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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. VI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1853.

NO. 47.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
MAXHAM & WING,
At No. 3 1-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street.
RPH. MAXHAM. DAN'L R. WING.

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.

LOOK UP.

BY LILY.

Do the clouds of life press close and fast,
To mar the present, hide the past,
And toward the future shadows cast?
Look up!

Does earth seem dark to thy weary eye,
And its paths through grief and gloom to lie—
While its fountains of joy are hushed and dry?
Look up!

Has a friend proved false, or a fond hope fled—
Has the bitter tear o'er a grave been shed—
Till thy heart would nestle with the dead?
Look up!

Look up! the world has yet some light,
Some joys yet live—some hearts are right;
There's a sun for thee a portion bright—
Look up!

Thine eyes too long have sought the earth
In sorrow's shade, to note the birth
Of flowers that bloom in love and mirth.
Look up!

Man's work, while yet 'tis his to live,
Is still the same, for good to strive;
His duty—love, 'tis just, 'tis right,
Look up!

It still the clouds and mists will rise
To veil earth's beauty from thine eyes,
Beyond—where sweet hope never dies—
Look up!

MISCELLANY.

THE FATHER'S CHOICE.

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE.

CLARA MORETON.

[CONCLUDED.]

One evening, a few weeks after this, Julie Hunter found herself alone with her father, upon the broad piazza that extended in front of their house. It was the first time, since Mr. Stanley's arrest, that Mr. Hunter had shown his usual affection for Julie; but now he drew her down upon his knee, and called her his good daughter, and patted her cheeks, and kissed her, as before that sad occurrence, he had been in the habit of doing.

"I have always been a kind father to you, have I not, Julie?"

"Yes, dear papa," and she swept back her dark hair with her white hands, and kissed his forehead fondly.

"Well, my daughter, I have a request to make of you now—one that my child must not refuse me."

"I am glad you have, father, for I have one to make of you."

Mr. Hunter's brow darkened, but he answered promptly.

"Very well, Julie; if you promise to fulfill my wish, I will agree to grant your request."

"I promise, father," said Julie, eagerly and resolutely.

"Place your hand in mine, child," Julie did as she was bidden. "There, now repeat after me; as true as there is a God in heaven—"

"Oh no, no, father," interrupted Julie; "I could not swear. You must believe me, father. I promise you solemnly that I will do whatever you wish, if you will only take Mr. Stanley out of jail, and release him from debt. What is 8000 dollars to you, father, with all your wealth? Think of his poor wife and children!"

Mr. Hunter did not answer. Julie continued.

"You know, father, what the golden rule is—oh I have marked so many passages in the Bible that I want to read to you—shall I run and get it now, and will you come into the parlor with me?"

"No, no, child, not now. Do you know that you are asking me to do a very hard thing, Julie?"

"But, dear father, you will be so much happier after it is done. Just think how mother and I would feel if you were taken away from us, and carried to jail. Oh! father, how dreadful it would be! Would you go right off this very night, and bring poor Deacon Stanley home?"

Mr. Hunter brushed a tear from his eyes; but he strove to hide his tenderness by looking searchingly at his daughter, as he asked,

"Is it for Basil Stanley's sake that you ask me this?"

"No, father, indeed it is not; it is for your own sake. I want to see my father do something that would make me proud of him, and that would make him happier than he is now; for, dear father, you have not been happy lately, have you?"

"No, I have not, Julie; but it was all their own fault. I only wanted to frighten the deacon into paying—for I thought he had the means—and then they must all interfere, asking me if I wasn't ashamed of myself, and daring to dictate to me—Minister White, Squire Barker, and the rest of them. I soon let them know I wasn't afraid of them; but, Julie, I will go for him to-morrow; I will bring him back, and tell them it was your doings, as it will be, my child. But I couldn't have done it if you had wished it for Basil's sake—the insolent boy! braving me to my face, as he did! I wish I had him in jail—I'd keep him there!"

"Ah, no, father—don't talk so. You will forgive him one of these days, for he did not know what he was saying; you will forgive him, and learn to love him dearly, too."

"No, I never will, so help me God, I never will forgive Basil Stanley."

Mr. Hunter arose and paced the portico with his hands folded behind him, and a knit and lowering brow. The evil within was stronger than the good—and it had gained the mastery.

Julie leaned over the balcony, and rested her head on her hands. Her tears dropped helplessly down upon the flowers below.

"Would her father never forgive him? he had spoken so positively; but no, she would hope he had a good heart, and she was sure he could bear repentance forever. He had heard her first request so calmly, and not stormed and raved as she had feared he would; but she had chosen a good opportunity. What was it that her father required of her? Perhaps it

was to give up Basil forever! Oh, she could not do that; but still she had promised, promised solemnly, and whatever it was, it must be fulfilled.

Thus she mused, until her father roused her from her reverie.

"Don't let me hear Basil Stanley's name again, you understand me, Julie. I hate the boy!" and Mr. Hunter closed his teeth firmly as he spoke.

"Very well, father, if you say so it must be so; but what, dear father, am I to do for you, who have been so very indulgent to me to-night?"

