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THE BEAUTIFUL WARD.

A CHARMING STORY.

Although Dorriforth was the good man that he had been described, there were in his nature shades of evil—there was an obstinacy, which himself and his friends called firmness of mind; but which, had not religion and some contrary virtues weighed heavily in the balance, would have frequently degenerated into implacable stubbornness.

The child of a sister once beloved, who married a young officer against her brother's consent, was at the age of three years left an orphan, destitute of all support but from an uncle's generosity; but though Dorriforth maintained, he would never see him. Miss Milner, whose heart was a receptacle for the unfortunate, no sooner was told the melancholy history of the child, than she longed to behold the innocent inheritor of her guardian's resentment, and took Miss Woodley with her to see the boy. He was at a farm house a few miles from town, and his extreme beauty and engaging manners wanted not the sorrows to which he had been born, to give him farther recommendation to and kindness of her who had come to visit him. She looked at him with admiration and pity, and having endeavored herself to him by the most affectionate words and caresses, on her bidding him farewell, he cried most piteously to go along with her. Unused, at any time to resist temptations, whether to reprehensible, or to laudable actions, she yielded to his supplications, and having overcome a few scruples of Miss Woodley's, determined to take the young Rushbrook to town, and present him to his uncle. This design was no sooner formed than executed. By making a present to the nurse, she readily gained her consent to part with him for a day or two; and an excess of joy denoted by the child on being placed in the carriage, repaid her beforehand for every reproach she might receive from her guardian, for the liberty she had taken.

Rejoice, said she to Miss Woodley, who had still her fears, do you not wish his uncle should have a warmer interest in his care than duty?—It is duty alone which induces—Mr. Dorriforth to provide for him; but it is proper that affection should have some share in his benevolence—and how, when he grows older will he be so fit an object of the love, which compassion excites as he is at present.

Miss Woodley acquiesced. But before they arrived at their own door it came into Miss Milner's remembrance, that there was a grave sternness in the manner of her guardian when provoked, the recollection of which made her a little apprehensive for what she had done—her friend, who knew him better than she did, was more so. They both became silent as they approached the street where they lived; for Miss Woodley, having once represented her fears, and having suppressed them in resignation to Miss Milner's better judgment, would not repeat them—and Miss Milner would not confess that they were now troubling her.

Just, however, as the coach stopped at their home, she had the foreboding and humility to say, 'We will not tell Mr. Dorriforth the child is his nephew, unless he should appear fond and pleased with him, and then I think we may venture without any danger.'

This was agreed; and when Dorriforth entered the room just before dinner, poor Harry Rushbrook was introduced as the son of a lady who frequently visited there. The description passed—his uncle shook hands with him, and at length, highly pleased with his engaging manner and applicable replies, took him on his knee, and caressed him with affection. Miss Milner could scarcely restrain the joy it gave her; but unluckily, Dorriforth said soon after to the child, 'And now tell me your names.'

'Harry Rushbrook,' replied he, with force and clearness of voice.

Dorriforth was holding him fondly round the waist as he stood with his feet upon his knees; and at this reply he did not throw him from him; but he removed his hands, which had supported him, so suddenly that the child, to prevent falling on the floor, threw himself about his uncle's neck. Miss Milner and Miss Woodley turned aside to conceal their tears. 'I had like to have been down,' cried Harry, fearing no other danger. But his uncle took hold of each hand which had twined around him, and placed him immediately on the ground. The dinner being that instant served, he gave no greater marks of resentment than calling for his hat, and walking instantly out of the house.

Miss Milner cried, for anger; yet she did not show less kindness to the object of this vexatious circumstance; she held him in her arms while she sat at table, and repeatedly said to him (though he had not the sense to thank her), 'That she would always be his friend.'

The first emotions of resentment against Dorriforth being passed, she returned with her little charge to the farm house, where it was likely his uncle should come back; another instance of obedience, which Miss Woodley was impatient her guardian should know; she therefore inquired where he was gone, and sent him a note for the sole purpose of acquainting him with it, offering at the same time an apology for what had happened. He returned in the evening seemingly reconciled; nor was a word mentioned of the incident, which had occurred in the former part of the day; still in his countenance remained the evidence of a perfect recollection of it, without one trait of compassion for his hapless nephew.

There are few things so mortifying to a proud spirit as to suffer by immediate comparison—men can hardly bear it; but to women the punishment is intolerable; and Miss Milner now labored under this humiliation to a degree which gave her no small inquietude.

Miss Fenton, young of exquisite beauty, elegant manners, gentle disposition, and discreet conduct, was introduced to Miss Milner's acquaintance by her guardian, and frequently, sometimes inadvertently, held up by him as a pattern for her to follow—for when he did not say this to direct terms, it was insinuated by the warmth of his panegyric on those virtues in which Miss Fenton excelled, and in which his ward was obviously deficient.

Not to admire Miss Fenton was impossible; and to find one fault with her person or sentiments was equally impossible—and yet to love her was unable.

That serenity of mind which kept her firm in a continual place, from though, exclaiming at the first glance, upon a second view, she would have seen her distorted with rage, and with envy, or in deep dejection, had been to her advantage. But her superior soul appeared above those emotions, and there was more inducement to worship her as a saint, than to love her as a woman. Yet Dorriforth, whose heart was not formed (at least not educated) for love, regarding her in the light of friendship only, beheld her as the most perfect model of her sex. Lord Frederick on first

VOL. XII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, DEC. 23, 1858.

NO. 24.

The Eastern Mail.

seeing her was struck with her beauty, and Miss Milner apprehended she had introduced a rival; but he had not seen her three times, before he called her! The most insufferable of Heaven's creatures, and vowed there was more charming variation in the plain features of Miss Woodley.

Miss Milner had a heart affectionate to her own sex, even where she saw them in possession of superior charms; but whether from the spirit of contradiction, from feeling herself more than ordinarily offended by her guardian's praise of this lady, or that there was a reserve in Miss Fenton that did not accord with her own frank and ingenuous disposition, so as to engage her esteem, certain it is that she took infinite satisfaction in hearing her beauty and virtues depreciated or turned into ridicule, particularly if Mr. Dorriforth was present.

This was painful to him on many accounts; perhaps an anxiety for his ward's conduct was not among the least; and whenever the circumstance occurred, he could with difficulty restrain his anger. Miss Fenton was not only a person whose amiable qualities he admired, but she was soon to be allied to him by her marriage with his nearest relation, Lord Elmwood, a young nobleman whom he sincerely loved.

Lord Elmwood had discovered all that beauty in Miss Fenton which every common observer could not see. The charms of her mind and of her fortune had been pointed out by his tutor; and the utility of the marriage, in perfect submission to his precepts, he never permitted himself to question.

This preceptor held with a magisterial power the government of his pupil's passions; nay, governed them so entirely that no one could perceive (nor did the young lord himself know) that he had any.

This rigid monitor and friend was a Mr. Sandford, bred a Jesuit in the same college at which Dorriforth had since been educated, but previous to his education the order had been compelled to take another name. Sandford had been the tutor of Dorriforth as well as of his cousin, Lord Elmwood, and by this double tie he seemed now enfolded upon the family. As a Jesuit, he was possessed of steadiness to accomplish the end of any design once meditated, and of sagacity to direct the views of men more powerful, but less ingenious than himself.

The young earl, accustomed in his infancy to fear him as his master, in his youthful manhood received every new indulgence with gratitude, and at length loved him as a father;—nor had Dorriforth as yet shaken off similar sensations. Mr. Sandford perfectly knew how to influence the sentiments and sensations of all his mankind, but yet he had the forbearance not to draw all hearts towards him. There were some whose hatred he thought not unworthy of his pious labors to excite; and in that pursuit he was more rapid in his success than even in procuring esteem. 'It was an enterprise in which he succeeded with Miss Milner even beyond his most sanguine wish.'

