



12-9-1858

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 12, No. 22): December 9, 1858

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 12, No. 22): December 9, 1858" (1858). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 593.
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THE BEAUTIFUL WARD.

A CHARMING STORY.

Dorriforth, bred at St. Omer's in all the scholastic rigor of that college, was by education and the solemn vows of his order, a Roman Catholic priest; but, nicely discriminating between the philosophical and the superstitious part of that character, he adopted the former only, and possessed qualities not unworthy of the first professors of Christianity. Every virtue which it was his vocation to preach, it was his care to practise; nor was he in the class of those of the religious, who, by secluding themselves from the world, fly from the merit they might acquire in reforming mankind: he refused to shelter himself from the temptations of the layman by the walls of a cloister; but sought for, and found that shelter within the centre of London, where he dwelt, in his own prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance.

He was about thirty, and had lived in the metropolis near five years, when a gentleman, above his own age, but with whom he had in his youth contracted a sincere friendship, died, and left him the sole guardian of his daughter, who was then eighteen.

The deceased Mr. Milner, on his approaching dissolution, perfectly sensible of his state, thus reasoned with himself before he made the nomination: "I have formed no intimate friendship during my whole life, except one—I can be said to know the heart of no man, except the heart of Dorriforth. After knowing him, I never sought acquaintance with another—I did not wish to know the created existence of human nature, which he had inspired."

In this moment of trembling apprehension for every thought which darted across his mind, and more for every action which soon must be called to answer for; all worldly views were thrown aside, and he, as if that tribunal, before which every mortal must appear, were now sitting in judgment upon his past life. The care of an only child is the great charge which in this tremendous crisis I have to execute. These earthly affections that bind me to her by custom, sympathy, or what I fondly call parental love, would direct me to consult her present happiness, and leave her to the care of those whom she thinks her dearest friends; but they are friends only in the sunshine of fortune—in the cold nipping frost of disappointment, sickness, or connubial strife, they will forsake the house of care, although the very fabric which they may have themselves erected."

Here the excruciating anguish of the father overcame that of the dying man.

"In the moment of desertion," continued he, "which I now picture to myself, where will my child find comfort? That heavenly aid which religion provides, and which now, amidst these agonizing tortures, cheers with humble hope my afflicted soul; that she will be denied."

It is in this place proper to remark, that Mr. Milner was a member of the church of Rome; but on his marriage with a lady of Protestant tenets, they mutually agreed their sons should be educated in the religious opinion of their father, and their daughters in that of their mother. One child only was the result of their union; the child whose future welfare now occupied the anxious thoughts of her expiring father. From him the care of her education had been withheld, as he kept inviolate his promise to her departed mother on the article of religion, and therefore consigned his daughter to a boarding school for Protestants, whence she returned with merely such ideas of piety as ladies of fashion, at her age, mostly imbibe. Her little heart, employed in all the endless pursuits of personal accomplishments, had left her mind without one ornament, except such as nature gave; and even they were not wholly preserved from the ravages made by her rival art.

While her father was in health he beheld, with extreme delight, his accomplished daughter, without one fault which taste or elegance could have imputed to her; nor ever inquired what might be her other failings. But, cast on a bed of sickness, and upon the point of leaving her to her fate, those failings at once rushed on his thought—and all the pride, the fond enjoyment he had taken in beholding her on the ball, or delight her hearers with her wit or song, escaped his remembrance; or not escaping it, were lamented with a sigh of compassion, or a contemptuous frown at such frivolous qualifications.

"Something essential," said he to himself, "might be considered—something to prepare her for an hour like this. Can I then leave her to the charge of those who, themselves never remember such an hour will come? Dorriforth is the only person I know, who, uniting the moral virtues to those of religion, and pious faith to native honor, will protect without controlling, instruct without tyrannizing, comfort without flattering; and, perhaps in time, make good by choice, rather than by constraint, the tender object of his dying friend's sole care."

Dorriforth, who came post from London to visit Mr. Milner in his illness, received a few moments before his death all his injunctions, and promised to fulfil them. But, in this last task of his friend's perfect esteem, he was still restrained from all authority to direct his ward in any religious opinion, contrary to those her mother had professed, and in which she herself had been educated.

"Never perplex her mind with any opinions that may disturb, but cannot reform—were his latest words; and Dorriforth's reply gave him entire satisfaction.

Miss Milner was not with her father at this affecting period—some delicately nervous friend, with whom she was on a visit at Bath, thought proper to conceal from her not only the danger of his death, but even his indisposition, lest it might alarm a mind she thought too susceptible. This refined tenderness gave poor Miss Milner the almost insupportable agony of hearing that her father was no more, even before she was told he was not in health. In the bitterest anguish she flew to pay her last duty to his remains, and performed it with the truest filial love, while Dorriforth, upon important business, was obliged to return to town.