Mr. Hunter took his daughter's hands between his own, and relapsing into his former tenderness, he said,

"Don't think that I am anxious to get rid of my daughter; no, for you shall live here just the same as ever. I couldn't get along without seeing your merry face; but I want you to be married this fall."

"Married!" said Julie; "I married? dear father, you are surely jesting."

"I don't jest about such things, Julie. I am getting old, and I want to know who is going to have my large property. I want some one who will not squander it, and who will at the same time make you a good husband. You must know that I feel some anxiety as to who is to have all my money when I am dead and gone."

"Don't talk so fast, father," said Julie; "don't talk about dying—though to be sure," she added, in a breath, "I want you to live so that you will be prepared to die any moment. I want you to forgive and forget all past offences, and—"

"Hush, Julie; not a word of Basil, unless you want to anger your father again."

"I would not do that for anything, dear father. Then your request is, that I marry in the fall; and you will, of course, leave the selection to me?"

"No, Julie; my request, which you have given your solemn promise to fulfill, is that you marry Mortimer Rivers this coming fall."

Julie was stunned. Not a word escaped her lips.

Mr. Hunter waited in vain for an answer. He might have read it in her pale face and quivering lips. At length he said,

"I expected you would tell me you loved another."

"I do," syllabled Julie through her closed teeth.

"And that one," added her father, "rather than see my daughter wed, I would chop off my right hand."

Julie shuddered. Her father continued,

"Mr. Rivers is very fond of you. I have mistrusted it for a long time; and I joked him this afternoon about it, when he confessed all. I promised him you should be his. You should have seen his joy then, and heard the promises he made to study your happiness; then you couldn't have helped loving him. Zounds! I didn't think he had so much feeling."

Julie sighed, and shuddered again.

"The night air is getting chill, we will go in the house," said Mr. Hunter; and Julie, console herself with the thought that girls never marry their first love; and devilish glad some of them are that they don't, eh, mother, can't you speak from experience?" he said, turning to his wife, who was sitting in her armchair, in the room they had just entered.

Mrs. Hunter confessed that she had once fancied herself in love before she had seen her present husband.

"There's encouragement for you, Miss Julie! And, Mistress Hunter, what do you think my ring-dove has cajoled me into? Can't you guess, eh? Well, a pretty nice round sum she's wheeled out of her old father this night. She has been teaching me the golden rule, bless her pious heart! and to-morrow, my lady, I am to go off to Stoneham jail, and bring back the deacon, and make him a present of his debt besides."

"Now, John, now dear John, it isn't possible you are going to be so good as that?" said his wife as she took her spectacles off to wipe the tears from her eyes.

"Isn't it possible, you good-for-nothing, old, contradictory woman? (All these adjectives were frequently used in an endearing sense by Mr. Hunter, and his wife was quite used to them.) Did you think there was no good in me? That I would let the deacon stay there when I found he hadn't got the money? I tell you, I only wanted a good excuse to let him out, for I haven't slept soundly one night since he went. Bless you, woman, I ain't quite the old boy you take me for."

"No, no, John, I always said you were the best-hearted man in the world. Only to think of it—well, well! I shan't be the only happy one to-morrow."

"No, I suppose not; but there's one happy one that you don't know any thing about."

"Who's that?"

"Why, our Julie, ma'am, is to be married in the fall. Now, guess who is the happy one? and who only deserves such a treasure?"

Mrs. Hunter replaced her spectacles, and glancing across the room to where Julie sat with her hand pressed over her eyes, stammered out at last,

"Well, I'm sure I—I—is it—er—er Basil Stanley?"

"You old fool! if you can't guess better than that you may hold your tongue. What put that cursed name into your mouth?"

Mrs. Hunter always answered her husband, sometimes, as now, when he did not want any answer.

"Why, he was her first love, you know," she finally replied.

"First love—hang it! And what was the name of your first love, Mistress? and what became of him?"

"Peter Smith," answered Mrs. Hunter, humbly. "He took to drink, you know, and died in the poor-house."

"Well, ma'am, we will let Peter Smith, and Basil Stanley keep company. Mrs. John Hunter's daughter shall follow her mother's example; and I hope she may be as happy with Minister Rivers for her husband, as her mother has been before her."

"I hope she may," said Mrs. Hunter, meekly; but her tones were sad, for her quick ear had caught the sound of a sob, and she knew Julie too well to doubt the strength of her attachment to Basil.

When Julie reached her room that night, her first act was to draw Basil's letter from her bosom, over which she bent with eyes so dim and misty with her tears that she could scarce discern the words. "Would that I could sell myself! Willingly would I do it, if my father

might only breathe the air of freedom." Should she rebel any longer, when, through the promise she had that night given, all would be accomplished for which Basil had been willing to sell himself away from her forever? For his sake, for his happiness, she could do much; but, oh! would not a life of slavery be preferable to her lot? the wife of a man for whom her heart bent with no affection, while that heart was irrevocably given to another. She questioned of herself whether even religion could sustain her in such hopeless misery. With such thoughts she dropped upon her knees in prayer; she besought God to give her strength to meet her inevitable fate without struggling; she prayed that it might have the effect of weaning her more from earth, and drawing her nearer to heaven; and she explored that, if it might be, her days of trial might be few, and her home soon be in that land where sorrow and tears are unknown. Basil was not forgotten; but her voice faltered, and was at length drowned by her emotions, as she pleaded for all the blessings of life to rest upon him. When she arose from her prayer, she felt that, great as was the sacrifice, her heart was fortified to endure it, while her earthly reward should be in the happiness she should bring to Basil's family.

