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THE BEAUTIFUL WARD.

A CHARMING STORY.

Six weeks have now elapsed since Miss Milner has been in London, partaking with delight all its pleasures; while Dorriforth has been sighing with apprehension, attending to all her words and ways with precision, and praying with zealous fervor for her safety. Her own and her guardian's acquaintance, and, added to them, the new friendships (to use the unmeaning language of the world) which she was continually forming, crowded so perpetually to the house, that seldom had Dorriforth even a moment left him from her visits or visitors, to wait for her danger; yet when a moment offered, he caught it eagerly—pressed the necessity of Time not always passed in society; of reflection; of thoughts for the future state; and of virtues acquired to make old age supportable. That forcible power of genuine feeling, which directs the tongue to eloquence, had its effect while she listened to him, and she sometimes put on the looks and gesture of assent; sometimes even spoke the language of conviction; but this the first call of dissipation would change to fit-trimmed levity, or, if with remembrance, at being flitted in thoughts which her birth and fortune entitled her to enjoy.

Among the many visitors who attended at her house, and followed her wherever she went, there was one who seemed, even when absent from her, to share her thoughts. This was Lord Frederick Lawley, the younger son of a duke, and the avowed favorite of all the most discerning women of taste.

He was not more than twenty-three; animated, elegant, extremely handsome, and possessed of every accomplishment that would captivate a heart less susceptible of love than Miss Milner's was supposed to be. With these advantages, no wonder if she took pleasure in his company; no wonder if she took pride in having it known that he was among the number of her devoted admirers. Dorriforth held this growing intimacy with alternate pain and pleasure; he wished to see Miss Milner married, to see his charge in the protection of another, rather than of himself; yet under the care of a young nobleman, immersed in all the vices of the town, without one moral excellence, but such as might eventually result from the influence of the moment—under such care he trembled for her happiness; yet trembled more lest her heart should be polluted without even the authority of matrimonial views.

Whichever sentiment like these, Dorriforth could never disguise his uneasiness at the sight of Lord Frederick; nor could the latter want penetration to discern the suspicion of the guardian, and consequently each was embarrassed in the presence of the other. Miss Milner observed, but observed with indifference, the sensations of both; there was but one passion which then held a place in her bosom, and that was vanity; vanity defined into all the species of pride, vain glory, self-probation—an inordinate desire of admiration, and an immoderate enjoyment of the art of pleasing, for her own individual happiness, and not for the happiness of others. Still had she a heart inclined, and oftentimes affected by tenderness less unworthy; but those approaches to what was estimable were in their first impulse too frequently met and intercepted by some darling folly.

Miss Woodley (who could easily discover a virtue, although of the most diminutive kind, and scarcely through the magnifying glass of calumny could ever perceive a fault) was Miss Milner's inseparable companion at home, and her zealous advocate with Dorriforth, whenever, during her absence, she became the subject of discourse. He listened with hope to the praises of her friend, but saw with despair how little they were merited. Sometimes he struggled to subdue his anger, but often arose to suppress tears of pity for his ward's hapless state.

By this time all her acquaintance had given Lord Frederick to her as a lover; the servants whispered it, and some of the public prints had even fixed the day of marriage; but as no explanation had taken place on his part, Dorriforth's uneasiness was increased, and he seriously told Miss Milner, he thought it would be indispensably prudent in her to entreat Lord Frederick to discontinue his visits. She smiled with ridicule at the caution, but finding it repeated, and in a manner that indicated authority, she promised not only to make, but to enforce the request. The next time he came she did so, assuring him it was by her guardian's desire; who, from motives of delicacy had permitted her to solicit as a favor what he could himself make a demand. Lord Frederick reddened with anger—he loved Miss Milner; but he doubted whether, from the frequent proofs he had experienced of her own inconstancy, he should continue to love; and this interference of her guardian threatened an explanation or a dismissal, before he became thoroughly acquainted with his own heart. Alarmed, confounded and provoked, he replied:

"By heaven, I believe Mr. Dorriforth loves you himself; and it is jealousy alone that makes him treat me in this manner."