She had been educated at an English boarding school, and had no idea of the superior and subordinate state of elements in a foreign seminary;—besides, as a woman, she was privileged to say any thing she pleased; and, as a beautiful woman, she had a right to expect that whatever she pleased to say should be admired.

Sandford knew the hearts of women, as well as those of men, though he had passed but little of his time in their society;—he saw Miss Milner's heart at the first sight of her person; and beholding in that small circumference a weight of folly that he wished to eradicate, he began to toil in the vineyard, eagerly courting her detestation of him, in the hope he could also make her abominate herself. In the mortifications of slight he was expert; and being a man of talents, whom all companies, especially those of her friends, respected, he so began by wounding that reverence he so highly valued upon ineffectual remonstrances, of which he could foresee the reception, but which he could not prevent.

He spoke of her in her presence as of an indifferent person, sometimes forgetting even to name her when the subject required it; then would ask her pardon, and say that he really did not recollect her; with such seeming sorrow for his fault, that she could not suppose the offence intended, and of course felt the affront more acutely.

While, with every other person she was the principal, the cause upon which a whole party depended for conversation, cards, music, or dancing, with Mr. Sandford she found that she was of no importance. Sometimes she tried to consider this disregard of her as merely the effect of ill breeding; but he was not an ill bred man; he was a gentleman by birth, and one who had kept the best company—a man of sense and learning. And such a man slighted her without knowing it, she said—for she had not divined so deeply into the powers of simulation as to suspect that such careless manners were the result of art.

This behavior of Mr. Sandford had its desired effect—it humbled her in her own opinion more than a thousand sermons would have done, preached on the vanity of youth and beauty. She felt an inward shame at the insignificance of these qualities that she never knew before; and would have been cured of all her pride, had she not possessed a degree of spirit beyond the generality of her sex—such a degree as even Mr. Sandford, with all his penetration, did not expect to find. She determined to resist his treatment; and, entering the lists as he declared, enemy, give to the world a reason why he did not acknowledge her sovereignty, as well as the rest of her devoted subjects.

She now commenced hostilities against all his arguments, his learnings, and his favorite actions; and by a happy talent of ridicule, in want of other weapons for this warfare, she threw in the way of the holy father as great trials of his patience as any that his order could have substituted in penance. Many things he bore like a martyr;—at others, his fortitude would forsake him, and he would fall on her guardian, his former pupil, to interpose with his authority;—she would then declare that she had only acted thus to try the good man's temper, and that if he would longer, she would have acknowledged the claim to communication; but that, having yielded to the sallies of his anger, he must now go through numerous other provocations.

If Miss Fenton was admired by Dorriforth, by Sandford, she was adored—and, instead of placing her as an example to Miss Milner, she spoke of her as one endowed beyond Miss Milner's power of imitation. Often, with a shake of his head and a sigh, would he say,

'No, I am not so hard upon you as your guardian; I only desire you to love Miss Fenton; to resemble her, I believe, is above your ability.'

This was too much to bear composedly—and Miss Woodley, who was generally a witness of these controversies, felt a degree of sorrow at every sentence which, like the foregoing, chagrined and distressed her friend. Yet as she suffered too for Mr. Sandford, the joy of her friend's reply was mostly abated by the unreasonableness it gave to him. But Mrs. Horton felt for none but the right reverend priest; and often did she feel so violently interested in his cause, that she could not refrain giving an answer herself in his behalf—thus doing the duty of an adversary with all the zeal of an advocate.

Mr. Sandford finding his friend Dorriforth frequently perplexed in the management of his ward, and he himself thinking her incapable, gave his counsel, that a suitable match should be immediately sought out for her, and the care of so dangerous a person given into other hands. Dorriforth acknowledged the propriety of this advice, but lamented the difficulty of pleasing his ward as to the quality of her lover, for she had refused, besides Sir Edward Ashton, many others of equal pretensions.

'Depend upon it then,' cried Sandford, 'that her affections are engaged; and it is proper that you should know to whom.' Dorriforth thought he did know, and mentioned Lord Frederick; but said that he had no farther authority for the supposition than what his observation had given him, for that every explanation both upon his and her side had been evaded. 'Take her then,' cried Sandford, 'into the country, and if Lord Frederick should not follow, there is an end of your suspicions.'—I shall not easily prevail upon Miss Milner to leave town,' replied he, 'while it is in the highest fashion.'—You can but try, returned Sandford; 'and if you should not succeed now, at least fix the time you mean to go during the autumn, and be firm to your determination.'—But in autumn,' replied Dorriforth, 'Lord Frederick will of course be in the country; and as his uncle's estate is near our residence, he will not then so evidently follow her, as he would if I could induce her to go immediately.'

It was agreed the attempt should be made. Instead of receiving this abrupt proposal with uneasiness, Miss Milner, to the surprise of all present, immediately consented; and gave her guardian an opportunity of saying several of the kindest and politest things upon her ready compliance.

'A token of approbation from you, Mr. Dorriforth,' returned she, 'I always considered with high estimation—but your commendations are now become infinitely superior in value by their scarcity; for I do not believe that since Miss Fenton and Mr. Sandford came to town, I have received one testimony of your esteem.'

Had these words been uttered with plainness, they might have passed without observation; but at the conclusion of the period, resentment fell to Miss Milner's face, and she darted a piercing look at Mr. Sandford, who more pointedly expressed that she was angry with him, than if she had spoken volumes in her usual strain of railleury. Dorriforth was confused—but the concern which she had so plainly evinced for his good opinion, throughout all that she had been saying, silenced any rebuke he might else have given her, for this unwarrantable charge against his friend.

Mrs. Horton was shocked at the irreverent manner in which Mr. Sandford was treated—and Miss Woodley turned to him with a benevolent smile upon her face, hoping to set an example of the manner in which he should receive the rebuke. Her good wishes did not succeed; yet he was perfectly untroubled, and replied with calmness.

'The air of the country has affected the lady already—but it is a comfortable thing,' continued he, 'that in the variety of humors to which some women are exposed, they cannot be uniform even in deceit.'

'Deceit!' cried Miss Milner, 'in what am I deceitful? Did I ever pretend that I had an esteem for you?'

'That would not have been deceit, madam, but merely good manners.'

'I never, Mr. Sandford, sacrificed truth to politeness.'

'Except when the country has been proposed, and you thought it politeness to appear satisfied.'

'And I was satisfied, till I recollected that you might probably be of the party;—then, every grove was changed into a wilderness, every rivulet into a stagnated pool, and every singing bird into a croaking raven.'

'A very poetical description,' returned he calmly. 'But, Miss Milner, you need not have had any apprehensions of my company in the country, for I understand the seat to which your guardian means to go belongs to you; and you may depend upon it, madam, that I will never enter a house in which you are the mistress.'

'Nor any house, I am certain, Mr. Sandford, but in which you are yourself the master.'

'What do you mean, madam? (and for the first time he elevated his voice), am I the master here?'

'Your servants,' replied she, looking at the company, 'will not tell you so, but I do.'

'You condescend, Mr. Sandford,' cried Mrs. Horton, 'in talking so much to a young heedless woman; but I know you do it for her good.'

'Well, Miss Milner,' cried Dorriforth (and the most cutting thing he could say), 'since I find my proposal of the country has put you out of humor, I shall mention it no more.'