From one window of the cottage at 'The Gorge,' night after night, the feeble radiance of a single lamp might be seen glimmering out into the darkness. It was from Basil's room. His troubled mind would not allow him the rest he needed. In vain he revolved scheme after scheme for his father's release. The small compensation which he now received for his services as book-keeper, was scarcely sufficient for their daily use. He knew that his father's friends were exerting themselves to procure the amount of Mr. Hunter's claim; but he also knew that sympathy and money were commodities that differed entirely in their nature, and that all that felt for him in their hearts could not be expected—to use the words of a well known character—to feel in their pockets.

The house and farm, which had been mortgaged to one of Deacon Stanley's city creditors, were bought in by Squire Barker; and, although he paid its full value, there was only five hundred dollars left after the claim upon it was satisfied. Before the deacon's arrest, the goods in his store had been appraised; but they were levied upon for another claim, and there was nothing left free but the store itself, which no one seemed inclined to buy. And a worthless affair it did appear to be, with its loose, brown clap-board, and its leaking and moss-grown roof; so it was no wonder that it was difficult to raise the balance of the sum to pay off Mr. Hunter.

Deacon Stanley seemed to have been peculiarly unfortunate, for when he first started in the mercantile business he had met with severe losses; but being less ambitious than he, had kept on slowly but surely. One of his losses had been peculiarly aggravating; the little fortune that his wife inherited after her father's death he had received in cash, and the pocket-book, in which the bills had been stored only the previous day, mysteriously disappeared from his store. There was no discovering any trace of it. To be sure, an Irishman, who was a stranger in the village, had been loitering about Deacon Stanley's premises, and the deacon had given him several jobs to do; but he did not seem very fond of work, and was soon missing. He was traced to an adjoining town, but here he was idling about in the same way, without money or decent apparel, and although he was very strongly suspected, they failed in bringing any proof against him.

But, to return to Basil. The Sabbath, his only day of rest, he devoted to his father; and, in these dark prison-walls his holy filial love seemed to burn with brighter lustre. Now, indeed, had his father reason to be proud of him as he listened to the words of Holy Writ from his lips, forcing himself to stop between the passages, at times, to speak cheerfully of the future. The future—which to him, even were the sunshine of his home restored to him by his father's presence, would still be dark and cheerless!

It was at this juncture of affairs that Mr. Hunter made his promise to Julie—the promise that was more difficult to keep than to make. But his word had been given; and Julie felt that to remind him of it, as he sat the next morning smoking his pipe on the piazza. He grumbled a little at first, and wanted to send his hired man in his place; but no; Julie insisted that it would spoil the whole not to see her father riding through the village with Deacon Stanley in his buggy; and throwing her arms around his neck she added,

"You must not refuse me, father, for I shall have to sacrifice much more in keeping my promise to you; but I will keep it. You need have no fears of my breaking it."

Mr. Hunter patted her cheeks, called her his good daughter, and then got up and knocked the ashes out of his pipe, grumbled about the house for an hour longer, and then was off to Stoneham jail. He grew into a better humor with himself as he approached the town, for he began to fancy that he was doing a very meritorious deed; but when he alighted from his buggy in front of the gloomy-looking building, and was admitted through the iron door, and led down the vaulted passages to the damp cell which Deacon Stanley occupied, his heart smote him for his cruelty.

The deacon did not notice the sound of their footsteps. He was seated close by the iron-barred window, through which the light came in feeble rays, so covered with dust were the small, square panes of glass. He bent over a volume that he held in his hand, while he read in low tones,

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance, and my God!"

"Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation: O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man!"

"Here I am!" cried out Mr. Hunter, "here is the unjust man! But you shan't be delivered out of his hands this time. Here, Julie, open the door—quick, I tell you. Hang you! do you want me to knock it down?"

"'Twould be a tough day's work for you," muttered the jailer, as he turned the key in the massive lock, while the ponderous door swung toward him.

Mr. Hunter grasped Deacon Stanley's hand, and shook it heartily.

"I don't know as you can ever forgive me, deacon, for shutting you up in this old hole

and I am sure I never could forgive myself if you did. But come along now, and try to forget that I ever was such a brute. I guess you have slept as sound of nights as I have, for you've had no conscience to trouble you—eh! isn't it so, deacon?"

Deacon Stanley looked around him, bewildered. He had suffered the grasp of his hand, but he seemed like one in a dream. When Mr. Hunter tried to draw him from his cell he shook his head—he was afraid it was a mockery; and not until he was seated in the carriage and felt the cool, fresh breeze upon his face, and saw the fair blue sky above him, and the cheerful landscape spread around, did he realize that he was again free.