"For shame, my lord!" cried Miss Woodley, who was present, and who trembled with horror at the audacious supposition.

"Nay, shame to him, if he is not in love!" answered his lordship, "for who but a savage could behold beauty like hers without owning its power?"

"Habit," replied Miss Milner, "is everything—Mr. Dorriforth sees and converses with beauty, but, from habit, he does not fall in love; and you, my lord, from habit, often do."

"Then you believe that love is not in my disposition?"

"No more of it, my lord, than habit could very soon extinguish."

"But I would not have it extinguished—I would rather it should mount to a flame: for I think it a crime to be insensible of the divine blessings love can bestow."

"Then you indulge the passion to avoid a sin? this very motive deters Mr. Dorriforth from that indulgence."

"It ought to deter him, for the sake of his oath—but monastic vows, like those of marriage, were made to be broken—and surely when your guardian cast his eyes on you, his wishes—"

"Are never less pure," she replied eagerly, "than those which dwell in the bosom of my celestial guardian."

At that instant Dorriforth entered the room. The color had mounted into Miss Milner's face from the warmth with which she had delivered her opinion, and his accidental entrance at the very moment this praise had been conferred upon him in his absence heightened the blush to a deep glow on every feature—confusion and embarrassment caused even her lips to tremble and her whole frame to shake.

"What's the matter?" cried Dorriforth, looking with concern on her discomposure.

"A compliment paid by herself to you, Sir," replied Lord Frederick, "has affected your head in the manner you have seen."

"As if she blushed at the truth," said Dorriforth.

"Nay, that is unkind," cried Miss Woodley; "for if you had been here—"

"I would not have said what I did,"

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plied, Miss Milner, but had left him to vindicate himself."

"Is it possible that I can want any vindication? Who would think it worth their while to slander so unimportant a person as I am?"

"The man who has the charge of Miss Milner," replied Lord Frederick, "derives a consequence from her."

"No ill consequence, I hope, my lord?" said Dorriforth, with a firmness in his voice, and with an eye so fixed that his antagonist hesitated for a moment in want of a reply—

and Miss Milner softly whispered to him, as her guardian turned his head, to avoid an argument, he bowed acquiescence. Then, as if in compliment to her, he changed the subject;—and, with an air of ridicule he cried:

"I wish, Mr. Dorriforth, you would give me absolution of all my sins, for I confess they are many, and manifold."

"Hold, my lord," exclaimed Dorriforth, "do not confess before the ladies, lest in order to excite their compassion, you should be tempted to accuse yourself of sins you have never yet committed."

At this Miss Milner laughed, seemingly so well pleased that Lord Frederick, with a sarcastic sneer, repeated:

"From Abelard it came
And Eloisa still must love the name."

Whether from an inattention to the quotation, or from a consciousness it was wholly inapplicable, Dorriforth heard it without one emotion of shame or of anger—while Miss Milner seemed shocked at the implication; her plainness was immediately suppressed, and she threw open the sash, and held her head out at the window, to conceal the embarrassment these lines had occasioned.

The Earl of Elmwood was at that juncture announced—a Catholic nobleman, just come of age, and on the eve of marriage. His visit was to his cousin Mr. Dorriforth, but as all ceremonious visits were alike received by Dorriforth, Miss Milner, and Mrs. Horton's family, in one common apartment, Lord Elmwood was ushered into this, and of course directed the conversation to a different topic.

With an anxious desire that the affection, or acquaintance, between Lord Frederick and Miss Milner might be finally dissolved, her guardian received with infinite satisfaction, overtures of marriage from Sir Edward Ashton.