Dorriforth returned to London heavily afflicted for the loss of his friend; and yet, perhaps, with his thoughts more engaged upon the trust which that friend had reposed in him. He knew the life Miss Milner had been accustomed to lead; he dreaded the repulses his admonitions might possibly meet; and feared he had undertaken a task he was too weak to execute—the protection of a young woman of fashion.

Mr. Dorriforth was nearly related to one of our first Catholic prelates; his income was by no means confined, but approaching to affluence; yet such was his attention to those in poverty, and the moderation of his own desires, that he lived in all the careful plainness of economy. His habitation was in the house of a Mrs. Horton, an elderly gentlewoman, who had a spacious house, and with her, not many years younger than herself. But although Miss Woodley was thirty-five, and in person extremely plain, yet she possessed such cheerfulness of temper, and such an inextinguishable glow of good nature, that she escaped not only the rebuffs, but even the appellation of an old maid.

"Dear me," returned Lady Evans, "I am sure I never meant to hint at anything evil—and for what I have said, I will give you up my authors if you please; for they were not observations of my own; all I do is to mention them again."

The good-natured Miss Woodley, who sat working at the window, an humble, but an attentive listener to this discourse, ventured here to say exactly six words; "Then don't mention them any more."

"Let us change the subject," said Dorriforth.

"With all my heart," cried Lady Evans; "and I am sure it will be to the young lady's advantage."

"Is Miss Milner tall or short?" asked Mrs. Horton, still wishing for further information.

"Tall," said Dorriforth, "as tall as the tower of Babel."

"Short," said Lady Evans, "as short as the pygmy."

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The Eastern Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, DEC. 9, 1858.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. BETHUNE & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

S. B. NILES, (successor to Y. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 130 Broadway, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

Relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be directed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "EASTERN MAIL OFFICE."

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GODFREY'S LADY'S BOOK, a \$3 magazine, and the EASTERN MAIL, one year, for \$5.00
PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, a \$2 periodical, and the EASTERN MAIL, one year, for \$4.00
LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE, (Arthur's), a \$2 periodical, and the EASTERN MAIL, one year, for \$4.00

Waterville Farmers' Club.

At the call of the President, issued in compliance with a vote passed at the closing meeting last Spring, the Club met at the Town Hall to organize for another winter campaign.

The preliminary talk showed that the members set a high value on the organization, and the gatherings of last year were not only endorsed as pleasant and profitable in the experience but equally delightful in the reminiscence. It was therefore unanimously voted to continue the meetings through the present winter on the same plan as last year, at the houses of the members; and such as wished to receive the visits of the Club were requested to leave their names with the Secretary and they would be called upon in course, unless circumstances should arise to render it inconvenient. The following officers were then chosen:

Joseph Percival, President.

Daniel Holway, Elhanan Cook, Winthrop Morrill, Vice Presidents.

Daniel R. Wing, Secretary.

John Matthews, Treasurer.

George Wentworth, F. O. Marston, Arba Penney, Standing Committee.

As the regular meetings of the Sons of Temperance occur on Friday, it was thought best to change the Club meetings to Thursday evening; and accepting the invitation of Mr. William Dyer, the next meeting will be held at his house this evening, Dec. 9th. The subject for discussion will be—"The Winter Feeding of Stock," and it is to be hoped that there will be a full attendance, not only of the old members, but also of many who have never met with the Club before. A membership costs nothing, and no one enlists for any definite time. If the meetings are not found profitable and interesting a member can leave at any time; but it can hardly be imagined that the farmers can come together with the right spirit and not benefit one another intellectually, socially and morally. Try it, all you who have been holding back in doubt. Next Thursday evening, (Dec. 16th) the club will meet at the house of Mr. George E. Shores.

The Winslow Club met for organization, last evening, but we get no particulars. There ought to be a Club in every village and hamlet in the land, and we hope soon to see them in successful operation all around us. Where are the farmers of West Waterville, Fairfield, Kendall's Mills, Benton, Clinton, &c.?

HORSE AND SLEIGH STOLEN.—On Monday evening last, Mr. E. M. Patterson, of Winslow, hitched his horse under the mill shed, at this end of the bridge, while he went to the singing school at Town Hall. On returning at half past 9 o'clock he found his horse and sleigh gone. During the next forenoon, having learned that a man liable to suspicion had been seen in the shed early in the evening, Mr. Patterson pursued his search up the river, crossing at Somerset Mills on the ice. At the stable of Franklin Low, Esq., he found the horse and sleigh; the horse having turned up to the door early in the evening, without a driver. A pair of sleigh blankets were missing, and the bells were found in the sleigh box. Traces are so plain as to make it tolerably certain who is the rogue, but not enough to warrant the mention of his name. The presumption is, that being too drunk to walk so far, he took the horse only for the ride and turned him loose near the residence of Mr. Low. The chances are that the blankets will be found where he pawns them for rum the next time he comes to Waterville.