When they passed through the streets of Huntersville, they met gaping mouths and staring eyes in every direction; but Mr. Hunter enjoyed their surprise; he cracked his whip and laughed merrily, declaring that it was the happiest day that he had known since he sent the deacon to jail.

When they reached the lane, Mr. Hunter proposed that his companion should walk the distance to the cottage, saying—"he did not think he could meet Mrs. Stanley, after keeping her husband so long away; and, deacon," he added, at the same time handing him a paper, "here is a present from my daughter, whose feelings you must not hurt by refusing to take it. It is but a poor compensation for the unkindness I have shown you."

Deacon Stanley well knew what it was, and with tears in his eyes he thanked Mr. Hunter for his great and unexpected kindness. As he bent his steps toward the cottage where his family resided, he repeated to himself the words of the Psalmist, "Verily God hath heard me: He hath attended to the voice of my prayer."

A few moments more, and he was surrounded by his wife and children; while words of endearment, mingled with prayers of thankfulness, too sacred for repetition, were breathed within those humble walls.

The news spread through the village like wildfire, and Basil hastened home, scarcely able to believe it until he found himself in his father's arms. After hearing of Mr. Hunter's additional kindness, it was his wish to return the note, but his father replied,

"No, my son, we will keep it; but my obligation to him shall prove none the less binding. If life and health is spared, Mr. Hunter shall not lose the first cent by me. I cannot blame him so much—hasty and passionate as we know him to be; for he thought I had misrepresented my affairs to him, while I was only too sanguine. As soon as he saw his error, see how nobly he set himself to work to atone for it!"

Basil made no reply, but he mused for a long time upon Mr. Hunter's kindness to his father, and from that he gleaned some hopes of future happiness for himself and Julie.

Ah, little did he dream of the terrible price that Julie was to pay for that kindness!

And now, with the Stanley family, as it often seems to happen, one turn of good fortune was followed by another. The surveyors of the projected railroad between ———— and ———— arrived at Huntersville, and it was found that the road would pass directly through Deacon Stanley's store. Squire Barker took the property into his hands, and sold it for more than double the amount which the deacon had expected to obtain. Moreover, in tearing down the old store, the long-lost pocket-book was found, with the contents perfectly safe—the corners only having been gnawed by the rats, who were now proved to have been the real thieves.

The deacon was able to buy back his house and farm, to which his family joyfully removed; while Basil made immediate preparations to return to college—Squire Barker telling him that, as soon as he would finish his law studies, he would take him into partnership, and gradually resign all his practice into his hands.

It was not until the day before Basil's departure that the rumor of Julie's engagement to the young minister reached his ears. He feared that it was true; for in no other way could he account for the manner in which she had so studiously avoided him for the past five weeks, and for Mr. Rivers' constant attendance upon her.

It was a sorrowful termination to the visions he had lately been weaving, but when the first sickness of heart which came over him at the tidings died away, he sat down to ponder over the future with a calmness which Julie never could have done. At first, life seemed utterly valueless to him, without the hope, which had never quite died out, of one day calling her his. No other love could ever compensate him for the loss of hers; but ambition, with her alluring promises, beckoned him onward, and he resolved henceforth to own no thralls but hers. It never entered his heart to seek an explanation with Julie, for since her father's generous conduct he felt himself bound by every tie of honor to abstain from any stolen interview.

But now that this engagement was publicly discussed, there was nothing to keep him from carrying out the impulse he had long ago had viz.: to apologize to Mr. Hunter for his hasty and disrespectful words. With this intention he walked up there that same evening.

As he stood in the shadow of the woodbine that hung in such masses from the pillars of the piazza, he heard the low sound of voices which he knew to be Julie's and Mortimer's. His heart grew faint within him—he could not yet accustom himself to the thought of yielding her to another.

He went around the house to a side door, and in the back sitting-room he found Mr. Hunter alone.

As Basil crossed the threshold, Mr. Hunter's brow betokened a storm. He rose to his feet, saying,

"You are an unwelcome visitor in this house, Mr. Stanley. I had expected after what had passed between us that my home would be safe from your intrusion."

"And so it shall be, sir, from this night—After your kindness to my father, I could not leave this place without wishing to recall those passionate words which I so far forgot myself as to use to you. Believe me, sir, they have already occasioned me more accusations of conscience than any act of my life-time."

"Hum! so, so!—and a mischievous light twinkled in Mr. Hunter's eyes,—do you know that my daughter is—"

"I know, sir, that your daughter is to be married next fall, else I should not have been standing here, but some minds might have mis-

interpreted my motives." Basil's brow crimsoned as he spoke, and something of the light flashed from his eyes which Mr. Hunter had once before seen.

He seemed to respect him the more for the indignation with which he repelled his insinuation, for he extended his hand, saying,

"I believe you, Basil, I believe you; and although we cannot expect any very warm friendship on either side, we will let bygones be bygones."