With all that quantity of resentment, anger, or rage, which sometimes boiled in the veins of Miss Milner, she was yet never wanting in that respect towards her guardian, which with-held her from ever uttering one angry sentence, directed immediately to him; and a severe word of his, instead of exasperating, was sure to subdue her. This was the case at present—his words wounded her to the heart, but she had not the audacity to reply to them as she thought they merited; and she bawled into tears. Dorriforth, instead of being concerned, as he usually was at seeing her uneasy, appeared on the present occasion provoked. He thought her weeping was a new reproach to his friend Mr. Sandford; and that to suffer himself to be moved by it would be a tacit condemnation of his friend's conduct. She understood his tone, and, getting the better of her tears, apologized for her weakness; adding,

'She could never bear with indifference an unjust accusation.'

'To prove that mine was unjust, madam,' replied Dorriforth; 'be prepared to quit London, without any mark of regret, within a few days.'

She bowed assent; the necessary preparations were agreed upon; and while with apparent satisfaction she adjusted the plan of her journey (like those who behave well not so much to please themselves as to vex their enemies), she secretly triumphed in the mortification she hoped that Mr. Sandford would receive from her obedient behavior.

The news of this intended journey was of course soon made public. There is a secret charm in being pitted, when the misfortune is but ideal; and Miss Milner found infinite gratification in being told, 'That her was a cruel case, and that it was unjust and barbarous to force so much beauty into concealment, while London was filled with her admirers; who like her, would languish in consequence of her solitude.' These things, and a thousand such, a thousand times repeated, she still listened to with pleasure; yet preserved the constancy not to shrink from her resolution of submitting.

Those involuntary sighs, however, that Miss Woodley had long ago observed, became still more frequent; and a tear-half starting in her eye was an additional subject of her friend's observation. Yet though Miss Milner at those times was softened into melancholy, she by no means appeared unhappy. Her friend was acquainted with love only by name; yet she was confirmed from these increased symptoms, in what she before only suspected, that love must be the foundation of her care. Her senses have been captivated by the person and accomplishments of Lord Frederick, said Miss Woodley to herself, but her understanding compels her to see his faults, and reproaches her passion—And, Oh! 'cried she, 'could her guardian and Mr. Sandford, but know of this conflict, how much they would have to admire; how little to condemn!'

With such friendly thoughts, and with the purest intentions, Miss Woodley did not fail to give both gentlemen reason to believe a continuation of this nature was the actual state of Miss Milner's mind. Dorriforth was affected at the description, and Sandford urged more than ever the necessity of leaving town.

In a few days they departed: Mrs. Horton, Miss Woodley, Miss Milner, and Mr. Dorriforth, accompanied by Miss Fenton, whom Miss Milner, knowing it to be the wish of her guardian, invited, for three months before her marriage, to her country seat. Elmwood house, or rather castle, the seat of Lord Elmwood, was only a few miles distant from this residence, and he was expected to pass a great part of the summer there, with his tutor Mr. Sandford.

In the neighborhood was also (as it has been already said) an estate belonging to an uncle of Lord Frederick's; and most of the party suspected that they should soon see him on a visit there. To that expectation they in great measure attributed Miss Milner's visible content.

With this party Miss Milner arrived at her country house, and, for some six weeks, all around was the picture of tranquility; her satisfaction was as evident as every other person's; and all severe admonition being at this time unnecessary, either to exhort her to her duty, or to warn her against her folly, she was even in perfect good humor with Miss Fenton, and added friendship to hospitality.

Mr. Sandford, who came with Lord Elmwood to the neighboring seat, about a week after the arrival of Miss Milner at her's, was so scrupulously exact in the observance of his word 'Never to enter a house of Miss Milner's,' that he would not even call upon his friend Dorriforth there—but in their walks, and at Lord Elmwood's, the two parties, residing at the two houses, would occasionally join, and of course Sandford and she, at those times met.

Yet so distant was the reserve on either side, that not a single word upon any occasion was ever exchanged between them.

Miss Milner did not like Mr. Sandford; yet as there was no cause of inveterate rancor, admiring him too as a man who meant well, and her being besides of a most forgiving temper, she frequently felt concerned that he did not speak to her, although it had been to find fault as usual;—and one morning as they were strolling, after a long ramble drawing towards her house, where Lord Elmwood was invited to dine, she could not refrain from dropping a tear at seeing Sandford turn back and wish them a 'Good day.'

But though she had the generosity to forgive an affront, she had not the humility to make a concession; and she foresaw that nothing less than some very humble monument on her part would prevail upon the haughty priest to be reconciled.

Dorriforth saw her concern upon this last trifling occasion with a secret pleasure, and an admiration that she had never before excited. She once intimated to him to be a mediator between them; but before any accommodation could take place, the peace and composure of their abode were disturbed by the arrival of Sir Edward Ashton at Lord Elmwood's, where it appeared as if he had been invited in order to pursue his matrimonial plan.

At a dinner given by Lord Elmwood, Sir Edward was announced as an unexpected visitor. Miss Milner did not suppose him such, and she turned pale when his name was uttered. Dorriforth fixed his eyes upon her with some tokens of compassion, while Sandford seemed to exult, and by his repeated 'Welcome' to the baroness, gave proofs how much he was rejoiced to see him. All the declining enmity of Miss Milner was renewed at this behavior, and suspecting Sandford as the instigator of the visit, she could not overcome her displeasure, but gave way to it in a manner which she thought the most mortifying. Sir Edward, in the course of conversation inquired 'What neighbors were in the country; and she, with an appearance of high satisfaction, named Lord Frederick Lawley as being hourly expected at his uncle's.

The color spread over Sir Edward's face—Dorriforth was confounded—and Mr. Sandford looked enraged.

Did Lord Frederick tell you he should be down?' Sandford asked of Dorriforth.

'To which he replied, "No."

But I hope, Mr. Sandford, you will permit me to know, said Miss Milner. For as she now meant to torment him by what she said, she no longer constrained herself to silence; and as he harbored the same kind intention towards her, he had no longer any objection to make a reply, and therefore answered,

'No, madam, if it depend upon my permission, you should not know.'

'Not any thing, sir, I dare say—you would keep me in utter ignorance.'

'I would,' said Miss Milner, 'if I had a self interested motive, Mr. Sandford—that I might have a greater respect for you.'

Some of the company laughed—Mrs. Horton coughed—Miss Woodley blushed—and Lord Elmwood sneered—Dorriforth frowned—and Miss Fenton looked just as she did before.

The conversation was changed as soon as possible, and early in the evening the party from Milner Lodge returned home.

Miss Milner had scarcely left her dressing-room, where she had been taking off some part of her dress, when Dorriforth's servant came to acquaint her that his master was alone in his study, and begged to speak with her. She felt herself tremble—she immediately experienced a consciousness that she had not acted properly at Lord Elmwood's; for she felt a presentiment that her guardian was going to upbraid her, and her heart whispered that he had never yet reproached her without a cause.

Miss Woodley just then entered her apartment, and she found herself so much a coward as to propose that she should go with her, and aid her with a word or two occasionally in her excuse.

'What you, my dear,' returned Miss Woodley, 'who, not three hours ago, had the courage to vindicate your own cause before a whole company of whom many were your adversaries; do you want an advocate before your guardian alone, who has ever treated you with tenderness?'

'It is that very tenderness which frightens me, which intimidates, and strikes me dumb. Is it possible I can return impudence to the language and manners which Mr. Dorriforth uses? and as I am debarred from that resource, what can I do but stand before him like a guilty creature, acknowledging my faults.'

She again entreated her friend to go with her; but on a positive refusal, from the impropriety of such an intrusion, she was obliged at length to go by herself.