THE FIRST CHALLENGE.—Our neighbor David Webb, who deals at No. 2 Marston's Block, killed a pig a few days ago, on which we venture the first trump. It was just seven months old, and weighed three hundred and seven pounds! That the meat was of choice quality we have the most conclusive evidence—just such as we like. In reply to our inquiry how the little porker had been fed, Mr. W. replied, "No extra feed, mostly milk and Indian meal." By the way, the first "big hog" ever chronicled in the Mail was raised by Mr. Webb, when he filled the well known "Webb farm" near a dozen years ago; and we are glad to notice that he has not forgotten the good lessons he took in early life. The little porker was of the "White Dutch" breed, so called, from the stock of Mr. Arba Penney, of this town.

THE STORM OF MAINE.—A morning edition of this paper is now issued for the benefit of eastern subscribers, and an evening edition at 4 o'clock P. M. The proprietor congratulates himself and his subscribers that the establishment is now self-sustaining, and says the prospect ahead is decidedly hopeful. The paper is now published by Messrs. M. N. & E. C. Rich, under the old proprietorship and editorial control. It never appeared better, mechanically, or editorially than at present.

OUR TABLE.

LONDON QUARTERLY.—Contents of the October number.—Publications of the Arundel Society; Horace and his Translators; Wiseman's Last Four Popes; James Watt; The Roman at his Farm; Sir Charles Napier; The Past and Present Administrations.

New volumes of all the Foreign Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine begin in January, and now is therefore the time to commence subscriptions. See advertisement in another column, for club rates and premiums.

The first great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 54 Goldsmith, New York. Terms of subscription.—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum; any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discounts to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage.

When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the U. States will be 24 cents a year for "Blackwood," and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—Peterson, as usual, is a little ahead of everybody else with his January number, which is very prettily embellished and full of good stories and other reading of great interest to the ladies. We have often set forth the peculiar merits of this magazine, and it is not now necessary to enumerate its strong points. Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

By referring to the club notice under our editorial head, it will be seen that any one wishing for the Mail and this magazine, can easily make a saving of seventy-five cents.

SABOTAGE SCHOOL MONTHLY.—The publication of this excellent Monthly, we are sorry to learn, has been suspended. If the publisher will send us the November and December numbers, which we have not received, they will confer a great favor on our little ones.

From our Western Correspondent.

CHICAGO, Nov. 29th, 1858.

Messrs. Maxham & Wing:—Now that the smoke has blown away, and the results of our great political battle are known, I will give you the correct result. Although we are defeated in the election of Abraham Lincoln, we can point you to the vote of Illinois, and proclaim her a Republican State by a majority of 4025 over Douglass. The facts are not fully known throughout the Eastern States, nor the disadvantages we fought under. Every ten years Illinois has the census taken, and then apportion her Representatives and Senators according to her population. In 1845 this State was apportioned, and according to the population of that year. At that time the northern portion of the State was but sparsely settled, while the southern portion was settled, and controlled the State. Chicago then had but 20,000 inhabitants, while now she numbers 120,000. In 1855, the census was taken, and an apportionment made at the next legislature and defeated by the Douglass members, who no doubt were looking to this election, and the northern portion of the State has been Gerrymandered and disfranchised to help aid and elect a demagogue. At this election we have only 35 Representatives, while Douglass has 40. The 35 Lincoln Representatives represent a population of 90,000 more than the 40 Douglass men, and if a fair apportionment could have been made before election, the tables would be completely turned, and Lincoln would have 40 and Douglass only 35 Representatives; and Lincoln 14 to 11 Senators for Douglass. Douglass is not sure now to be elected. Some of the old members that hold over, will not support him, and bets are now offered by Mr. Cook the postmaster, of \$1000, that Douglass will not be elected by this legislature. Douglass is fearful, and will not take his seat in the Senate until after the assembling of our State Legislature.

Your readers can see by the above statement what the Republicans had to contend against in this canvass. In 1856 Buchanan had a majority over Fremont of nearly 12,000; now our majority on Congressional vote is 4124. That is the majority of our four Congressmen over the five Douglass men, showing that the State on any general ticket is sure for the Republicans. In 1860, Illinois with Abraham Lincoln as a candidate for Vice President, as well as New York is for W. H. Seward, and would not that make a strong ticket?