Mr. Hunter then walked with Basil down the path to the gate, and although his manner was rather constrained, the courtesy was more than Basil had expected.

Again, as they passed the windows, he heard the same murmuring of the low voices, and something like bitterness crept into his heart as he reproached Julie for so soon listening to the love of another.

Alas! could he have seen how the rose hue had faded from her cheeks, how sorrowful were the once joyous eyes, he could have imagined something of the daily struggles of her life.

That night she saw Basil in the moonlight, as he walked down with her father to the gate, and she could not hide from Mortimer the emotions which so agitated her.

"What could it mean?" she thought. "Was there any possibility that her father had forgiven him? No, she was too foolish to think of it; but although she told herself so, again and again, her wayward heart would leap over the impossibilities and settle down upon this new hope."

Mortimer's unexacting love and patient devotion, had won from Julie a sisterly affection, which would no more bear comparison to her strong love for Basil, than the soft summer breeze to the fierce hurricane that sweeps everything from its path.

But he was encouraged by the tenderness of her manner to hope that he should one day possess an undivided heart; for how could he know that her earnest looks and gentle words were only called forth by sympathy. Ah! she truly divined that the unnatural lustre of his eyes, and the bright glow that sometimes lingered on his cheeks, were the sure heralds of the approach of that insidious disease of which Angelina had told her mother had died.

Poor Mortimer! the reaction was too much for him. Giddy and sick, he watched Julie while she pressed her hands nervously across her heart, as Basil's footsteps died away in the distance. Over her pale cheeks the color came and went, and at length settled there with a rich glow, which rivalled the clusters of the crimson noisette that clambered over the easement against which she was leaning. For the remainder of the evening both were embarrassed and constrained, and it was a relief to Julie when Mortimer took his departure, and she was able to seek the solitude of her own room.

For hours she tossed restlessly upon her couch—she could not sleep; and her conscience told her that it was because she was endeavoring to escape from the path of duty. The night was warm, and rising she went to her open window, and threw wide the lattice. The soft breeze, laden with the perfume of the flowers, which yield their sweetest breath at night, came to her refreshingly. The tranquil beauty of the landscape before her soothed her perturbed thoughts, and her mind settled back into the calmness with which she had schooled herself to think of her trials. Still, as she searched her heart, she could not but acknowledge that the last hope had not yet been rooted out of it.

In vain she deceived herself with the belief that she was exterminating her love for Basil, when, alas! her tears but watered it daily, swelling the germs to buds. No, the heart itself must cease to beat before this noble plant, when once rooted, can be torn from the soil. The buds may blight, the flowers may wither and fade, the leaves may grow dry and sear, but deep within, the roots have buried themselves, and they thrive on forever.

"Thou never loved Who dreamt that they loved once."

A few weeks passed away, during which time Angelina noticed the constraint in Mortimer and Julie when together, and fearing lest her cherished plans would, after all, be defeated, she resolved to persuade her brother to insist upon an earlier day for the marriage.

For this purpose she entered his room one morning.

"Mortimer," she said, "I think you ought to be married before Stanley returns from college."

Mortimer, pale and languid, was reclining upon a couch, but as his sister spoke, his cheeks were lit up with a rosy glow. It died away, and he turned his face from her, sighing heavily.

"Why do you sigh so?" said Angelina, as she bent over him anxiously.

"The more I think of it, sister," he replied, "the more I think it is wrong for me to marry Julie."

"And the more I think of you, Mortimer Rivers, the more I think you are a fool, and nothing else," she answered.

"Angelina," he said, and the tones of his voice were gentle, "Angelina, you once told me that you would rather see me dying by inches before your eyes, than to have me wed a girl who did not possess riches. You see me dying now—be content with that, and ask no more."

The angry expression of her countenance vanished, and was replaced by one of intense anxiety. Her brother's solemn words awoke anew the fears which had before this agitated her heart. She idolized him, and through him, had she determined that the golden dreams of her childhood should be realized. Could it be that Death would at one blow rob her of all? No, she refused to believe it; and with assumed calmness she sat down to reason with her brother upon what she called his infatuation.

Not in vain had Mortimer Rivers studied the Scriptures. Dwelling on the fullness of the Savior's love, His sinless character and holy life, his soul became imbued with a religious devotion he had failed to feel when first he took upon him his ministerial duties. He realized his accountability, and ever present with him was the momentous truth expressed in this passage of Holy Writ—"God will render unto every man according to his deeds."

When he became conscious that Julie still loved Basil, while her acceptance of him had been caused only by sentiments of filial duty, his resolution was taken, and no arguments or persuasions of his sister were able to change him.

It was the Sabbath day. The waning summer still robed the hills and vales in beauty, although the ripening fruit and fading flowers foretold the near approach of autumn.

In the pulpit that day, good old Minister White sat alone. With a tremulous voice he requested the prayers of the congregation for his young colleague, who was lying at the point of death.

Earnest and fervent was his simple prayer, and not alone upon Mr. Hunter's face were seen traces of tears that solemn morning.

