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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 12, No. 25): December 30, 1858

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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Mr. Edward Ashton, though not invited by Miss Milner, yet frequently did himself the honor to visit her at her house; sometimes he accompanied Lord Elmwood, at other times he came to see Dorriforth alone, who generally introduced him to the ladies. But Sir Edward was either so unwilling to give pain to the object of his love, or so intimidated by her frowns, that he seldom addressed her with a single word, except the usual compliments at entering and retiring. This apprehension of offending, without one hope of pleasing, had the most awkward effect upon the manners of the worthy baronet; and his endeavors to insinuate himself into the affections of the woman he loved, merely by not giving her offence either in speaking to her or looking at her, formed a character so whimsical that it frequently forced a smile from Miss Milner, though his very name had often power to throw a gloom over her face. She looked upon him as the cause of her being hurried to the election of a lover, before her own mind could well direct her where to fix. Besides, his pursuit was troublesome, while it was no triumph to her vanity, which, by the addresses of Lord Frederick, was in the highest manner gratified.

"His lordship" now arrives in the country, and calls one morning at Miss Milner's; her guardian sees his carriage coming up the avenue, and gives orders to his servants, to say that Lady is at home; but that Mr. Dorriforth is not. Lord Frederick leaves his compliments and goes away. The ladies all sit at the window, and call one morning at Miss Milner's; her guardian sees his carriage coming up the avenue, and gives orders to his servants, to say that Lady is at home; but that Mr. Dorriforth is not. Lord Frederick leaves his compliments and goes away.

The ladies all sit at the window, and call one morning at Miss Milner's; her guardian sees his carriage coming up the avenue, and gives orders to his servants, to say that Lady is at home; but that Mr. Dorriforth is not. Lord Frederick leaves his compliments and goes away.

After some minutes of expectation, the door opens and her guardian comes in;—she was disappointed, he perceived that she was, and he looked at her with a most serious face; she immediately called to mind the assurance he had given her, that her acquaintance with Lord Frederick in its improper stage should not continue; and, between chagrin and confusion, she was at a loss how to behave.

Though the ladies were all present, Dorriforth said, without the smallest reserve, "Perhaps, Miss Milner, you may think I have taken an unwarrantable liberty, in giving orders to your servants to deny you to Lord Frederick; but until his lordship and I have had a private conference, or you condescend to declare your sentiments more fully in regard to his visits, I think it my duty to put an end to them."

"You will always perform your duty, Mr. Dorriforth, I have no doubt, whether I concur or not."

"Yet believe me, madam, I should perform it more cheerfully, if I could hope it was sanctioned by your inclinations."

"I am not mistress of my inclinations, sir, or they should conform to yours."

"Place them under my direction, and I will answer for it they will."

"A servant came in—Lord Frederick is returned, sir, and says he would be glad to see you."

"I hope they won't quarrel," said Mrs. Horton, meaning that she thought they would.

"I am sorry to see you so uneasy, Miss Milner," said Miss Fenton, with perfect unconcern.

As the badness of the weather had prevented their usual morning's exercise, the ladies were employed at their needles till the dinner bell called them away. "You think Lord Frederick is gone?" then whispered Miss Milner to Miss Woodley. "I think not," she replied. "Go ask of the servants, dear creature," and Miss Woodley went out of the room,—she soon returned and said again, "He is now getting into his carriage; I saw him pass in violent haste through the hall; he seemed to fly."

Ladies, the dinner is waiting, cried Mrs. Horton, and they repaired to the dining room, where Dorriforth soon after came, and engaged their whole attention by his disturbed looks and unusual silence. Before dinner was over, he was, however, more himself, but still he appeared thoughtful and dissatisfied. At the time of their evening walk he excused himself from accompanying them, and they saw him in a distant field with Mr. Sandford in earnest conversation; for Sandford and he stopped on one spot for a quarter of an hour, as if the interest of the subject had so engaged them, they stood still without knowing it,—Lord Elmwood who had joined the ladies, walked home with them; Dorriforth entered soon after, in a much less gloomy humor than when he went out, and told his relation, that he and the ladies would dine with him the next day if he was disengaged; and it was agreed they should.