We have had the worst fall for October that we ever had. Since the first of October we have had but about two weeks of fair weather. It has rained and snowed about all the time, and as I write, it rains and snows and has done so for the past week. The weather in this country has a great effect upon business. The farmers cannot bring their produce to market when it is stormy and muddy. Our farmers have but little to bring to our market. I will give you the prices of our market as they are to day. For the past week prices have been very dull. Winter wheat has fallen 10 cts. and spring wheat 5 cts. per bushel. There are only 225,000 bushels in store now. In this market, The amount of corn in store is 39,872 bushels, 87,118 bushels of oats, and 40,000 bushels barley. Winter wheat brings 95 to 97 cts.; spring wheat 60 to 63 cts.; corn 50 to 52 cts.; oats 52 to 54. Oats are scarce and bring a good price; the crop was nearly a failure. Flour, \$3.75 to \$4.00; hogs dressed, \$5.00 to \$5.50 per hundred. There are not so many coming into market as in previous years. If the times were not so hard, all kinds of provision would be much higher. Our merchants are doing a safe business. They sell mostly for cash. Our country merchants buy sparingly, and sell for cash or produce. Our farmers are curtailing every expense, and buying as few articles as possible. The country girls are curtailing their hoops, and bringing them down to a reasonable size. Finally everybody is conforming themselves to the times, and the country will never be in so good condition to receive a good crop, as it will next year; and may God give us good crops next year, and crown the labors of the husbandman with success. It seems as if the hand of the Almighty had laid heavily upon the past year, and no doubt it is for some good object unknown to us, and we should kiss the rod that smites us and pay our homage to the giver of every good gift. He knows our wants and in due time it will all be fully known to us all.

Yours truly, B. W. R.

(Our correspondent gives us quite a dark picture, but we have no doubt it is a correct representation of the

life and business at the West, for he has the best disposition in the world to do what he can, honestly, for the advantage of his chosen home. We trust it will make no Maine man sick of home, to learn that the politicians of the West are so dishonest that in Illinois a State largely republican, the majority has maneuvered out of their rights; that it rains and snows about all the time; that the roads are so bad as to prevent the farmer from going to market; that they have nothing to transport if the roads were ever so good. That is a worse state of things than exists in Maine, and our correspondent does the best he can when he regards it in the light of a providential chastening.]

From Our Own Correspondent.

Cambridge, 29th Nov. 1858.

Thanksgiving Day—Skating—Muscle-men—Seward's Speeches—Hackett—Boston Theatre, etc.

Thanksgiving has passed us again. It is a delightful day to children who have visions of a well spread board, and games, fun and jollity for the evening, but trying to elder hearts is this festival; they bear the remembrance of other days, when the same board was the focus of pleasant talk of men and things; pleasant talk by those who send back now no token either to friend or to foe. I drunk your health as mentioned in my last.

We had snow here yesterday, and the outer world looks wintry, though a warm sun, spite of his playing fast and loose, threatens to change the aspect of things. There has been great impatience on the part of the young people to try their skates, and last Saturday a party of six or seven missed fell through the ice while on a pond opposite Mr. Worcester's house—he of lexicographical fame—getting drenched, otherwise uninjured, the pond not being deep as a well. Skating is now considered an indispensable female accomplishment. Ladies of delicate constitutions, unable to handle a villainous broom, or stir a pudding, skate admirably. It drives off indigestion, helps the carriage, and even facilitates flirtations.

The young collegians here, add to this amusement a mad zeal for boxing and fencing. I know not what is the occasion of such an unbecoming muscular development, unless boat-racing, the example of Brown, and Kingley's muscular heroes, with perhaps on the part of the Freshies a wish to ward off "hazing" adventures, may foster the desire for physical strength and endurance. Go into the students' rooms and you see in many of them, hanging against the wall, plecthoric buff mittens and fencing apparatus, and the royal game of cricket and Prof. Stewart's gymnasium will be discussed. Muscular strength is easily gotten up; boys, who on first coming here look as if their mother's milk was hardly out of them soon win honors in the pugilistic arena.

You perceive how like murderous projectiles, Seward's speeches have fallen on the patriotic heads of the Courier. They have roused the soft places in their hearts, "hearts that stood the storm when wars were rough," when Sen. Hammond of S. C. spoke so roundly for slavery, and Gov. Brown of Mass. told us how he felt within which we of Round-head descent thought ungodly wants, because his wants were all for the same reason, for the planning and spreading of slavery—but when Seward speaks for freedom, then to what are we tending? Why some one, of brilliant genius, has got out of the rut of dough facism—whip 'em in. I never read any of Seward's speeches, without thinking of John Van Buren's prophecy, that Seward would not sustain his reputation in the Senate.