Julie was not in church. She had staid to watch with Angelina beside Mortimer, who, the night after his conversation with his sister, had been so violently seized with nervous fever as to be constantly delirious.

Now, indeed, were Angelina's air-castles crumbling around her; and amidst their ruins she saw only a yawning grave.

For days Mortimer lingered between life and death, but at length his constitution proved too feeble to longer resist the ravages of disease.

Late one afternoon he awoke conscious, and his first request was that Julie would send for her father. She did so; and when he arrived they were left alone together. What passed between them Mr. Hunter did not repeat, but he had evidently been deeply affected; for when he went through the house to return home his eyes were filled with tears, and he was still deeply agitated.

The next morning the tolling bell echoed through the valley, while the silence of death reigned through the parsonage—for Death was there.

All that remained of Mortimer Rivers was but the form of clay.

The last summer roses that bloomed beside his window, some kind hand had plucked, and scattered over the couch by which Julie kept watch on the day she had once expected to have been his bride.

Angelina, who remained day and night beside the remains of her brother, gave herself up to the most excessive grief after returning from his funeral. Now was she cast adrift, without even the frail anchor of an earthly hope to cling to on the ocean of life.

Fearfully crushing is the hand of affliction upon the form, which has Earth alone to lean upon—Earth, with its wounding thorns, its defiling dust, its treacherous quick-sands.

Another week, and Basil returned home from college. Mr. Hunter immediately visited him. Basil was the first one to whom he communicated the promise he had given Mortimer on his death-bed. It was that he would no longer oppose Basil and Julie in the first wish of their hearts. From Mr. Hunter's lips Basil also heard the history of Julie's self-abnegation—and his heart reproached him for having doubted her constancy.

There was nothing now to separate them longer, and in the exceeding love which each found in the heart of the other, both felt repaid for all the anguish of the past.

From this time every one in the village remarked the wonderful change in Mr. Hunter. He became as generous as he was once cold, as kind and conciliating as he had been harsh and forbidding. In contributing to the happiness of others, he had learned the secret of true happiness.

His wife and daughter, with good reason, grew to look upon him with pride as well as fondness.

As with him, so ever is it, those who would bring happiness to their hearts and their homes, must

"Give and forgive, do good and love, Lightening the load of daily life."

Don't speak to her! There was a bitter sneer upon the little girl's face, as she and her companion turned away from the poorer dressed school companion.

No, little Miss, don't speak to the poor girl. Your father swindled poor people and made a large property out of their hard earnings. He was a low-bred vagabond when a young man, and universally despised, but is now one of the 'upper ten.' At heart he is as base and low as he ever was. But he deals in stocks and robs by shaving bonds and mortgages. He is a moneyed man. He is rich. He is your father, Miss, and would not like it were you to place yourself on a level with honorable poor people. Don't speak to her!

The girl is plainly clad and has no titbit around her neck, or costly playthings. She has a humble home, and a poor mother. Her father was ruined by one who rolls in wealth, and died a stricken man. His fine house—the early home of the poor girl, was sold at a sacrifice, and purchased by the man who ruined him. Her mother, the once beautiful and accomplished belle and noble woman, takes in washing. What a vulgar woman! How low it is to take in washing! Who could associate or have anything to do with them?

Don't speak to her! Her sweet face is pale and sad, and her dress is coarse and plainly made. Just look at her pantafolets even—nothing but common needle-work! Not as fine as yours by a good deal. Her shoes, too, are common calf-skin while yours are beautiful alders. Why can't the vulgar thing dress as well as you can, and why can't her sad-hearted mother have a fine house and ride to church in a carriage? What business have folks to be poor? How exceedingly vulgar it is to work for a living!

Don't speak to her! She ain't fit for your company—she don't dress well enough. No matter if she does hear the cutting words—Poor children have no feeling. It's your privilege to say what you are pleased to about such kind of folks. There is a tear in her mild blue eye and a quick flush on her pale cheek, and as she passes by the group with their hoops, she draws her checkered bonnet tightly around her face, and steals away with many a bitter sob. Her young heart is learning its first sorrow. She will know that heart and conduct have no claim upon the respect of the fashionable world. Her mother washes for bread; and she is a poor girl. There are many sobs and clouds for her in the future—many a cutting word and stinging sneer. Her woman's heart will need all its bravery. She may triumph in the stern and trying struggle, or she may give way and go down to worse than a grave. Her soul was full of the pure and noble in all that is womanly, but they crushed her with an iron heel and she was lost.

Don't speak to poor girls!—they have no business to be poor—it is so vulgar.—[Portland Transcript.]

1. The first step in the process of identifying a problem is to recognize that a problem exists. This involves gathering information about the situation and identifying the specific issue that needs to be addressed.

PAIN-EXPELLERS

CANKER AND SALT RHEUM SYRUP

CANKER CURE AND CERATE,

WARRANTED A CURE FOR

Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Scrofulous Humors, Liver Complaints, Canker, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood.

THESE preparations are scientific productions of a regularly educated physician (who is now extensively engaged in the practice of his profession). They have become deservedly popular in all sections of the country, where they have been

duced, from the fact that they have never failed to effect a cure where they have been used according to directions.