Still Dorriforth was in some perturbation, but the immediate cause was concealed till the day following, when, about an hour before the company's departure from Elmwood castle, Miss Milner and Miss Woodley were desired, by a servant, to walk into a separate apartment, in which they found Mr. Dorriforth with Mr. Sandford waiting for them. Her guardian made an apology to Miss Milner for the form, the ceremony, of which he was going to make use; but, he trusted, the extreme weight which oppressed his mind, lest he should mistake the real sentiments of a person whose happiness depended upon his correct knowledge of them, would plead his excuse.

"I know, Miss Milner," continued he, "that the world in general allows to unmarried women a great latitude in disguising their minds with respect to the man they love. I am anxious to pardon any little dissimulation that is consistent with a modesty that becomes every woman upon the subject of marriage. But here, to what point I may limit, or how widely differ, that it is not impossible for me to remain unacquainted with your sentiments, even after you have revealed them to me. Under this consideration, I wish once more to hear your thoughts in regard to matrimony, and to hear them before one of your own sex, that I may form an opinion by her constructions."

To all this serious oration, Miss Milner made no other reply than by turning to Mr. Sandford, and asking, "If he was the person of her own sex, whose judgment her guardian was to submit his own?"

"Madam," cried Sandford, angrily, "You are come hither upon serious business."

"Any business must be serious to me, Mr. Sandford, in which you are concerned; and if you had called it *serious*, the epithet would have suited as well."

"Miss Milner," said her guardian, "I did not bring you here to contend with Mr. Sandford."

"Then why, sir, bring him hither? for where he and I are, there must be contention?"

"I brought him hither, madam, or I should rather say, brought you to this house, merely that he might be present on this occasion, and with his discernment relieve me from a suspicion, that my judgment is neither able to express nor confirm."

"Are there any more witnesses you may wish to call in, sir, to remove your doubts of

my veracity? if there are, pray send for them before you begin your interrogations."

He shook his head—she continued, "The whole world is welcome to hear what I say, and every different person is welcome to judge me differently."

"Dear Miss Milner," cried Miss Woodley, with a tone of reproach for the vehemence with which she had spoken, "Perhaps, Miss Milner," said Dorriforth, "you will not reply to those questions I was going to put?"

"Did I ever refuse, sir, returned she with a self-approving air, to comply with any request that you have seriously made? Have I ever refused obedience to your commands, whenever you thought proper to lay them upon me? If not, you have no right to suppose that I will do so now."

He was going to reply, when Mr. Sandford solemnly interrupted him, and walking towards the door, cried, "When you come to the point for which you brought me here send for me again."

"Stay now," said Dorriforth. "And Miss Milner," continued he, "I not only entreat, but conjure you to tell me—Have you given your word or your affections to Lord Frederick Lawley?"

The color spread over her face, and she replied, "I thought confessions were always to be made in secret; however, as I am not a member of your church, I submit to the persecution of a heretic, and I answer—Lord Frederick has neither my word nor any share in my affections."

Sandford, Dorriforth, and Miss Woodley looked at each other with a degree of surprise that for some time kept them silent. At length Dorriforth said, "And it is your firm intention never to become his wife?"

"To which she answered—'At present it is.'"

"At present! do you suspect you shall change your mind?"

"Women sometimes do."

"But before that change can take place, your acquaintance will be at an end: for it is that which I shall next insist upon, and to which you can have no objection."

"She replied, 'I had rather it should continue.'"

"On what account?" cried Dorriforth.

"Because it entertains me."

"For shame, for shame!" returned he; "it endangers your character and your happiness—Yet again, do not suffer me to interfere, if the breaking with my Lord Frederick can militate against your felicity."