We have Hackett at the Boston Theatre. His Falstaff, I believe, is generally admitted to be the best since Fanny Kemble's uncle, Stephen Kemble, played the part. The last time he personated, was in 1813. He did not require artificial stuffing for the character. The flash of Hackett's white teeth and his inimitable chuckle never fail to excite attention, and finally laughter, even from a Boston audience, who have to be nearly flayed alive before he can be moved to emotions of a tragical nature, and jokes must "wind and tumble like an ape" before they get admitted on hearty terms.

The Boston Theatre threatens to reach the fate of all its unlucky predecessors. It is a left-handed support they afford the Drama in Boston. Fashionable people have their parties and social attractions, the middle class, their circulating libraries, and lectures, and many avoid the theatre from religious scruples.

ECONOMY.—The people of Boston are discussing the question of converting their beautiful public garden into house lots and selling them for money. If the project succeeds, they will doubtless sell their wives and daughters for paper rags and elope with the proceeds. It is said the big elm, on the common, would bring fifteen dollars for fire-wood. This might be thrown in to sweeten the bargain for the Garden. Shame on ye, Bostonians!—what'll ye take for Bunker Hill monument? We'll have it moved out of your sight; and then hire your common for farmer Doolittle to pasture calves on. We'll find a couple of Kennebecs to buy you out, bag and baggage, if this is your price.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.—The December number, from which we make liberal extracts, closes a volume, and now, who ever wishes for a good agricultural monthly at a low price, can obtain one of the best by forwarding a dollar to Orange Judd, 189 Water st., New York.

A man's walk discloses his character; so says the Atlantic, and so have others. It may be true—but what if they have corn? We rely upon no man's walk as an index of his character, except it be his daily walk. This tells the story, though sometimes there are corns here, too!

DISJOINED.—At the last session of the supreme court in Portland, five couples were released from the bonds of matrimony, the husbands being the delinquents in every case. What in the world is the matter with the men of Portland!

GRMS.—How many things pass for gems that are only tinse! How many commonplace thoughts pass for rare intellectual brilliancies, because set in glistening verbiage! Here is one of them, for an example:

"Without death in the world, existence is it would seem, through overpopulation, the most fruitful of curses. To death we owe our life; the passing of one generation clears the way for another; and thus in the economy of Providence, the very extinction of being is a provision for extending the boon of existence."

This is one of a galaxy in the last Atlantic Monthly, that make a chapter under the head of "suggestions," and it is curious to notice with what "abandon" it passes among its betters, under a pretty cloak of words. We should not disturb it but for the reason that, as it seems unworthy of the good company in which it is found, it should be made to contribute a genuine "suggestion" for the next chapter. So we brush off its tinsel, and it stands thus:

"If people didn't die, this world would shortly be so full of folks that nobody would live in it without an awful sort of trouble. One person dies, and that gives room for another; so that the death of one is the means of giving another a chance to live."

Here we see the difference between Plato and Mrs. Parington. The first gem comes fresh from one of the "mighty intellects" that claim to give light to the age, and had its birth in the most popular publication in the world. The last came from the stupid brain of Tom Tadpole, and was uttered in a stable a thousand years ago; at which time Tom thought it a two forty idea; probably for the sole reason that he knew no better than to think it was his own. If Tom were alive to day he would probably recognize his lean horse standing under a stuffed blanket, and might take offence at his filling a nice stall in the Atlantic. But he must blame us for stripping off the blanket; which we do only to show Tom that there are jockies in literature as well as in horses. Still we assure him, by way of atonement, that very few of these offer their nags at the Atlantic mart.

ANDRIEU'S GREAT PAINTING.—This work, which has for a long time been on exhibition at Bangor, receives warm commendation on all hands. The Bangor Whig of Nov. 22 says:

Andrieu's Panorama of the RAKE'S PROGRESS, after a week of extraordinary success at the City Hall in this city, closed last evening by an exhibition to more than 1000 people in the lecture room of the St. John (Rev. Mr. Bapst's) Church. Few exhibitions have ever met with such success in this city, and what is better, few have so well deserved it.

STARCH.—It is reported that the starch factory in Bethel has ground up fifteen bushels of potatoes this year. This is enough to stiffen fifteen thousand dandies during the year, and leave fifteen thousand more to "go it limber." Waiter! more taters!

BENEFITS FROM GOVERNMENT.—Telegraphic dispatches from Washington announce that the President was to give a dinner to the entire diplomatic corps and their ladies. This will make a market for at least a bushel of potatoes, with proportionate other fixings.—Who shall say we have "too much government," when we have positive evidence of such benefits as these? Truly the present government presents unusual claims to the support of the producing classes!