THE CANKER AND SALT HUMOR SYRUP

Is an article differing entirely from *Scrophularia* or Duck syrup or any other preparation ever offered to the public. It can be positively relied on for the effectual cure of scrofulous humors, salt rheum, erysipelas, cancer in the mouth, stomach and bowels, fevers, eruptions, skin diseases, and all other humors from an impure state of the blood. In a word it is a complete restorative, evacuating disease, and restoring to healthy action every part of the system.

It contains no opium or mercury or arsenic, as some know-nothing doctors have vaguely insinuated and falsely asserted; and should not even be doubted, either in its efficacy or its safety.

any chemist who can, by the strictest test of chemistry, prove it to be false. It is PURELY VEGETABLE in its composition, and to accurately combined in its proportions that the CHEMICAL, HUMANICAL, and MEDICAL properties of each ingredient harmoniously unite to purify the blood, restore the appetite, giving tone and vigor to every part of the system. It has removed many chronic diseases which have baffled the skill of the best physicians, and has also cured cancer, salt rheum, erysipelas, and scrofula, while sarsaparilla and yellow dock syrups entirely failed to make the least impression upon.

in all cases of hemorrhoids, and especially for sore throat and erysipelas. It is a valuable accompaniment to the syring, as it will effectually destroy every vestige of humor from the surface of the body which will be driven out by the use of the syring. It is one of the most valuable external applications ever known for the cure of burns, scalds, scald head, old sores, piles, barber's itch, and all other eruptions on the skin; and far surpasses all other external applications.

is the desideratum so long sought for the relief and cure of certain diseases which all other preparations have failed to relieve. It is warranted a positive cure for nursing sore mouths; in these cases it has never failed. Thousands have tried it, and been cured; also, for canker in the mouth, stomach, and bowels, and in the intimate system, it has effected cures. Remedies after all other tried remedies had failed. For ulcers and sores, it is a powerful and efficacious remedy. It is a positive cure for the prevailing foul cankerous humors in the system. This is useful, and is a valuable accompaniment to the syrup in all cases of canker.

CAUTION.—Beware of these articles are genuine without the signature of S. A. WEAVER & CO., on the outside wrapper.

Manufactured at New London, Conn.; by S. A. WEAVER & CO., to whom all orders must be addressed. 16.

JAS L. KELLEY & CO., Portland, general wholesale agents for the State of Maine; sold also by WILLIAM DYER, Waterville; C. C. Cornish, Winslow; E. Fisher, Augusta, and by the principal Druggists in this and every other State in the Union.

Jos. L. Kelley & Co's
BEST quality Varnish and Japan, for sale CHEAP. We will
not warrant it. "A word to the wise"
Waterville, April 5, 1853. 38 G. W. and H. T. PRESSEY.

MAY 19TH, 1853.
CHEAPER THAN EVER

E. T. ELDEN & CO.,
H A V I N G just returned from New York, with an ex
tensive assortment of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS, are now prepared to offer the following
inducements.
NEW styles Prints, only 6 1-4 cts., well worth 8 1-8.

do. fine and wide 8 " 10
Merrimue and Cocheo 10 cheap at 11
Beautiful styles Olingham 10, usually sold for 12 1/2
New Patterns English and Scotch, from 12 1/2 to 25 cts yd.
1500 yds M. DeLaine, new styles, 25 cts yd.
1100 yds desirable Styles from 11 to 14 cts.

CASHMERE SHAWLS.
Entirely new Designs, and at prices cheaper than ever.
Some Rich Patterns as low as \$6.00 piece.
Largest sizes and best qualities, from \$9 to \$15 a piece.
Black Silk, Thibet, and "crape Shawls, all qualities and sizes,
at prices from \$2 75 to \$10.00 a piece.

DRESS SILKS,
all grades, which will be sold at less prices than can be found at any other place. We have some new and desirable styles as low as 62 1/2 cts a yd.

ALSO a large lot of Linens, of our own importation, among which may be found, Linen Shirts, Pillow-Case and Linen Sheetings, Bosom Linings, all qualities and prices. Hdkfs. Ta-

hile Coatees, Napkins, Damasks, Doilies, etc., which will be sold at decided bargains.

1500 yds new style Poplins from 25 to 33 cts. yd.

875 yds good quality, col'd Cambrics, from 10 to 17 cts yd.

1000 yds Indian and Book Muslins, from 17 to 33 cts a yd.

NOS. 3 and 4 BOUTELLE BLOCK.

Co-Partnership.

must understand a few facts before the public that they

THE undersigned respectfully inform the public that they have entered into partnership, for the purpose of carrying on the

BAKING BUSINESS,

at the old stand of W. C. Bridge, on Main-st., where orders in their line are respectfully solicited, and will be promptly answered.

WATERVILLE, April 5, 1855. [28] WILLIAM C. BRIDGE.
JAMES M. CONANT.