"By no means," she answered; "Lord Frederick makes part of my amusement, but can never contribute my felicity."

"Miss Woodley," said Dorriforth, "do you comprehend your friend in the same literal and unequivocal sense that I do?"

"Certainly I do, sir."

"And pray, Miss Woodley," said he, "were those the sentiments which you have always entertained?"

Miss Woodley hesitated—he continued, "Or has this conversation altered them?"

She hesitated again, then answered—"This conversation has altered them."

"And yet you confide in it!" cried Sandford, looking at her with contempt.

"Certainly I do," replied Miss Woodley.

"Do not you then, Mr. Sandford?" asked Dorriforth.

"I would advise you to act as if I did," replied Sandford.

"Then, Miss Milner," said Dorriforth, "you see Lord Frederick no more—and I hope I have your permission to apprise him of this arrangement."

"You have, sir," she replied with a completely unembarrassed countenance and voice.

Her friend looked at her as if to discover some lurking wish, adverse to all these professions, but she could not discern one—Sandford too fixed his penetrating eyes upon her, as if he would look through her soul, but finding it perfectly composed, he cried out, "Why then not write his dismissal herself, and save you, Mr. Dorriforth, the trouble of any further contest with him?"

"Indeed, Miss Milner," said Dorriforth, "that would oblige me; for it is with great reluctance that I mess him upon this subject—he was extremely impatient and importunate when he was last with me—he took advantage of my ecclesiastical situation to treat me with a levity and ill breeding that I could ill have suffered upon any other consideration than a compliance with my duty."

"Dedicate what you please, Mr. Dorriforth, and I will write it," said she, with a warmth like the most unfeigned inclination. "And while you, sir, she continued, 'are so indulgent as not to distress me with the importunities of any gentleman to whom I am averse, I think myself equally bound to rid you of the importunities of every one to whom you may have objection.'"

"But," answered he, "rest assured I have no material objection to my Lord Frederick, except from that dilemma, in which your acquaintance with him has involved us all; and I should conceive the same against any other man, where the same circumstance occurred. As you have now, however, freely and politely consented to the manner in which it has been proposed that you shall break with him, I will not trouble you a moment longer upon a subject on which I have so frequently explained my wishes, but conclude it by assuring you, that your ready acquiescence has given me the sincerest satisfaction."

"I hope, Mr. Sandford," said she, turning to him with a smile, "I have given you satisfaction likewise?"

Sandford could not say yes, and was ashamed to say no; he therefore made answer only by his looks, which were full of suspicion. She, notwithstanding, made him a very low courtesy. Her guardian then handed her out of the apartment into her coach, which was waiting to take her, Miss Woodley, and himself home.

Notwithstanding the seeming readiness with which Miss Milner had resigned all farther acquaintance with Lord Frederick, during the short ride home she appeared to have lost great part of her wonted spirits; she was thoughtful, and once sighed heavily. Dorriforth began to fear that she had not only made a sacrifice of her affections, but of her veracity; yet why she had done so, he could not comprehend.

As the carriage moved slowly through a lane between Elmwood castle and her own house, on seeing her eyes out of the window, Miss Milner's countenance was brightened in an instant; and that instant Lord Frederick, on horseback, was at the coach door and the coachman stopped.

"Oh, Miss Milner," cried he (with a voice and manner that could give little suspicion of the truth of what he said), "I am overjoyed at the happiness of seeing you, even though it is but an accidental meeting."

"She was evidently glad to see him; but the earnestness with which he spoke seemed to put her upon her guard not to express the like satisfaction, and she said, in a cool restrained manner, 'I was glad to see his lordship.'"

"The fervor with which he spoke gave Lord Frederick immediate suspicion, who was in the coach with her, and turning his head quickly, he met the stern eyes of Dorriforth; upon which, without the smallest salutation, he turned from him again abruptly and rudely. Miss Milner was confounded, and Miss Woodley in torture, at this palpable affront, to which Dorriforth alone appeared indifferent."