Sir Edward was not young or handsome; old or ugly; but immensely rich, and possessed of qualities that made him worthy of the happiness to which he aspired. He was the man whom Dorriforth would have chosen before any other for the husband of his ward, and his wishes made him sometimes hope, against his cooler judgment, that Sir Edward would not be rejected. He was resolved, at all events, to try the force of his own power in the strongest recommendation of him.

Notwithstanding the dissimilarity of opinion which in almost every instance, subsisted between Miss Milner and her guardian, there was in general the most punctilious observance of good manners from each towards the other—on the part of Dorriforth more especially; for his politeness would sometimes appear even like the result of a system which he had marked out for himself, as the only means to keep his ward restrained within the same limitations.

Whenever he addressed her there was an unusual reserve upon his countenance, and more than usual gentleness in the tone of his voice; this appeared the effect of sentiments which her birth and situation inspired, joined to a studied mode of respect, best calculated to enforce the same from her. The wished-for consequence was produced—for though there was an instinctive reticence in the understanding of Miss Milner that would have taught her, with out other instruction, what manners to observe towards her deputed father; yet, from some voluble thought, or some quick sense of feeling, which she had not been accustomed to correct, she was perpetually on the verge of treating him with levity; but he would on the instant recall her recollection by a reserve too awful, and a gentleness too sacred for her to violate.

The distinction which both required was thus, by his skillful management alone, preserved.

One morning he took an opportunity, before her and Miss Woodley, to introduce and press the subject of Sir Edward Ashton's hopes. He first spoke warmly in his praise; then plainly said that he believed she possessed the power of making so deserving a man happy to the summit of his wishes. A laugh of ridicule was the only answer;—but a sudden frown from Dorriforth having silenced her mirth, he resumed his usual politeness, and said:

"I wish you would show a better taste, than this pointedly to disapprove of Sir Edward."

"How, Mr. Dorriforth, can you expect me to give proofs of a good taste, when Sir Edward, whom you consider with such high esteem, has given so bad an example of his in approving of me?"

Dorriforth wished not to flatter her by a compliment she seemed to have sought for, and for a moment hesitated what answer to make.

"Reply, Sir, to that question," she said.

"Why then, Madam," returned he, "it is my opinion, that supposing what your humility has advanced be just, yet Sir Edward will not suffer by the suggestion; for in cases where the heart is so immediately concerned, as I believe Sir Edward's to be, taste, or rather reason, has little power to act."

"You are in the right, Mr. Dorriforth; this is a proper justification of Sir Edward—and when I fall in love, I beg that you will make the same excuse for me."

"Then," said he earnestly, "before your heart is in that state which I have described, exert your reason."

"I shall," answered she, "and assuredly not consent to marry a man whom I could never love."

"Unless your heart be already disposed of, Miss Milner, what can make you speak with such a degree of certainty?"

He thought of Lord Frederick when he uttered this, and he riveted his eyes upon her as if to penetrate her most secret inclinations, and yet trembling for what he might find there. She blushed, and her looks would have confessed her guilty, if the embarrassment and free tone of her voice, more than her words, had not preserved her from that sentence.

"No," she replied, "my heart is not stolen away; and yet I can venture to declare, that Sir Edward will never possess it."

"I am sorry, for both your sakes, that these are your sentiments," he replied, "but as your heart is still your own, (and he seemed rejoiced to find it was) permit me to warn you how you part with a thing so precious—the

dangers, the sorrows you hazard in bestowing it are greater than you may possibly be aware of. The heart once gone, our thoughts, our actions, are no more our own, than that is—"

He seemed forcing himself to utter all this, and yet he broke off as if he could have said much more, if the extreme delicacy of the subject had not restricted him.

When he left the room, and she heard the door close after him, she said, with an inquisitive thoughtfulness, "What can make good people so skilled in all the weaknesses of the bad? Mr. Dorriforth, with all those prudent admonitions, appears rather like a man who has passed his life in the gay world, experienced all its dangerous allurements, all its repentant sorrows, than like one who has lived his whole time secluded in a monastic college, or in his own study. Then he speaks with such exquisite sensibility on the subject of love, that he commends the very thing which he attempts to depreciate. I do not think my Lord Frederick would make the passion appear in more pleasing colors by painting its delights, than Mr. Dorriforth could in describing its sorrows—and if he talks to me frequently in this manner, I shall certainly take pity on Lord Frederick for the sake of his adversary's eloquence."