TELEGRAPHIC BLUNDERS.—The papers are saying that brother Hall, of the Aroostook Pioneer, was so "set up by a kiss" that he couldn't issue his paper for two weeks! Who ever heard of kissing an editor? It should read, "upset by a kick!" There can be no doubt of it.

ANOTHER.—A man in Quebec is said to have invented a machine one person can raise six thousand pounds. Who believes in raising so much money by any machine? It should read "pound six thousand raisins." No doubt of this either.

ORDINATION.—Rev. Edward Hawes was yesterday ordained pastor of the Congregational church in this place. Invocation and reading of scriptures by Rev. Mr. Sawyer of Wintthrop; sermon by Rev. Dr. Shepard of Bangor; consecrating prayer by Rev. Dr. Tappan, of Augusta; charge by Rev. Mr. Hawes, (father of the ordained), of Bridgeton; right hand of fellowship by Rev. Mr. Butterfield, of Hallowell; address by Rev. Mr. Shepley, of Winslow; concluding prayer by Rev. Mr. Hathaway, of Bloomfield; benediction by the Pastor.

"To be continued."—We hope no one will be deterred from commencing "The Beautiful Ward," by these ominous words at the close of the first chapter of this story, which will occupy four or five columns of our first page for several weeks; and because the reader is not wound up to an agonizing height (as the New York Ledger) and left in painful suspense for a week, let no one pronounce it dull, for we know it to be a good story, well written, and highly interesting.

CUTTING PRETTY CLOUSE!—The State of Maine says a lady acquaintance has conceived an original design for an under-skirt, that cannot be said to have a foreign origin—namely, the American flag. It seems to us that the "thirteen stripes" would be more than most ladies would be willing to submit to, for the sake of being out of fashion.

THE TRI-WEEKLIES.—The Age and the Journal will issue tri-weekly papers as usual, during the coming session of the legislature, on alternate days—so that both together constitute a daily, for the journals of the proceedings. Terms, one dollar, each, for the session.

SPECTACLES.—The blind recover their sight for a very small price, by calling at Lyford's, opposite Marston's Block. He sells spectacles much cheaper than eye-ward.

FRENCH INSTITUTE.—As it is impossible to admit pupils to the present class, M. Leon announces that a second course will be commenced at the Academy on Wednesday, Dec. 15. For terms, &c., see circular, or enquire at C. K. Mathews's bookstore. A rare opportunity is offered for acquiring a correct knowledge of the French language.

The greatest instance of impudence on record is that of a Yankee, who, in an Italian city, stopped a religious procession, in order to light his cigar from one of the holy candles. Here the procession, recovered from its astonishment, the smokeless smoker had calmly disappeared.

Mrs. Stowe's New SERIAL. The reading public will be glad to learn that the story, entitled "The Ministers' Wooing," commenced in the Atlantic Monthly for December, is the beginning of a serial novel from the pen of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe; and that portions of it will appear from month to month until it is completed. The story is marked by all characteristics of style and spirit which have made the author's former works so famous. The scene is laid in New England immediately after the Revolution, the period when all that was most simple, quaint and peculiar in character and manner, was in full force. It was the era before railroads, steamships, lightning presses, fashionable churches, and fashionable clergymen, in short, the good old times of which the present generation have so often heard. We look forward to see a masterly portrait of Puritan life sketched in this romance. However, it is not necessary to do more than to announce the fact; an author whose name and works are known in more than thirty languages, and whose two novels have reached a sale of more than eight hundred thousands volumes in this country alone, will not surely want for readers. We shall look for the coming numbers of "The Minister's Wooing" with great interest.

THE ANDROSCOGGIN RAILROAD.—This road is now completed and in running order to East Witton, which is only four miles from the village of Farmington. These four miles are all graded, the bridges are built, the sleepers on the ground and distributed, and the Company have force enough at command to lay the track at once. All the iron, with the exception of some ninety tons, has already arrived in Portland, and the remainder is daily expected. It may therefore be confidently assumed that the track will be laid and the cars running to Farmington by the first of January.

Mr. Morphy, it is stated, has decided to pass the winter in Europe. His decision must give a still greater stimulus to European chess. Herr Andersen also has made final arrangements for being in Paris on the 12th December, so that this much expected match will really come off. After its termination, Mr. Morphy will probably be in England, where plans are already afoot for giving him the reception he merits.

The N. Y. Tribune says "there is not in the whole world a better animal than the New York rowdy." There is the fact—not a pleasant one certainly—but there is the fact. We believe that an unprotected woman is safer among the savage tribes of America or Africa than in the streets of New York. Compared with a thorough-paced New York rowdy, the refined Indian rises into celestial altitudes of dignity, courtesy and humanity.

