANED. All work done promptly, on the most liberal terms, and warranted.

NEW STOCK. Just received, direct from New York, an assortment of GUNS, PISTOLS, AND HUNTING UTENSILS—such as Double Guns, Fine Twist, Patent Chamber, Rifle and Shot.

Single Fine Twist, Patent Chamber; Fine English Gun, silver Mountings; Powder Horns of all kinds, Rifle and Snuff Horns; Powder Flasks and Shot Pouches, Leather Taps; Bells, Whistles, and all other articles, and Cutlery, secured; Bullet Moulds of all kinds; Coze's best water proof Caps, warranted; Powder Horns, and Ground Shot.

Walker's and Smith's, also all other Changed Caps; Cap Primers, Coze's Wrenches, Screw Drivers; Gun Wads of assorted sizes.

The above Stock will be sold as low as can be bought in the State. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO ALTERING AND REPAIRING GUNS. JUNE 1st, 1851. 140

ROSS & LYNCH, (SUCCESSORS TO LYNCH & STEVENS) Wholesale Grocers and Commission Merchants, 181 & 189 FINE STREET, PORTLAND, ME.

DR. POLLARD INFORMS his friends that he has arrived in Waterville, and taken rooms at Mr. FLYNN'S, near the Elmwood Hotel, where he is prepared to wait upon all who give him professional services. He will stop in town only till SATURDAY, June 14, and all who wish to consult him, must do so previous to that time.

SUGARS. 200 BOXES Light Brown and Yellow Havana SUGARS, just landed and for sale by ROSS & LYNCH, 181 and 189 Fore Street, PORTLAND, June 3, 1851.

Curtain Goods. CRIMSON, Blue, Scarlet, Red and Changeable DAMASK; Embroidered, Checked and Plain CURTAIN MATERIALS; Embossed, Printed, Twilled and Plain CURTAIN MATERIALS; Bronzed Cornices, Holders and Pins. J. R. ELDEN & Co., June 4.

Stray Horse. STRAYED from the subscriber, on the 24 inst., a large BROWN MARE, with long tail, mane long and curly, a small nose on her back, and spavin on both hind legs. Whoever will give information where she may be found, shall be suitably rewarded. PETER MARCO. Waterville, June 2, 1851.

Quilts. IMPERIAL, WHITE, and LANCASTER QUILTS, new and beautiful patterns, from \$1.25 to \$5.00, and ready to sell. J. R. ELDEN & Co., June 4.

Lamps. SOLAR, Miniature, Fluid, Entry and Side Lamps, for sale by J. R. ELDEN & Co.

STORE ENLARGED.

ENTRANCE AT THREE DOORS!

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED, AN ADDITION TO OUR FORMER LARGE STOCK OF CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, &c., &c., and are now opening the same. Just give us a call, if you wish to secure good bargains.

TRAY & GOODWIN. At the sign of the American Flag, March 27, 1851.

New Millinery Goods at Kendall's Mills. Mrs. HASTY has just returned from Boston, with a new assortment of MILLINERY GOODS.

RECEIVED THIS DAY! AT GEO. H. GRIFFIN'S BOOKSTORE, Great Addition to a Large and Splendid Stock of Boston, New York and Philadelphia

Paper Hangings, Bordering, & Window Shades, at every grade of price.—Also New Patterns ENGLISH CUTLERY; Foreign and Domestic Plain and Fancy STATIONERY.

Beautiful Canton Feather, Silk and Silver PAPER, Fans, from the Expensive to Cents.

Fashionable Perfumery, Hair Oil, Brushes, Soaps, &c. Toy Books, Balls, Jumping Ropes, Hoops, and all other Toys for children.

Everything warranted as represented. Satisfaction guaranteed. Orders on Boston Every Tuesday. North End Hancock's Building, near Elmwood H-tel, 39th—April 17, 1851.

WINSTON'S ORIGINAL EXPRESS, (First in Maine—Established 1839.) WILL leave WATERTOWN daily, (with a Conductor,) for PORTLAND and BOSTON, taking charge of Money, Valuable Parcels, Bundles, or Freight of any description, for the above places, or forward from Boston to all places South or West by the cheapest and most expeditious route.

Notes, Drafts or Bills collected, and returns promptly made. We also furnish Bills of Exchange on Ireland, and Passage Certificates to and from London.

Merchandise or Produce bought or sold for a small commission above the freight, and faithful performance of all commissions entrusted to our charge, we hope to merit and receive your patronage. PHAY & GOODWIN, Agents. Waterville, May 20, 1851.

LIFE INSURANCE IN THE Union Mutual Life Insurance Company. PERSONS insuring for life, before the 1st of July next, will share the profits of the year ending at that date.

CALIFORNIA RISKS taken by N. B. BOULLE, M. D., Medical Examiner. Completed and Insured may be had of C. K. MATTHEWS, Agent. Waterville, April 30, 1851.

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING. O. C. TOZIER, having closed up his old stock of Clothing, has just received a new stock, one door north of Crocker & Co.'s, near Waterville Bank, a fresh and full supply of

Spring & Summer Clothing and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods. embracing every article usually worn, which will be sold at the lowest cash prices. The old stock is still retained, of "Quick sales and small profits," and those in want of any article, will save 10 to 20 per cent. by calling on O. C. TOZIER. May 12, 1851.