How much does the difference of exterior circumstances influence not only the manners, but even the persons of some people! Miss Milner in Lord Elmwood's drawing room, surrounded by admirers, (for even her enemies could not look at her without admiration,) animated with approbation and applause—and Miss Milner, with no giddy observer to give her actions a false eclat, destitute of all but her own understanding (which secretly condemns her), upon the point of receiving censure from her guardian and friend, are two different beings.

Though still beautiful beyond description, she does not look even in person the same. In the last-mentioned situation, she was short and in nature than in the former—she was pale—she was thinner—and a very different countenance presided over her whole air, and all her features.

When she arrived at the door of the study, she opened it with a trepidation she could hardly account for, and entered to Dorriforth the altered woman she has been represented. His heart had taken the most decided part against her, and his face had assumed the most severe aspect of reproach; but her appearance gave an instantaneous change to his whole mind and countenance.

He halted, as if she feared to approach—she hesitated, as if he knew not how to speak. Instead of the anger with which he was prepared to begin, his voice involuntarily softened, and without knowing what he said, he began,

'My dear Miss Milner—'

She expected he was angry, and in her confusion his gentleness was lost upon her. She imagined that what he said might be censure, and she continued to tremble, though he repeatedly assured her, that he meant only to advise, not to upbraid her.

'For as to all those little disputes between Mr. Sandford and you,' said he, 'I should be partial if I blamed you more than him;—indeed, when you take the liberty to condemn him, his character makes the freedom appear in a more serious light than when he complains of you;—and yet, if his provokes your retorts he alone must answer for them; nor will I undertake to decide between you. But I have a question to ask you, and to which I require a serious and unqualified answer. Do you expect Lord Frederick in the country?'

Without hesitation she replied, 'I do.'

'One more question: I have to ask, madam, and to which I expect a reply equally unreserved. Is Lord Frederick the man you approve for your husband?'

Upon this close interrogation, she discovered an embarrassment, beyond any she had ever yet betrayed, and faintly replied,

'No, he is not.'

'Your words tell me one thing,' answered Dorriforth, 'but your looks declare another—what am I to believe?'

'Which you please,' was her answer, while she discovered an insulted dignity, that astonished, without convincing him.

'But then why encourage him to follow you hither, Miss Milner?'

'Why commit a thousand follies (she replied, in tears) every hour of my life?'

'You then promote the hopes of Lord Frederick without any serious intention of completing them; This is a conduct against which it is my duty to guard you, and you shall no longer deceive either him or yourself. The moment he arrives, it is my resolution that you refuse to see him or consent to become his wife.'

In answer to the alternative thus offered, she appeared averse to both propositions; but left her to no explanation why; but left her guardian at the end of the conference as much at a loss to decide upon her true sentiments, as he was before he had thus seriously requested by might be informed of them; but having steadfastly taken the resolution which he had just communicated, he found that resolution a certain relief to his mind.

A NICE WAY TO MAKE APPLE TREES.—Get a tree from a nursery, (no matter what kind,) such as they send out, or if so large as to be available, just as good. Let it be straight and thrifty. Cut it square off at just the height you want the top, and splines or whip graft on it one, each with three buds above the waxed part with which it is wound. To make it more sure not to be misplaced, tie a strip of bark over the waxed paper, as tight as you can, set your tree and it will make a beauty. Get the nurseryman to do it for you if possible, as he will do it better than you can. I have trees made last spring, that put out at once shoots two feet in length, precisely alike. This spring I cut back the bushes, and when the new shoots start allow six to grow,

saving those well placed to make a handsome top. Next spring, shorten them one-half; after that use your judgment. I have trees grown three summers, that look like miniature nature trees—very fine. I prefer such a tree, to one from a nursery ready to set. If your friend at the jumping off place send you a seion in a letter, you may have a tree better than one of the same sort got at a nursery. [Rural New-Yorker.]

Advantages of Education to Farmers.

The subject of *skill analysis* is extremely interesting to the farmer. It is to him made easy, just to be told of what plants are made up, to be supplied with the necessary materials which one's land does not contain, and these ideas are so much more satisfactory than the mystery which formerly hung around all the processes of agriculture, that it is not strange that even the cultivators of the earth, the last class, usually, to be carried away by new plans of advancement in their vocation, should be induced to over-estimate the practical advantages of analysis.

There is danger to true science, when men have been imposed upon by false teachers. An erroneous idea prevails, that it is a very simple and easy process to analyze soils. Many seem to suppose that any farmer who can make an asparagus bed, may sit in the chimney corner, and with a laboratory, consisting of a frying-pan and two or three old blacking bottles, may analyze a specimen of his soil, while his wife is cooking his breakfast, and having thus ascertained what element is missing to make up his crop, may go out with his valise and pocket full of some patent fertilizer, and administer it in homoeopathic doses to his sickly plants, and so dispense with the old-fashioned manures.

A little examination will satisfy us that the utmost patience and care, with the use of accurate and expensive apparatus—that the nicest skill, and long experience, with profound scientific knowledge of the principles of chemistry, are essential to any valuable results in soil analysis.

A single example will illustrate this part of our subject. If we burn 100 lbs. of wheat to ashes in an open vessel, we have left two pounds of ash, of which one pound is phosphoric acid. A crop of wheat 30 bushels to the acre, weighing 60 lbs. to the bushel, or 1800 lbs. in all, would contain but 18 lbs. of phosphoric acid. This is all that the grain takes from the soil.

Now, we estimate that an inch of soil over an acre, weighs about 100 tons. The roots of the wheat would extend downwards ten inches at least, so that they would occupy 1000 tons of soil, and from this 1000 tons of soil they take the 18 lbs. of phosphoric acid. If we can form any idea of the proportion which 18 lbs. bears to 1000 tons, or 2,000,000 lbs., we can give some estimate of the nicety required to ascertain whether the elements essential to our crops, exist in the soil. The following remarks from a recent publication, present another view of the subject, equally striking:

'We know that on all poor lands, of proper texture, the application of 200 lbs. of guano to the acre will produce fair crops of grain and roots, and this is the difference between a barren and tolerably fertile soil. Now, this guano supplies only 6 lbs. of potash, 24 lbs. of phosphoric acid and 34 lbs. of ammonia. But the acre contains 8,320,000 lbs. of soil, to the depth of a foot.'

Can analysis ascertain one part of potash in 800,000 parts of foreign matter, or one part of phosphoric acid in 150,000 parts, or one part of ammonia in 100,000 parts?'

Practical chemists are divided upon the question, whether the present power of chemical analysis can reach to so critical examinations as this. When we add, on the authority of Prof. Norton, that from 10 to 15 days of patient, constant toil, are required for a single analysis; and that from two to five years of practice even by an educated chemist, in a suitable laboratory, are requisite to give the necessary tact and skill for the process, we may at least conclude, what I proposed to show on this subject, that an uneducated man, so far from being capable of performing analyses of soils for himself, is not capable even of protecting himself from the grossest imposition by those who pretend, for a few of his dollars, to give him accurate knowledge on these points.

The study of agricultural chemistry, aside from the refinements to which we have alluded, is one of deep interest to every cultivator of the earth. It brings into constant practical use, some of the most curious and mysterious laws of nature, laws which were known to the alchemists of older times, who sought for the philosopher's stone, which should change base metals to gold, render youth to the aged, and heal every disease—but which have waited for a generation that has chained the shrieking steam giant to its chariot, and bade the lightning carry its messages, to useful service for mankind.

Of this kind, are the qualities of bodies known as the laws of chemical affinities, of chemical combinations, and the solubility of bodies. All these laws are rendered available in daily practice in the manufacture of the new Superphosphate of Lime.

OUR TABLE.