The French journals having regaled their readers with detailed accounts of the atrocities of the English Army in India, the London Times has raked up an unpleasant reminiscence in the shape of an authentic account of the smoking and smothering of the Arabs in Malakoff. The Colonel's barbecue was graced with 500 roasted Arabs, and 150 more rare done—not quite dead!

THE VICTIM OF FATE.—Jim Nappa, a notorious petty thief, was arrested a few days since at Nevada for stealing an ax, and sentenced to the county jail for ten days therefor. The Sheriff on meeting his old boarder, asked him if he couldn't keep his hands off other people's property and stop stealing.

"So help me God," said the prisoner, "I never stole any thing in my life; but I'm a victim of fate. I can go no where but valuables will follow me off."—Nevada Journal.

Civilization in Japan.—A late copy of the London Times contains the following suggestive and pleasant article upon the aspect of things in Japan, exhibited at the opening of Jeddo to foreigners, and draws an instructive comparison between the state of civilization existing there and that of England:—

Nineteen centuries ago the citizens of Rome were one morning astonished with the news that Caesar had landed with his legions in Britain. Separated from the whole world, the Ultima Thule of the human race, and known only by the report of Tyrian merchants and Gallic pedlars, it added a new world to the horizon of Rome. All eyes turned to the white cliffs that rose to those stormy and monster-haunted seas, now for pearls and precious stones, and now for slaves and slaves of slaves, magnificent Britons to figure in processions or at hall doors, and perhaps, in the lap of ages—but it must be very distant, fresh readers for Virgil and Horace. They imagined all this with prophetic sagacity, but little did they imagine that present England and Rome which need not be described, and which passes description. Yet Rome, on the whole, played a great and by no means a brief part in this life. She nobly met her mission. For nearly five centuries she was giving us her arms and her arts, her language, her laws, and finally her religion. It is our turn now to hear that remote empire and vast portions of the human race, hitherto as separate as if they belonged to another sphere have suddenly been added to the community of nations. After China, with its three hundred millions, Japan, with a population no larger than that of these isles, may seem no such bulky addition to the human brotherhood; but, if China was separate and unknown, Japan was ten times more so. That, like China, it was once nearly Christian, that the Portuguese sought that promise, that the Japanese had a strong family resemblance to the Chinese and two capitals, one of which was as populous as our London, was nearly all we knew yesterday. A little more might have been known on inquiry, but we most of us preferred the Japan of the imagination to any particulars that might have transpired through Dutch merchants and American skippers. Neither of these were likely to solve the thick mystery that hung over those strange islands of Nippon and Yesso, and others with unpronounceable names. There was a sacred volcano, a sacred city, and a sacred King, a sort of Pope, dwelling in a Rome of his own, and getting on very amicably with a Caesar in arms. How did Church and State hit it off so pleasantly? Even the British Constitution might get another "wrinkle" from such clever politicians. Then the Japanese were traders and men of peace; their islands and their climate were not so unlike our own; nor was their personal aspect quite so Tartaric as that of the celestial neighbors. They were said to be prosperous and peaceful; to want nothing, and in general to be everything that the rest of the world is not.

However, we don't stand exclusiveness. We hold that the world is made for us all; and so we have gradually edged, and finally pushed our way close up to the city of Jeddo, through towns of junk, abreast of green batteries, and

dropped anchors where barbarian ships were never seen before. We took advantage of a panic, and did it with a rush. While we were concluding matters up the Peiho the Russian and American Plenipotentiaries were off with breathless haste to Nagasaki, to reap the first fruits of our harvest. They got started enough to get all they wanted, and give time for a reaction. However, Lord Elgin was not far behind; and when he came up he capped the achievements of his brother plenipotentiaries, and got for them more than they had ventured to ask for themselves.