Miss Woodley, who heard the conclusion of this speech with the tenderest concern, cried: "Alas! you then think seriously of Lord Frederick!"

"Suppose I do, therefore that also, Miss Woodley?"

"Because I fear you will never be happy with him."

"That is plainly saying he will not be happy with me."

"I do not know—I cannot speak of marriage from experience," answered Miss Woodley, "but I think I can guess what it is."

"Nor can I speak of love from experience," replied Miss Milner, "but I think I can guess what it is."

"But do not fall in love, my dear," cried Miss Woodley, with her accustomed simplicity of heart, as if she had been asking a favor that depended upon the will of the person entreated; "pray do not fall in love without the approbation of your guardian."

Her young friend smiled at the inefficacious prayer—but promised to do all she could to obey her.

Sir Edward, not wholly discouraged by the denial with which Dorriforth had with delicacy acquainted him, still hoped for a kind reception; and he was so often at the house of Mrs. Horton, that Lord Frederick's jealousy was excited, and the tortures he suffered in consequence convinced him, beyond a doubt, of the sincerity of his affection. Every time he beheld the object of his passion (for he still continued his visits, though not so frequently as heretofore), he pleaded his cause with such ardor that Miss Woodley, who was sometimes present and ever compassionate, could not resist wishing him success. He now unequivocally offered marriage, and entreated that he might lay his proposals before Mr. Dorriforth, but that was positively forbidden.

Her reluctance he imputed, however, more to the known partiality of her guardian for the addresses of Sir Edward, than to any motive which depended upon herself; and to Mr. Dorriforth, he conceived a greater dislike than ever; believing that through his interposition, in spite of his ward's attachment, he might yet be deprived of her. But Miss Milner declared both to him and to her friend, that she had, at present, gained no influence over her mind. Yet did the watchful Miss Woodley oftentimes hear a sigh escape from her unknown to herself, till she was reminded of it; and then a crimson blush would instantly overpread her face. This seeming struggle with her passion endeared her more than ever to Miss Woodley; and she would even risk the displeasure of Dorriforth by her compliance with every new pursuit that might amuse those leisure hours which her friend, she now perceived, passed in heaviness of heart.

Calls, plays, incessant company, at length roused her guardian from that mildness with which he had been accustomed to treat her. Night after night his sleep had been disturbed by fears for her when abroad; morning after morning it had been broken by the clamor of her return. He therefore gravely said to her one forenoon as he met her accidentally upon the staircase:

"I hope, Miss Milner, you pass this evening at home?"

Unprepared for the sudden question, she blushed and replied, "Yes." Though she knew she was engaged to a brilliant assembly, for which her milliner had been consulted a whole week.

She, however, flattered herself that what she said might be excused as a mistake, the lapse of memory, or some other trifling fault, when he should know the truth. The truth was earlier divulged than she expected—for just as dinner was removed, her footman delivered a message to her from her milliner concerning a new dress for the evening—the present evening particularly marked. Her guardian looked astonished!

"I thought, Miss Milner, you gave me your word that you would pass this evening at home?"

"I mistook—for I had before given my word to pass it abroad."

"Indeed!" cried he.

"Yes, indeed; and I believe it is right that I should keep my first promise: is it not?"

"The promise you gave me then, you do not think of any consequence?"

"Yes, certainly, if you do."

"I do."

"And mean, perhaps, to make it of more consequence than it deserves, by being offended."

"Whether or not, I am offended—you shall find I am." And he looked so.

She caught his piercing eyes—here were immediately cast down, and she trembled—either with shame or resentment.