FROM THE POOR HOUSE TO THE POLE: or the Triumph of the late Dr. John Kitto, from Ballyho to Harbord. A Book for Youth. By William M. Thayer, author of "The Poor Boy and Merchant Prince, etc. Boston: E. O. Libby & Co.

In his exposition of the design of this work, the author well says: "When a poor, deaf pauper, like Kitto, comes forth from his obscure condition, and rises, by his own personal exertions, to distinction among Biblical and Theological scholars, it is worth while to inquire how it was done." This inquiry he proceeds to answer, in the hope that the young will be benefited by studying such an example of perseverance. He endeavors to show what were the elements of Kitto's success; and in order to prove that certain elements of character are necessary to success, as well as to make the book interesting to the young, numerous anecdotes from the lives of other men, particularly those deprived of one or more of the five senses, are introduced. In this way it is made one of the best books for the young, while at the same time it may be read with pleasure and profit by those further advanced in life. Few better books than this can be found for a Christmas or New Year's present; and if put into the hands of children now, it may prove to be good seed that will spring up and gladden the heart of the donor, before the year is ended with the promise of a rich harvest in the future.

For sale in Waterville by C. K. Matthews.

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. Translated from the German, by Herbert Palmer Curtis. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

As a notice of this book appeared in our paper last week, it is hardly necessary for us to say more than that it is a collection of stories, somewhat resembling the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, but without certain objectionable features of that well known work. These stories, though wonderfully popular in Germany, have never before appeared in this country; but the translator is confident that they will afford amusement to a wide circle of readers, being well adapted to please both old and young. The volume contains numerous engravings, and is a pretty gift book.

For sale at C. K. Matthews.

KING JOLLYBOY'S ROTAL STORY BOOK FOR LITTLE FOLKS. Boston: Mayhew & Baker.

Here is something new to make a wee one's eyes dance with delight, while it will prove eminently serviceable as a help in teaching the young idea how to shoot. It is a handsome quarto, elegantly bound, profusely illustrated, and printed in large and clear type, for suit little eyes, and makes a most charming present for good boys and girls, many of whose hearts will doubtless be gladdened by the sight of it on Christmas morn.

For sale at Matthews's bookstore.

ALMANACS FOR 1859.—We have no less than three of these useful little annuals on our table—each excellent in its way and a model of its kind. They all appear well, inside and out—being made up of about equal parts of the useful and the beautiful. The Boston Almanac, first on the list, is too well known to need any description or recommendation. It contains fine views of the University Buildings at Cambridge, some of the new blocks on Franklin street, the new Post Office, &c.

The Lady's Almanac is also an old favorite, needing no praise at any one's hands. It is enough to say that it is as handsome and good as ever, abounding in literary and artistic gems, and exactly one of these elegant conveniences that every lady highly prizes. The Juvenile Almanac, third on the list, is a new acquaintance, which, when we say that it is a fitting companion of the others, may say that it was sufficiently praised. It really makes a nice little present for the juveniles, and is a good bargain for that purpose, even if no account is made of the almanac and memorandum pages. They form a worthy trio and must find a ready sale. The imprint of Darnell & Moore and George Colledge, Boston, is upon the title pages, and they are probably sold by book dealers everywhere.

ARTIST'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The first number of the new volume is an improvement upon its predecessors, which, considering the uniform excellence and elevated character of the work, is saying much. This is truly a home magazine, and one which can be taken into the family without any misgivings as to the influence it will exert. "Our aim," say the publishers, "has been to put forth a magazine in all respects worthy of the name it bears; to send into the homes of the people a silent visitor whose entrance should be a blessing. We are not content to be a mere pastime, nor a mere money-maker, nor a mere thing to be put on the shelf; but we wish to be a home companion, to be read, to be used, to be a blessing to the household."

LADIES' REPOSITORY.—In addition to a beautiful title page, the January number has two fine steel engravings—Sunny Hours, and a portrait of Bishop Ames. The work is now made up entirely of original articles, the tone and character of which is constantly rising; and one cannot wonder at its success, after an examination of its pages, and a slight of its beautiful engravings. It is the only magazine published by the Methodist Episcopal Church, and many who have formerly taken the "National," will of course now subscribe for the "Repository." Published by Swormsted & Poirer, Cincinnati, and Carlton & Porter, New York; J. P. Magee, Boston, agent.

OLD AND NEW.—Everybody in Waterville knows the old barn, on the farm homestead of Mr. William Marston, on the "Neck." It has the goodly length of 110 feet, with a breadth that admits of bays, lean-tos and scaffolds on both sides of the floor, which runs through the centre of the entire length. With a fair proportion of shed room, the establishment is a large one, and in this respect well adapted to the uses of a milk farm, to which business the proprietor is now giving his attention. But it is of the new barn we are going to speak; for Mr. Marston has commenced a plan of improvement that has already rendered the old barn, in respect to utility and convenience, substantially a new one. This is done by giving it modern fixtures and arrangements. The work is not complete, but promises to rank it with the model barns. There is to be a cellar, the side of the barn, for manure, swine, water trough, and, if needed, some apartments for young stock. A slope of stairway leads from the stable above to the cellar, up and down which the cattle readily pass for water, or access to the yard or cellar apartments. The upper stalls are arranged with convenient scutles, through which all the manure passes to the cellar. The granary is in the front end of the upper floor, which is entered from the road on a level. The yard is on the south side of the barn, and protected on the west by a shed. Mr. Marston has a fine herd of cows, mostly young, and selected with the good judgment and skill for which he is well known; and his arrangements for supplying our villages with milk are such as promise permanency and success. When his improvements are all complete, which embrace some repairs upon his other buildings, he will be the possessor of one of the finest farm homesteads in our vicinity. Success to you, William!—and if it were not for fear of "hurting your feelings," we could whisper to your ear, that your property don't all come from your big barn, or your fields, or your better buildings, but from out doors anywhere. Bear this in mind, will you. When we have time, we shall say more about the Waterville milk farm.

Business Reviving.—All the mills in Waterville are in operation, and doing a good business.

ANDRIEU'S GREAT PANORAMA.—We could easily copy whole columns eulogistic of this wonderful painting, both as to its artistic merit and its worth as a moral agent. We have only room, now, for the following resolutions of the Bangor Division of the Sons of Temperance, and a letter from Mayor Pitcher, of Belfast:

Resolved, That we tender to Monsieur Andrieu, Artist, and Proprietor of the splendid Temperance Panorama, entitled the *Rake's Progress*, the thanks of this Division for the liberal arrangements afforded the Temperance public, under the patronage of the Division, to witness the Panorama.

Resolved, That we can heartily commend the painting to the Temperance public as a most valuable auxiliary in the great temperance reform, and as a work of Art worthy of the patronage of all.

M. A. ANDRIEU, Esq.—Dear Sir:—While it is not my custom to give an opinion upon a work which is offered to the public for exhibition, I cannot withhold it in the present instance. Your new work I regard as a great triumph of art, which cannot fail to exert a most salutary influence upon the public. I cheerfully recommend it as one which will interest and instruct.

W. PITCHER.

Oh, those poor folks out west! A Wisconsin correspondent writes:

"Times are very hard in this part of the west. The rust killed most all the wheat, and on the night of the 17th of August, we had a frost that killed almost all the corn. Potatoes are poor. Lumber is worth just about half price, if you will take your pay in trade. As for money, there is none in the country. So if you see any one coming here, you can just state the above facts to them, and tell them that it is a great country this year. There are thousands in Wisconsin, who must go hungry the coming winter."

"THE REPUBLIC."—If any one wishes for an able and reliable republican paper, let him send \$2 to Weston & Coombs, and he will receive a well filled weekly sheet from Washington during one year; for \$3 they will send the semi-weekly. In clubs the paper is afforded at a much smaller price. Important events are in progress in the political world, and we should all keep well informed that we may be able to act understandingly when called upon.