So, with the "Open Sesame," of a little resolution, we have rent the curtain of ages. Captain Osborn reports that there must be a channel, and up they all steam. The mountain side opens, and European eyes rest on objects never seen before but on cups and saucers, and never to be seen as many believed, till the consummation of all things, the Millennium, or the great mustering for the battle of Armageddon. Lord Elgin went ahead; the bigger ships followed the day after; they bring a handsome present with them, which they wisely judge wiser to be delivered in the presence of an imperial city than at a distant outpost, they come with peaceful bearing, except that they heed no signals; they receive the courteous Japanese officials with equal courtesy; but the spectacle tallies so exactly with the terrible reports of the opposite shores of China that in a moment Japan throws away its palladium of perpetual isolation. Jeddo is at once European. It is true there are the white temples perched on cliffs, the high thatched cottages, the green batteries, the square rigged junks, and interminable city, but these are now only the decorations of a pageant in which a British gunship tows a dozen boats full of soldiers and sailors, bearing to its lodgings in Jeddo a British nobleman, accompanied by some frightened Japanese officials. He lands and makes his progress through that fabulous city as if it were some seaport in the Levant distinguished from Europe with a thin veil of Mahomedanism. The crowds run after him, and have to be kept of the line by side ropes; gate after gate is opened at his approach; the simple, unsuspecting folk, run out of the baths to see the wondrous foreigners, who find themselves in comfortable quarters, on clean soft mats. It is in a temple, just as travellers used to be entertained by convents, and monarchs with large retinues were quartered on a rich monastery. By and by the strangers sail forth to Isonia Jeddo. They go to the bazaars and make purchases; they find they are at the West-end of the town; in its Grosvenor-square district, or rather in Belgravia, with the aristocracy all about them. In their wanderings they find themselves near the Palace. We can hardly believe the figures, except that they are in keeping with the rest of Jeddo. A ditch seven or eight yards across, and as many deep, surrounds a castle of Cyclopean architecture, capable of housing 40,000 men. This accords with a wide pygmy street, ten miles long, and may perhaps be a necessity in the midst of a House of Lords consisting of 360 feudal barons, some of whom bring "to town" for the season ten thousand retainers.

But, though surprised and ripped open, turned inside out, Anglicized and vulgarized in a day, we confess that Jeddo is still a mystery. Had we thirty years to prepare for angelic visitors we should never get London as ready as Jeddo appears to have been without any warning at all. Every street, every body clean; washing and bathing as regular institutions as meat and drink; no beggars, no cripples, no squallor, no poverty, no drunkenness, no fighting, no bad smells,—in fact, nothing to remind the Englishmen of their own beloved city. Yet it would be difficult to find a closer parallel, in natural circumstances than that between the Japanese and the British group of islands; the same area, same population, same climate, same insular position between a great continent and a maritime metropolis with the same population. How is it that these semi-barbarians manage these things better than we do? When we are taunted with the thrift and industry of the Chinese it is a comfort to think that, after all, they are ugly, disgusting brutes with but the dregs of a religion and the bare threads of an old civilization. What can we throw into the scale against Japan? They shame us at every point. Not a word yet about opium. They were all seen drinking tea in pleasant tea houses, to be found wherever a spot of natural beauty attracts the eye and gives an opportunity of landscape gardening on a reasonable scale. Graceful and neat habited hours wait on the tired traveler. He unless our informants are very blind, or very silly, even here Japanese are visible. In the absence of prudery is the best proof of their innocence. The most unadorned beauty disturbs not the well-regulated Japanese mind. Our poor countrymen were carried through scenes that an Italian poet might have delighted to imagine, but an Englishman kindly ventures to describe. In all these novelties is the newest and the strangest.

We wait for a key to these mysteries, and trust it will arrive before the marvel itself has vanished, like the grimal recombent knight, with his lamp of perpetual fire, seen one instant and dashed to pieces and extinguished the next. For the present we wish to know how millions can live together without corrupting one another, and poisoning earth, air, and water. Why that huge castle, with its walls of a most, its giant ramparts, and its 100,000 defenders? How do my lord's 10,000 retainers employ themselves in Jeddo, and why does he not leave them tilling the land or at least on board wages at his country seat? Then, how do these 360 noblemen, their ladies, and their families, get on with out occasional sparring? Is there no love? No young ladies, no jilts, no broken hearts, no gay deceivers in that happy land? Independence is the only key to the mystery at present. The Buddhist Prime is at Meako, and his Majesty at Jeddo. The nobles administer the law themselves in their own way. Public affairs and what we call crimes are managed much as they are here. The Premier, who yielded to the terms of the American Minister, was turned out by the reactionists, but came back to Downing street on the appearance of Elgin and his ships. But the more these people are like our people, the more unaccountable the differences. Shall we refer to John Bright, to Robert Owen, or to Lord Smith for a solution? Will Lord Shaftesbury will the Social Congress, throw some light on this newly discovered Paradise? If indeed it be the Paradise pictured by our correspondents, we incur a serious responsibility and some very unpleasant comparisons by leaving open its walls and planting ourselves in midst of it. If ever British civilization was fairly tested, it is in such virgin soil and such excellent material as Japan. Unfortunately, there has never yet been an exception to the law by which the superior civilization corrupts and destroys the lower. But surely something may be done to mitigate, if not wholly arrest, this process. Europe has many things to answer for, in a poor found a New World that it spoilt and destroyed it. May that crime not be repeated in Japan!