Mrs. Horton rose from her chair—moved the decanters and fruit round the table—stirred the fire—and came back to her chair again, before another word was uttered. Nor had this good woman's officious labors taken the least from the awkwardness of the silence, which, as soon as the bustle she had contrived was over, returned to its full force.

At last, Miss Milner rising with alacrity, was preparing to go out of the room, when Dorriforth raised his voice, and in a tone of authority said:

"Miss Milner, you shall not leave the house this evening."

"Sir!" she exclaimed with a kind of doubt of what she had heard—a surprise which fixed

her hand on the door she had half opened, but which now she showed herself irresolute whether to open wide in defiance, or to shut submissively. Before she could resolve, he rose from his chair and said, with a force and warmth she had never heard him use before:

"I command you to stay at home this evening. And he walked immediately out of the apartment by another door."

Her hand fell motionless from that which she held—she appeared motionless herself—till Mrs. Horton, beseeching her not to be uneasy at the treatment she had received, made her tears flow as if her heart was breaking.

Miss Woodley would have said something to comfort her, but she had caught the infection, and could not utter a word. It was not from any real cause of grief that Miss Woodley wept; but there was a magnetic quality in tears, which always attracted hers.

Mrs. Horton secretly enjoyed this scene, though the well meaning of her heart, and the ease of her conscience did not suffer her to think so. She, however, declared she had long prognosticated it would come to this; and she only thanked heaven it was no worse.

"What can be worse, madam?" cried Mrs. Milner: "Am I not disappointed of the ball?"

"You don't mean to go then?" said Mrs. Horton: "I commend your prudence; and I dare say it is more than your guardian gives you credit for."

"Do you think I would go," answered Miss Milner, with an eagerness that for a time suppressed her tears; "in contradiction to his will?"

"It is not the first time, I believe, you have acted contrary to that, Miss Milner," replied Mrs. Horton; "and affected a tenderness of voice, to soften the harshness of her words."

"If you think so, madam, I see nothing that should prevent me now. And she went eagerly out of the room as if she had resolved to disobey him. This alarmed poor Miss Woodley.

"My dear aunt," she cried to Mrs. Horton, "follow and prevail upon Miss Milner to give up her design; she means to be at the ball in opposition to her guardian's will."

"Then," said Mrs. Horton, "I'll not be instrumental in deterring her—if she does go, it may be for the best; it may give Mr. Dorriforth a clearer knowledge what means are proper to convert her from evil."

"But, my dear madam, she must be preserved from the evil of disobedience; and as you tempted, you will be the most likely to dissuade her. But if you will not, I must endeavor."

Miss Woodley was leaving the room to perform this good work, when Mrs. Horton, in imitation of the example given her by Dorriforth, cried:

"Niece, I command you not to stir out of this room this evening."

Miss Woodley obediently sat down—and though her thoughts and heart were in the chamber of her friend, she never marked by one impermanent word, or by one line of her face the restraint she suffered.

At the usual hour, Mr. Dorriforth and his ward were summoned to tea—he entered with a countenance which evinced the remains of anger; his eye gave testimony of his absent thoughts; and though he took up a pamphlet affecting to read, it was plain to discern that he scarcely knew he held it in his hand.

Mrs. Horton began to make tea with a mind as intent upon something else as Dorriforth's—she longed for the event of this misadventure; and though she wished no ill to Miss Milner, yet, with an inclination bent upon seeing something new—without the fatigue of going out of her own house—she was not over scrupulous that that novelty might be.

But for fear she should have the imprudence to speak a word upon the subject which employed her thoughts, or even to look as if she thought of it at all, she pinched her lips close together, and cast her eyes on vacancy, lest their significant regards might expose her to detection. And for fear that any noise should intercept even the sound of what might happen, she walked across the room more softly than usual, and more softly touched every thing she was obliged to lay her hand on.

Miss Woodley thought it her duty to be mute;—and now the gentle of a tea spoon was like a deep-toned bell, all was so quiet.