A SPIRITUAL PAPER IN MAINE.—Mr. Geo. W. Brown has issued a prospectus for a new paper devoted to the cause of Spiritualism, to be commenced in the city of Bangor the first week in January. It is to be called "The Spirit Guardian," and will be published at \$2 a year.

ANOTHER MURDER ON SHIPBOARD.—One of the crew of the bark Susan W. Lind, of Portland, recently died at Norfolk, Va., of injuries received at the hands of M. S. McDonald, the 2d mate, of the former city. The deceased was about 21 years old, and belonged in Philadelphia, where his mother resides. The offender left the vessel at Norfolk, but is now in prison. The captain and mate were both arrested as accessories, and on examination the former was discharged on \$200 bail, while the latter was held in custody.

BRIEF COURIER.—Tight as are the times, the printers seem to be full of courage. A new paper with the above title, has just made its appearance among the hills of Oxford. It is published by Cady & Smith, and makes a good beginning.

HURT.—Mr. Luce, of Kendall's Mills, who is engaged in the removal of some buildings for Gen. Smith, in this place, was seriously but not dangerously injured on Saturday, by the fall of a portion of a chimney.

DRAMATIC.—A few ladies, and gentlemen of Winslow are moving for an association for dramatic readings. The Waterville Shakespeare Club, has not yet commenced its readings for the winter. Have its officers forgotten their duty?

CLUB OFFERS.—Don't overlook these, ye who would enjoy good reading at a low price! It will be seen that we this week add to the list a popular juvenile magazine—*Youth's, Casket and Playmate*—which we hope will be ordered for many of our young friends. Sargent's School Monthly, having been suspended, its subscription list has been transferred to this work, to which Mr. Sargent will become a contributor. It will be enlarged and improved with the January number, and we are confident will prove to be a first class juvenile magazine. By ordering it with the *Mail*, it can be had for fifty cents a year.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS.—We again invite attention to the advertisement of British Periodicals, and particularly to the liberal offers made by the publishers to those who take the volumes for 1856, '57, '58 and '59. New volumes of all of them commence in January.

THE NIAGARA QUESTION.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser furnishes the subjoined remarks:

"There is no doubt that the President and Secretary of State are bent on keeping peace. It is not for the Ishmael question that they would have a war with England. With Cuba and with Spain it would be a different thing to hazard a war."

It is hoped that Sir W. Gore Ouseley, who ought to know something of the temper of this country, has taken proper steps to prevent the recurrence of such an irritating procedure as that of the search of one of our regularly cleared merchant vessels. Of the Susan, with her cargo of filibusters, he may make whatever disposition he may please, if our own vessels of war neglect to arrest them.

In Gen. Cass's letter to Gen. Lamar, our Minister to Nicaragua, he says, in so many words, that the United States will, by force, the establishment of a political protectorate over Nicaragua and Costa Rica. But a political protectorate actually these people, under the administration of Sir W. Gore Ouseley, and the British naval forces. Further, after the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which will be resorted to, unless a speedy adjustment of the present difficulties be arrived at, the British protectorate will remain in full force.

Without prudence and discretion on both sides, a war might grow out of this perpetual sore.

This administration have the luck of encountering some knotty questions—such as the one made by the negro-slave stealers and the filibusters. While obliged to enforce the laws against these parties, they offend a large body of Southern people who silently sympathize with, or actively support, these infractions of the law.

Mr. Slidell's measure for the repeal of the neutrality laws is to be pressed. The effect would be to promote private expeditions against Nicaragua, and ultimately to involve the country in war. Well may the Union ask if the cotton-growing States desire a war with England?

"THE RAKE'S PROGRESS."—This new work of Mr. Andrieu, on exhibition at Appleton Hall, most more than meets the highest expectations even of those who knew the artist. In artistic merit it excels, beyond comparison, any panoramic paintings ever exhibited here. Its moral effect cannot be other than good, and to a degree that commends it strongly to the patronage of those who would do good.

In this respect we commend it to the schools, through the favor of parents, as the most impressive exhortation to temperance, and a virtuous life that can be given them—worth scores of temperance lectures, and moral admonitions. It is emphatically a champion of temperance, and as such deserves and should have the associated liberal and earnest patronage of the Sons and Daughters of Temperance, everywhere—especially of the three hundred in Waterville.

This afternoon, at 4 o'clock, the close of the schools, it will be exhibited to the scholars and small children, who are admitted for five cents. This evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, it will exhibit again; when every lover of art as well as of morality and virtue, should be present.

X X X Clam Chowder is served at Tibbitts's, to "admiring thousands."

MASONIC.—At a meeting of Siloam Lodge at Kendall's Mills, Dec. 16th, 1858, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

E. W. McFadden, W. M.; Geo. W. Withers, S. W.; Jas. F. Moses, J. W.; Jas. M. Wilder, T.; Chas. A. Vickery, S.; Wm. B. Swell, S. D.; Jos. J. Dunbar, J. D.

SNELL'S LUTHER LODGE.—At the annual meeting, the following named brethren were elected officers for the current year:—E. G. Meador, Master; C. R. McFadden, S. W.; W. B. Arnold, J. W.; J. Arnold, T.; E. Piper, Sec.; J. H. Drummond, S. D.; L. H. Peavy, J. D.; H. C. Leonard, Chaplain; W. A. Caffrey, Marshall; H. P. Cousins, Tyler; Geo. P. Laelle, S. S.; Nathaniel Meador, J. S.

THE INDIANS.—The company of Ojibwa Indians, under the well known chief, Copway, are advertised for exhibition at Town Hall. The exhibition consists of sacred and sentimental music, with lectures and explanations upon Indian life. The company in superb Indian costume. They have been liberally patronized in N. England, and their exhibition is highly interesting, amusing and instructive.

CHILD HURST.—We learn from the Clarion that a little child of Mr. Albert Vessey, of Madison, was so severely injured by his clothes taking fire, that it lived but a few hours.

SAVAGE.—A man named Michael Lynch, who was on his trial in the Municipal Court in Boston, made a desperate assault, Wednesday noon, with the intention of killing, upon John Vance. Lynch and three others were jointly indicted for robbing the store of Joseph Lincoln, in Haverhill street, in November last. Vance, an accomplice in the crime, was used by the government as a witness. He had just given in his testimony, and was passing by the prisoner's dock, when Lynch drew a knife, sprang upon Vance, and made several thrusts at him. Vance fortunately dodged the full force of the blow, but the blade of a pocket knife, which it appears Lynch held in his hand, took effect on his chin and penetrated to the jaw bone. As Lynch gave up the weapon he remarked to Constable Vose—"If it had been a dirk I should have killed him!" The Court promptly ordered Lynch to be put in irons, which was done, and the trial proceeded. Lynch subsequently told the messenger of the Court that he "wished he had fixed him."

On Thursday morning, Lynch, who had been convicted on two indictments for shop-breaking, was sentenced to seven years in the State Prison. In the afternoon he made an attempt to escape by secreting himself under some settees in the ante-room of the Municipal Court, but he was soon discovered. At the next term of the Court he will be tried for the attempt to kill. The probabilities are that he will be obliged to spend the greater part of his days in prison.

A NEW TERRITORY.—Since the discovery of the Gold mines at Pike's Peak, that section of Kansas has been growing very fast. From time to time we have heard of the excitement among the inhabitants of the neighboring States, and of a flow of emigration towards the new Dorado. The miners have not only returned members of the Kansas Legislature; they have elected a Delegate to Congress, with a view to the organization of a new Territory. The Delegate, Mr. Davis, is now on his way to Washington. One of the members elected to the Legislature states that these new mines are richer than those of California.