To our Creditors.
S. WING being now at Waterville himself, wishes all persons
S. who have paid for DAGUERRETYPES in advance to call
immediately. Also all who have had Daguerreotypes in advance.
If any more of our work is wanted we are prepared to execute
the same as good as can elsewhere be obtained.
S. WING & BROTHERS,
Waterville, February 23, 1853. 32

NEW RESTAURANT.
TIBBETS & FOSTER
I HAVE opened a Restaurant and Oyster Saloon at No. 5 Merchant's Row, directly opposite J. M. Crooker and Co.'s store, where they will be happy to serve customers with everything usually kept in a first class establishment of this kind.—

They will keep all kinds of Fruits in their season, Confectionery, the best of Cigars, etc., etc. Also Soda, Lemonade, and other Summer Drinks.

They have fitted up a Saloon in the second story, with a separate entrance, where Ladies can be served with Ice Creams, Oysters, etc

They are determined to keep a quiet, well conducted establishment, in which neatness and good order shall prevail: and while meriting support they hope to receive it.

Give us a call.
Waterville, March 31, 1888. 37 EDWIN TIBBETS,
GEOR. R. FOSTER.

STEAMBOAT NOTICE.
THE STEAMER CLINTON,
CAPT. GEORGE JEWELL,
WILL run, until further notice, as follows:
Leave Waterville for Augusta every Monday, Tuesday,

Returning, leaves Gardiner for Waterville every Tuesday and Friday at 12 M., and Hallowell daily at 12 1-2 P. M., excepting on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when she leaves on the arrival of the Ocean from Boston.

FARE—From Waterville to Augusta and Hallowell, 25 cts.	
"	" to Gardiner. 37 1-2 cts.

Leaves August for Waterville at 1 o'clock P. M. every day Wednesday and Saturday excepted.
 [7] The CLINTON meets the steamer OCEAN, for Boston, every Monday and Thursday.
 Fare 25 cts. each way
 Waterville, April, 1868. 40tf

Private School.

MRS. ROBINSON will commence her SUMMER TERM on Monday, May 31st, in the room over Mr. Thomas's store, opposite the Depot. 89

CURTAIN GOODS.

A LARGE assortment of white Curtain Muslins, (some very rich styles,) rich Damasks, also Red, Buff, Blue, and Green Curtain Cambrics for sale cheap by WM. H. BLAIR and CO.

GRASS SEED.
BEST HERDS GRASS SEED and NORTHERN CLOVER seeds
 for sale by **WILLIAM DYER.**
 March 31, 1853

Garden Seeds.
A LARGE lot of Wethersfield, Somerset, Shaker and Boston
 Seeds, for sale by **WILLIAM DYER.**

**NEW STYLES CARPETINGS,
AT DECIDED BARGAINS.**
E. T. ELDEN & CO. having made, during the past week,
large additions to their stock of Rich and Fashionable
CARPETINGS,
are now prepared to offer to the Spring Trade one of the most

extensive and elegant assortments to be found in the country.

OUR STOCK CONSISTS OF

Superfine Three Ply Carpets, from 92 cts. to \$1.12 1-2 cts. yd.

Extra Superfine, new patterns	65	to	83
Extra Fine do.	58	to	67
Fine and common, all wool,	45	to	52
Union Carpets, entirely new styles,	33	to	42
4-4 5-4 and 6-4 Straw Matting,	25	to	37 1-2.
4-4 4-4 Bedsteads, Mica and	29	to	37 1-2.

ALSO

A great variety of **ELEGANT STAIR CARPETS**, in the different widths from 12-1 1/2 cts. to \$1.00 a yd. Manila, Brussels, and Tufted Rugs, from 75 cts. to \$9.00 apiece. Special care has been taken in the selection of this stock, and being purchased and received in advance of the recent rise in carpets, we are enabled to offer our entire assortment, full ten per cent less than those purchasing at the present rates. **NO. 3 BOTTLE BLOCK.**

CHEAP ENOUGH.
E. T. ELDEN & CO. ARE SELLING
 New styles Madder Prints at 6 1-4 cts yd.
 Wide Muslins and Lawns from 8 to 10 cts.
 Book and India Muslins from 25 to 30 cts.
 New styles Irish Pinafores, from 23 to 28 cts.

Ticking and stripe Sheetting, from 8 to 11 cts.
NOS 2 and 3 BOUTELLE BLOCK.

Soap and Potash.

THE subscriber having permanently established himself in the Soap and Potash business at Pearson's Tannery, is prepared to supply these articles in any quantity. Good Soap sold for \$3 a barrel, and Potash retailed at 7 cts. a pound. His team will

call at people's homes about once in six weeks, for the purpose
of purchasing ashes, and supplying Soap and Potash to those
who wish. P. H. BOWKER.
Waterville, March 23, 1859. 86tf

Carrot Seed.
A PRIME Fresh lot of Carrot, Turnip and Beet Seeds, by the
pound, ounces or paper, for sale by WILLIAM DYER.
March 31, 1859.

AMERICAN TRACT DEPOSITORY.
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS for sale, at
 the society Prices, in any quantities by
C. K. MATHEWS.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. A faint horizontal line is visible near the bottom edge of the page.