Mrs. Horton, too, in the self-approving reflection that she was not in the quarrel or altercation of any kind, felt herself at this moment remarkably peaceful and charitable.—Miss Woodley did not recollect herself so, but was so in reality—in her peace and charity were instinctive virtues, accident could not increase them.

The tea had scarcely been made, when a servant came with Miss Milner's compliments, and she did not mean to have any tea. The pamphlet shook in Dorriforth's hand while this message was delivered—he believed her to be dressing for her evening's entertainment; and now studied in what manner he should prevent, or resent her disobedience to his commands.

He coughed—drank his tea—endeavored to talk, but found it difficult—sometimes he read—and in this manner near two hours passed away, when Miss Milner came into the room. Not dressed for a ball, but as she had risen from dinner, Dorriforth read on, and seemed afraid of looking up, lest he should see what he could not have pardoned. She drew a chair and sat at the table by the side of her delighted friend.

After a few minutes pause and some little embarrassment on the part of Mrs. Horton, at the disappointment she had to encounter from this unexpected dutiful conduct, she asked Miss Milner, "if she would not have any tea?"

She replied, "No, I thank you, ma'am, in a voice so languid, compared with her usual one, that Dorriforth lifted up his eyes from the book; and, seeing her in the same dress that she had worn all the day, turned them hastily away from her again—not with a look of triumph, but of confusion."

Whatever he might have suffered if he had seen Miss Milner decorated, and prepared to bid defiance to his commands; yet even upon that trial, he would not have endured half the painful sensations he now for a moment felt—he felt himself to blame.

He feared he had treated her with too much severity—he admired her constancy, and accused himself for having exacted it—he longed to ask her pardon—he did not know how.

A cheerful reply from her to a question of Miss Woodley's embarrassed him still more—he wished that she had been sullen, he would have had a temptation, or pretence to have been sullen too.

With all these sentiments crowding fast upon his heart, he still read or seemed to read,

as if he took no notice of what was passing; till a servant came into the room and asked Miss Milner at what time she should want the carriage? to which she replied, "I don't go out to-night. Dorriforth then laid the book out of his hand, and, by the time the servant had left the room, thus began:

"Miss Milner, I give you, I fear, some unkind proofs of my regard. It is often the ungrateful task of a friend to be troublesome—sometimes unmanfully. Forgive the duties of my office, and believe that no one is half so much concerned, if it robs you of any degree of happiness, as I myself am."

What he said, he looked with so much sincerity that, had she been burning with rage at his late behavior, she must have forgiven him, for the regret which he so forcibly expressed. She was going to reply, but found she could not, without accompanying her words with tears; therefore, after the first attempt, she desisted.

On this he rose from his chair, and going to her, said, "Once more show me your submission by obeying me a second time to-day. Keep your appointment; and be assured that I shall issue my commands with more circumspection for the future, as I find how strictly they are complied with."

Miss Milner, the gay, the calm, the dispassionate, the happy Miss Milner, sunk beneath this kindness, and wept with a gentleness and patience which did not give more surprise than it gave joy to Dorriforth. He was charmed to find her disposition so tractable—prophesied to himself the future success of his guardianship, and her eternal as well as temporal happiness from this specimen of compliance.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"Talking Turkey."

Thanksgiving Day is not the product of cities; like turkeys and pumpkins, it flourishes best in country air. And so it is Thanksgiving over in Indiana woods. Woods: d'ye ever think how rich that word is, in all thoughts of magnificent vegetation? What maples stand in close order within it; what wealth of beech and birch; what graceful sculpture of live oaks in air; what stench of oaks, all sprung from thick-set seed, and crowded in dense ranks with that little word "woods." We plead for the final "s," we earnestly call upon all people who speak of our diversified forests, never to say "wood," when they can finish the picture with a single dash of the pen; for that little syllable is a whole box of richest color laid on with a dash of sunshine.