ANY quantity of HATS and CAPS, at high or low prices, may be found at O. C. TOZIER'S. May 14, 1851.

House and Lot for Sale. On the Corner of Pleasant and Church Streets. A good bargain. Apply, on the premises, or at the store, near Ticonic Bridge, to SIMON SMITH. May 15, 1851.

Crockery and Glass Ware. DOW & NYE, No. 2 Boutelle Block.

SOLICIT the attention of purchasers to the largest and best selected assortment of CROCKERY and GLASS WARE ever offered in Waterville. May 20, 1851.

Valuable Books for Sabbath Schools, FOR SALE BY C. K. MATTHEWS.

THE CHILD'S CABINET LIBRARY, containing 75 books, bound in 50 volumes. Price only \$2.50 for the Library. THE YOUNG LIBRARY, containing 100 books, bound in 75 volumes, for \$5.00.

CHILD'S SCRIPTURE QUESTION BOOK, for 10 cents. Union Question Books for 6 to 14 cents. Also Union Bible Dictionaries in various styles of binding.

N. B. Any Books published by the American Sunday School Union, will be found at their advertised prices, at from two to three days' notice.

Excelsior Soap. THIS excellent FAMILY SOAP, by the use of which a large washing can be done, with hard or soft water, in one-third less time than by any other soap known, warranted to give satisfaction, and not to injure in any way the slightest fabric, or anything it is applied to, is for sale by DOW & NYE, No. 2 Boutelle Block. Waterville, May 27.

LAMPS! LAMPS! A large assortment of Solar, Hanging, Side, Parlor and Miniature LAMPS, of all styles, and at low prices, for sale by C. K. MATTHEWS. Waterville, May 25, 1851.

E. MELLENS RESPECTFULLY gives notice to the citizens of Waterville and vicinity, that he has located himself in this village for the purpose of doing

Mason Work in all its various branches. He will be ready to contract for jobs, large or small, either with or without stock, and on the most reasonable terms.

Work will be done with neatness and dispatch. From past experience, and strict attention to business, he flatters himself that he can give satisfaction to all those who shall see fit to employ him. Particular attention paid to SETTING MARBLE CHIMNEYS.

WATERTOWN, May 25, 1851. 46f.

LIME! LIME! 400 CASKS LIME—Just received direct from the kiln in Rockland, a Cargo of first quality New York Blended lime for sale at wholesale or retail, as the purchaser may wish. L. E. SMITH, May 15, 1851.

Feathers. CONSTANTLY on hand and for sale, as low as the lowest by DOW & NYE No. 2 Boutelle Block.

STOCK ENLARGED. F. B. WHEELER respectfully informs the public that he has enlarged his store, and filled it with well selected stock of BOOTS and SHOES; and all in before purchased will be sold at low prices, and he will receive the liberal patronage bestowed upon him, and hopes, by fair dealing and close attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

Wanted—a stout, active BOY, about 16 years of age, as an Apprentice to a shoemaker. Apply to F. B. WHEELER, Waterville, May 21, 1851.

CARPENTERS. BARGAINS! BARGAINS! EVERY person in want of a Three ply, Superior, Pine, Compound, Cotton and Wool, Oil Cloth, or Straw Carpet, from 25 cents to \$1.25, will save time and money by calling on J. R. ELDEN & Co., May 27.

PARINA, CORN STARCH, Soap, Tapioca, Sage, Ground Rice, &c., for sale by DOW & NYE, No. 2 Boutelle Block.

Visitors and Parasols. A GREAT variety of new and beautiful patterns may be found at J. R. ELDEN & Co.'s.

FRESH CITRON AND DRIED CURRANTS for sale by DOW & NYE, No. 2 Boutelle Block.

CORDONETS, at very low prices, for sale at No. 1 Phenix Block, by C. K. MATTHEWS.

Parasols. A SPLENDID assortment, from 12 to 14 cents to \$4.00, just received from manufacturers, by J. R. ELDEN & Co.

CHOCOLATE, Prepared Cocoa, Brown and Cocoa Shells for sale at No. 2 Boutelle Block, DOW & NYE.

WOOL! WOOL! WOOL! WOOL! THE subscriber will pay CASH and the highest price for FLEECES WOOL and WOOL SHIRTS, at his Wool Store on Pleasant Street, north of the Depot. ALDEN EMMERY. Waterville, May 20, 1851.

BEST Kettling MACHINES, for sale by J. R. DOW, 1 Merchants' Row, Waterville, May 20, 1851.

10 M. COMMON CHEROKEE, 60 Reams Wrapping Paper, Wickham, Maine, &c., at J. R. DOW'S, No. 1 Merchants' Row, Waterville, May 20.

Weekly and Daily Papers. C. K. MATTHEWS has the following Papers for sale at his Store, No. 1 Phenix Block:

Weekly Magazine, Graham's Drawing Room Companion, Scientific American, Flag of our Union, Portland Transcript, Daily Papers—Boston Herald, Commonwealth, &c. Mail.

MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.—Graham's, Godey's and Scribner's Magazines for June, for sale by C. K. MATTHEWS.