A short time since, an elderly gentleman, whose movements indicated he was not an experienced traveler, was in the day train between Boston and New York. After passing Springfield, and crossing the Connecticut River, he made the inquiry whenever the cars stopped, "Is this Hartford?" At length that pleasant city was reached, and the neighbors of the old gentleman, informed him of the fact, presuming, from the interest about Hartford that he intended to stop at that place. Quietly removing his hat, he said he was an old-fashioned Federalist, and wished to remain with his head uncovered while passing through Hartford out of respect to the noble men & the glorious political principles connected with the memorable Convention held in that place, December 15th, 1814. [Boston Transcript.]

SERVING WITH THE GIRLS.—The Springfield Republican treats thus of the second great trial of boyhood:

The next great trial of a boy is to be obliged by a cruel master to sit with the girls at school. This usually comes before the development of those undeliberate sympathies and animosities which in after life, would tend to make the unhappiness more endurable. To be pointed out as a 'gal boy' to be smiled at grimly by the master, who is so far delighted with his own ineffable pleasantry as to give the little boys the licence to laugh aloud, and to be placed, by the side of a girl who has no handkerchief, and no knowledge of the use of that article, is we submit, a trial of no mean magnitude. Yet we have been there, and have been made to 'sit up close' with big Rachel, laughing and blushing till we came to hate her name. We wonder where the overgrown, frowzy creature is now, and what the condition of her head is?

OBSCURE WORDS.—Professor George P. Marsh stated in his recent lecture, delivered at the hall of the Historical Society in New York, that out of the less than six thousand words in the English Bible not two hundred had become obsolete; of the fifteen thousand employed by Shakespeare not more than six or six hundred had changed their meaning; and of the eight thousand in Milton's poetical works, scarcely a hundred were less familiar than when he used them. Yet many words in his prose works, and in other writers of his day, had been laid aside. Many words had come into the language, and some passed into disuse. The art of archery had introduced many terms into the language, as well as such surnames as Bowyer, Archer, Fletcher. Five hundred words, connected with flax and wool manufacture had been superseded, and cotton and woolen factories had deprived us of five per cent. of our household words.

Translators of books had found it necessary to introduce terms of which they could not express the meaning in English. Other words had suddenly started in use. Coincidence was introduced by the circumstance of the death of Adams and Jefferson on the semi-centennial anniversary of the National Anniversary. Outsiders came into use from occurrences at the National Convention which nominated Franklin Pierce. Immigrant had been coined in this country to meet a necessity. Comouter had not been adopted, but probably will be. We are acquiring a strong liking for French terminations; we discourage home manufactures of words, and encourage importation. But there will be a reaction. The fluctuations of our language are in the Roman portion; and but few in the Anglo-Saxon. In periodical literature he had found many words and phrases not in any dictionary, such as photographic engraving, prospecting for gold, go-ahead people, speaking terms, rendition of a piece of music, concerting in the west, handsomely put-on man, solidarity of the people. Most of these terms are bad and will be ephemeral, but some of them will yet find a place in dictionaries.

AN INGENIOUS WORK.—The Brunswick Telegraph says that that noted genius, Mr. E. W. King of that place, recently designed and drafted upon a plain surface, a small house, with four windows, two doors, ceiling, walls, mirror upon the same, three shelves in one corner, chandelier, and upon the floor, six chairs, including two rocking chairs, and a centre table. After drafting, he cut out the various articles above detailed; he then folded his paper into the form of a house, and each article took its proper place in the room, and as folded you look into the room, and discover them. The whole is cut from one piece of paper, and there is no jointing, no dovetailing about any portion of the work. Two of the windows are fitted with shutters to the lower portions, the others are provided with "whole sashes," and one of the supports of the mirror is even used as a fastening to the front door, and the chandelier depends from the ceiling in the centre of the room. The whole work was in drafting, and it may be pronounced a wonderful specimen. The house folded is about four inches square.

NEW AND VALUABLE DISINFECTING AGENT.—A Dr. Angus Smith, of Manchester, England, lately read a paper before the Society of Arts, London, England, in which he stated that he and a friend named McDougall, some years ago had made numerous experiments to find out a good disinfecting agent, and at last found that Sulphate of Magnesia, which is procured from Magnesian Limestone, and is certain per centage of carbonate or phenolic acid, which is procured from coal tar, made a disinfecting powder of remarkable efficiency. The mode of using this powder is to first sweep the stable; then sprinkle it with powder, the quantity being about the same as that of sand to sprinkle a floor. Then the litter is thrown over this. This powder has been found powerful and effective; that when introduced into stables where sick and wounded animals were, no disagreeable odor was perceptible either from the wounds or the feces. A stable keeper, who always kept on hand a large number of horses, found that by using this powder his horses were healthier, his diseases had disappeared, while their eyes and health did not suffer from the irritating effect of the ammonia which is to be found in stables. The stable was cooler, the dung did not decompose, so that the flies did not breed in it, and there were fewer of these pests to annoy the beasts. Mr. Murray, the stable keeper, also found that after the mixture of his stable, in which he had used this powder, had been used one year, he was offered double for his next year by the market gardeners, who had purchased and used it. As Dr. Smith was a trading man, and had but little interest in manufactures, and did not mean to have his statements in relation to this matter are considered reliable and disinterested.

THE PHYSICAL SYSTEM.—No keenness of culture of intellect (says a recent writer) does not embrace the culture of health—wealth or morality that does not embrace the preservation of the physical system from deterioration, and its cultivation to the highest perfection, will ever last long. No nation or people will ever preserve the weight of influence to which they are naturally entitled among others, without manliness of development as the only reliable foundation of manliness and probability of character. All that tends to produce this is so far a vital good.

THE FASTEST TIME ON RECORD.—Porter's Spirit says the fastest time ever made by an American horse was made by Prior's runner for the late Clearwater, in England, over the turf of New Market. The distance run was 2 1/4 miles and 28 yards, and the time in which it was run was 5 minutes and 56 seconds, the mare carrying 107 lbs. This is at the rate of 1 min. 45 1/2 seconds, or say 1 46 to the mile, 2 miles at the rate of 0.32; and carried out at the same rate, the Goodwood cup distance in 4.25, and four miles hence in 7.04.

One of Mr. Buchanan's arguments for the acquisition of Cuba was that it would destroy the last relic of the slave trade. Considering that a cargo of slaves had just been landed in Georgia, and that a grand jury in South Carolina ignored a bill preferred against man taken in the act of the slave trade, we think that the probabilities of suppressing the slave trade in Cuba would be little improved by transferring the island from the jurisdiction of Spain to that of the United States.

entire away from the Phosphoric acid its law of acid and master, the Lime, which we may regard as the weaker vessel.

Now the process is perfectly natural. All we have to do is, to bring to her neighborhood and notice, an object of stronger affection, and affinity, as the chemists term it. Sulphuric acid and lime have a stronger affinity or attraction for each other, than Phosphoric acid and Lime, and so we make use of this fact, and by adding sulphuric acid, we at once entice away a proportion of the lime, which forms a union with it as Sulphate of Lime, and leaves the remaining lime to form the only remaining connection, which the laws of chemical combination allow, with the phosphoric acid, as superphosphate of lime.

If the question be asked why do chemical combinations occur only in certain fixed proportions, we cannot answer.

If asked why in one proportion, the same substances are more soluble than in another, we cannot tell. When we have found another result from certain operations, and can divide no reason, we call it a law of nature.

Why has one substance a stronger affinity or attraction for another, than for a third?