This is one of the loveliest days of the whole year; the sun is out, the bees are out, the children are out, and the fire would be out, but thereby hangs a "turkey." Broad, green fire-place, old iron fire-dogs, great red, clean-swept hearth, and a turkey roasting and oleaginous, turning slowly round, dependent from a twisting string, after the good old fashion. Meekly are its plumeless wings folded over its glowing breast; ignobly is it swung up like a Tory, by the heels; and there it is, this minute, "going about doing good," like an itinerant Missionary. Its clean white skin is turning a rich—shall we say a golden brown, like the Autumn woods around the old homestead that keep off the wind and the world. Brown on the breast, brown on the wings, brown on the back; it is warm work, and beads stand upon its like rain, and tinkle with sweeter music than guitars slowly into the iron dish beneath it.

The air begins to be filled with the savory fragrance of sage, and the indescribable aroma of roasting turkey. We forget the roses of June, and the breath from the blossoming clove; we remember certain slices of venison upon a wooden fork, by a fire in the woods; the crisp rind of the young and tender pig; the meaty "Morphies" turned out from the snug and glowing bed just under the fore-stick; all the richness of the precious turkey locked up within the dusty jacket—a pinch of salt, and lo, a feast!—the milky corn leaned up in rows before the fire and ripening, as it were beneath our eyes. We remember all these as the turkey turns slowly in its martyrdom.

Verily, we are not all ethereal; quite content are we not to be a Cherub; for gain of wings, unless turkey and roasted, will not atone for loss of other organs below the chin.

We give thanks for an appetite; for roast turkey to satisfy it; for friends to share it, and for a day whereon to eat it; a day when it is in some sort legalized, and the demolition of turkey a constitutional duty.

It is not our daily business, nor yet the secret purpose of life—roast turkey is not—but thanks to the Puritan and the Governor, the noble bird has a day in the calendar. And why not? The eagle, indelible, numismatic, fierce, has the freedom of half the world, and flies into all our faces on the Fourth of July; shall we strike out Thanksgiving and turkey together from one poor shriveled day in November?

Abstractly, turkey has not our suffrage; even chickens with nankeen legs are preferred, but concretely we cannot spare it at all. Rather let the lamb, unflanked with green peas and "ungarnished with parsley, attain to the full meekness of abeephood. We can well imagine that the stately turkey, at first, like the poor man's broken china, was wisely kept for show; but when the Puritans grew rich in children, that great New England staple, and they all came home to "Thanksgiving," a score or two of them, whom the "nipping and eager air" had given kindred appetites, should they make a clean sweep, all my pretty chickens at one fell swoop, and leave the roast as bare as a scudding ship? How many brace of "wish-bones" once marked the festival!

And then unhappily for the turkey, solicitous eyes were cast upon him where he walked rustling and stately with natural criminality, inflated at the sight of bandanas, and filling the neighborhood with syllables of the Turkish tongue. It was a dead set for him; those magnificent proportions—what score of hungry mouths they would fill, from the drumsticks that play upon the appetite, to the white sections carved from the meat of the affections, or that past we so often hear named, but never yet have seen: "I'm not particular." It was a thought worthy of a Yankee—the aggregate of a whole brood of chickens, and yet hardly missed in the populous parlors of the farm-yard.

But while we write, the brisk fire has snatched into a ball of rich red coals, changing like rubies in a shifting light, the twinkling twin at length hangs motionless; the turkey is "done to a turn"—the last turn; the white cloth is laid; the household, even to the third

generation, rally round the turkey, set like a golden brown device in the midst of the white medallion of the broad platter.

Cranberries and turkeys are correlatives, just as are currant jelly and venison, and so here is the deep red sauce, that sets off the flavor of the flaky flesh, where it falls off from the curved breast, beneath the knife. Home-made bread light and white, whose material once waved in the field over here; amber-colored sauce of apples that blossomed in the orchard over there; the golden syrup of Sugar Cane—Celestial!—express and admirable, that waved over yonder.

Almost all home-made, the feast and the guests, the hearts and the hopes. But fewer grow the thanksgivings, as the years go by, and the broad leaves of the table spread like an eagle's wings, will drop by and by; and it is a blessed thing that those that are left of us can be bound together in Turkey in one volume of love and life.

The sun that blazed broadly in at the front door, and lay along the hall floor like a carpet of cloth of gold, went wading down the west through drifts of clouds, and the night closed in, no star, no glory, November. The fire glows bright in the dusk, the home-circle is narrowed, and lo, the kernel of a summer noon in the huge dark husk of a November night.

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DENTISTRY

THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION, 711 Philadelphia
Desires to solicit contributions for the relief of the Sick
with Venereal and Epidemic Diseases.

THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION, in view of the great destruction of human life, caused by sexual diseases, the diseases of the skin, and the venereal diseases by Quacks, several years ago directed others to suggest, and has caused a large number of persons in their forms, and to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to whom they apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (excepting cases of Gonorrhoea, Syphilis, and Scrophulous eruptions), to FURNISH MEDICINES FREE OF CHARGE, (in extreme cases, necessary to add that the Association commands the highest Medical Science, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.)

The Directors of the Association, in their Annual Report, upon the subject of the Venereal disease, for the year ending January 1st, 1858 express the following views: "The Association has had attended the labors of the Consulting Staff (Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Syphilis, the Scrophulous eruptions, &c., and order a continuance of the same plan for the ensuing year."

The Directors, on a review of the past, feel anxious

their labors in this sphere of benevolent effort have been great benefits derived, especially to the young, and who have resolved to devote their lives to the cause of truth, to be very important and much despised cause.

An admirable tract upon Spermatization, or Seminal Discharge, by Dr. J. C. HENRIE, has been published, containing the views of Quakerism upon venereal diseases, and other diseases of the sexual organs; by the Consulting Physician, JOHN W. BARNES, M.D., of Philadelphia. The price of the volume will be sent by mail (in a sealed envelope) FREE OF CHARGE, on receipt of one dollar in postage stamps.

Reports and tracts on the nature and treatment of various diseases, such as Syphilis, Gonorrhea, etc., are constantly being published for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent by mail free of charge, on application to the undersigned, who will also send new remedies and methods of treatment discovered during the last year, and of great value.

Add your name to the list of Directors of the AMERICAN HYPOPHOSPHITE CO., GEORGE R. CAHOON, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 West Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The undersigned are the Agents for the Directors

GEO. FAIRCILL, Pres. EDNA HARTWELL, Pres.
and Managers.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

R. H. EDDY, Solicitor of PATENTS,
Late Agent of U. S. Patent Office, Washington, under the
signature of "R. H. EDDY,"
of 1887.

[illegible]

patents, beyond question, to other facilities for obtaining them.

All necessity of a journey to Washington, to procure a patent, and the usual great delay there, are here saved by inventors.

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"I regard Mr. Edg as one of the most capable and respectable practitioners with whom I have had official intercourse."

CHAS. M. RAY, President of the Franklin Institute.

"I have no hesitation in assuring Inventors that they may employ a person, more competent and trustworthy, and more economical, than any other, in the form of a Remedy for them an agent and favorable consideration at the Patent Office. EDMUND BURKE," Late Commissioner of Patents.

ROSTON, February 8, 1868.

"Mr. E. H. Edg has made for me a very complete list of all but one of whose patents have been granted, and that one is pending. Such unsatisfactory proof of great talent and ability as this affords, is a sufficient guarantee of his ability to help him to procure their patents, as they may be wanted by him, and to save the most faithful attention bestowed on their cases, as at present, and to secure them the same."—

From Sept. 17, 1857, to July 17, 1858, the substantial course of his large practice, was, on twice rejected applications for **EXPERIMENTAL**, EVERY ONE of which was decided in his favor.

R. H. EDDY.

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