A Yankee might answer, by asking why one young gentleman and lady have a stronger affection for each other, than all else in the world beside. The facts are equally apparent,—the explanation often extremely difficult. [Country Gentleman.]

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, . . . DEC. 23, 1858.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

R. M. PETTINGILL & Co. Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 110 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 the office.

S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer.) Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, 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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We offer the following liberal terms to subscribers, old and new, for the ensuing year, cash invariably in advance. THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, a \$5 magazine, and the EASTERN MAIL, one year, for \$3.00.

HAVER'S MAGAZINE, a \$5 periodical, and the EASTERN MAIL, one year, for \$3.00.

GODFREY'S LADY'S BOOK, a \$5 magazine, and the EASTERN MAIL, one year, for \$3.00.

PETER'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, a \$5 periodical, and the EASTERN MAIL, one year, for \$3.00.

LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE, (Arthur's) a \$2 periodical, and the EASTERN MAIL, one year, for \$2.00.

YOUTH'S CASSETT AND PLAYMATE, a \$1 Juvenile monthly, and the EASTERN MAIL, one year, for \$2.00.

Waterville Farmers' Club.

A beautiful moonlight night and fine sleighing made a ride to Mr. Shore's, last week, a pleasure in itself, to say nothing of a sight of his tasteful new farm house and the cheerful company there assembled.

A goodly number were present, and an animated talk upon horses was had. Mr. Josiah Morrill said he drove his mares to foaling time, and as he thought without detriment to the colts: weaned at three or four months old; never allowed them to run with the mare when she was driven or worked; allowed them no grain till they were harnessed, but fed a few roots through the winter; did not keep them on a hard floor; seldom applied either card or brush; thought three light fodderings a day, to horses of all ages, better than more and often.

Several other farmers had reared colts with substantially the same treatment, some feeding coarser fodder than others and letting them pick up after the sheep. Most of them thought it would pay to apply the card and brush, but pleaded lack of time. Very few thought it advisable to feed grain to colts; and here they differed with the two-forty men present, who pleaded for more grain in proportion to the hay, both for colts and horses.

Mr. J. M. West had restricted a four-year old colt to 5 pounds of hay and 6 quarts of oats per day through the winter, making rapid and healthy growth, and developing a good horse—one that fed judiciously, was a very fast traveller, but which when allowed to fill himself with hay was fast only when tied. He instanced another good horse, reared in our village, has been stabled, grained and groomed, from a colt, summer and winter, and threw well and made large and rapid growth. He did not believe that horses, fed regularly to oats, were often injured by an overdose of them; thought they were sometimes killed by the medicine administered; was as willing a man should try to kill his horse with oats as with hay; knew of horses in Massachusetts, driven 24 miles every day, that fed with but 9 quarts of meal mixed with enough of chopped hay to fill three pails, were kept in excellent condition—fat and sleek.

Mr. Dyer had kept a colt for several winters on a ton and a half of hay, with a few oats and roots, gradually increasing the quantity of these last as the colt grew older.

One individual thought it is with horses as with poets—*nascitur non fit*—they are born, not made; a colt is cut out for about so much of a horse, and high feed only develops and matures him a little sooner, but makes him no bigger nor better.

Resolved, that cutting feed, preferring to let the animal do its own grinding; but many thought, where horses were put to hard work constantly, it would be good policy to use a cutter. All seemed to agree that cut feed improved the wind of a horse. Mr. Thomas Bates related some striking instances of this in his own experience.

It was the general opinion, that not more than half the hay was now fed to horses that was given formerly, and in this they thought they had improved on the practices of their fathers. Short crops, having helped to bring about the change very regarded as a blessing.

The President told of some fine colts raised in Vermont, from two to four years old, which he viewed as exhibition that had evidently been carefully groomed, almost all their days, and he felt confident, knew from personal experience what oats were, from a pair of these

taking his fancy, he was told, on enquiry, that one of them was priced at five hundred dollars, but the other could not be had at all. Careless as were the farmers in regard to the shoes of their colts, he thought they were still more remiss as to the dams; any old ring-boned, spavined, broken winded and diseased mare being thought good enough for the purpose, though it was a notorious fact and admitted by most of those present, that these defects were transmitted to the offspring. He thought those who raised colts would find it for their interest to be more careful from what they bred; and it would pay well to feed better and to use the card and brush freely, for that colts were thereby not only kept more healthy, but grew up more docile and were more easily broken.

The two-forty men, and horse dealers generally—those who buy horses to develop and train for their own use or for sale—differ with the farmers on most all of these points. They contend that colts should not be allowed to stuff themselves with coarse fodder—distending their stomachs unnaturally, to their permanent injury; and insist that the foundation of many diseases is laid in the yard of the farmer. And it would seem that, as now managed, the man who develops a horse by judicious feeding and proper training, makes more money out of him than the man who raises him. Why should not the enterprising farmer pocket both of these profits?

The subject of root feeding being alluded to, Mr. Eaton related his experience—a short one, he said, but a heavy one. Last winter he fed out four hundred bushels of turnips to five cows, and they grew poorer under the treatment and came out in miserable and sickly condition in the Spring; thought if he had fed 200 bushels more, he should have lost every cow!—consequently, for a single turnip with which to flavor a soup this fall he was obliged to call on a neighbor.

Mr. David Shore, after repeated experiments, last winter, satisfied himself that his cow gave less milk by adding a peck of sugar beets to her daily feed, though he thought she ate less hay; but could not say but what she increased in flesh.

Mr. J. W. Merrill, though he did not think highly of turnips for milk cows, had satisfied himself that oxen would thrive and fatten on ruta baga turnips, and for that purpose valued a peck of them as high as two quarts of corn.

Turnips have been recommended for store hogs, but the experience of the members would seem to discourage their use unless they were cooked; and it was regarded as rather doubtful if that operation would pay.

Mr. Percival, when his pasture was very short in the fall had fed English turnips to his sheep with marked good effect; but although he would recommend their use at that season of the year, would hardly venture to advise any one to feed them in the winter.

Mr. Percival having resigned the office of President, the Club voted to adopt the Winslow plan, which is to choose one every night for the meeting next succeeding; and on balloting, Col. Isaiah Marston was chosen to fill the office at the next meeting, which will be held this evening at Mr. Elhanan Cook's.

Subject for discussion, "Rearing and Feeding of Sheep."

A week from to-night, Dec. 30, the Club will meet at the house of Col. Isaiah Marston.

KEND. MILLS LEVER, last week, was good, most emphatically, from beginning to end, with the single exception that the beginning and end were too far apart. Without convenient seats, the audience generally became weary. The opening address, by Miss Cleveland, was appropriately brief, good in its sentiments, and well composed; and the correct manner and fine voice combined in its delivery secured the hearty commendation of the audience.

There was good music and good refreshments, and some parts of the dramatic representations were well sustained. Divided between two evenings, the entertainment would have dismissed its auditors under marked applause. As it was, they retired well pleased—but sleepy.

ACCIDENT.—A young horse attached to Mr. Brown's bread sleigh, became frightened in College street, on Saturday last, and ran into collision with a sleigh in which were the sister and son of Mr. Percival Wheeler; the latter being badly injured by a blow in the side, supposed from a shaft. Dr. Boutelle was called, who found a fracture of the ribs, and thought there might be a slight wound upon the lungs. He has since been doing well, and will probably recover. Both sleighs were completely smashed, but neither horse injured.

"LAPLANDS."—Mr. Nathan Perry has left at our office a generous sample of very hard some potatoes, which he calls the "Lapland" potato. He procured the seed last Spring from Minot, where they are called by some the White Mountain potato. He reports his