"Go on," said Miss Milner to the footman, "desire the coachman to drive on."

"No," cried Lord Frederick, "not till you have told me when I shall see you again."

"I will write you word, my lord," replied she, something alarmed, "You shall have a letter immediately after I get home."

As if he guessed what its contents were to be, he cried out with warmth, "Take care, then, madam, how you treat me in that letter—and you, Mr. Dorriforth, turning to him, 'do you take care what it contains; for if it be dictated by you, to you I shall send the answer.'"

Dorriforth, without making any reply, or casting a look at him, put his head out of the window on the opposite side, and called, in a very angry tone, to the coachman, "How dare you not drive on, when your lady orders you?"

The sound of Dorriforth's voice in anger was to the servants so unusual that it acted like electricity upon the man, and he drove away at the instant with such rapidity that Lord Frederick was in a moment many yards behind. As soon, however, as he recovered from the surprise into which this sudden command had thrown him, he rode with speed after the carriage, and followed it, till it arrived at the door of Miss Milner's house; there, giving himself up to the rage of love, or to rage against Dorriforth for the contempt he had shown to him, he leaped from his horse when Miss Milner stepped from her carriage, and, seizing her hand, entreated her, "Not to desert him, in compliance with the injunctions of monkish hypocrisy."

Dorriforth heard this, standing silently by, with a manly scorn upon his countenance.

Miss Milner struggled to loose her hand, saying, "Excuse me from replying to you now, my lord."

In return, he lifted her hand eagerly to his lips, and began to devour it with kisses; when Dorriforth, with an instantaneous impulse, rushed forward, and struck him a violent blow in the face. Under the force of this assault, and the astonishment it excited, Lord Frederick staggered, and letting fall the hand of Miss Milner, her guardian immediately laid hold of it, and led her into the house.

She was terrified beyond description; and with extreme difficulty Mr. Dorriforth conveyed her to her own chamber, without taking her in his arms. When, by the assistance of her maid, he had placed her upon a sofa—overwhelmed with shame and confusion for what he had done, he fell upon his knees before her, and implored her forgiveness for the indecency he had been guilty of in her presence. And that he had alarmed her, and had forgotten the respect which he thought sacredly her due, seemed the only circumstance which then dwelt upon his thoughts.

She felt the indecorum of the posture he had condescended to take, and was shocked. To see her guardian at her feet struck her with a sense of impropriety, as if she had seen a parent there. With agitation and emotion, she conjured him to rise; and, with a thousand protestations, declared, "That she thought the rashness of the action was the highest proof of his regard for her."

Miss Woodley now entered; her care being ever employed upon the unfortunate, Lord Frederick had just been the object of it; she had waited by his side, and, with every good purpose, had preached patience to him, while he was smarting under the pain, but more under the shame of his chastisement. At first, his fury threatened a retort upon the servants around him (and who refused his entrance into the house) of the punishment he had received. But in the certainty of an *amende honorable*, which must hereafter be made, he overcame the many temptations which the moment offered, and remounting his horse rode away from the scene of his disgrace.

No sooner had Miss Woodley entered the room and Dorriforth had resigned to her the care of his ward, than he flew to the spot where he had left Lord Frederick, negligent of what might be the event if he still remained there. After inquiring, and being told that he was gone, Dorriforth retired to his own apartment—with a bosom torn by more excruciating sensations than those which he had given to his adversary.

The reflection which struck him first with remorse, as he shut the door of his chamber, was—'I have departed from my character—from the sacred character, the dignity of my profession and sentiments—I have departed from myself. I am no longer the philosopher, but the ruffian—I have treated with an unpardonable insult a young nobleman, whose only offence was love, and a fond desire to insinuate himself into the favor of his mistress. I must atone for this outrage in whatever manner he may choose; and the law of honor and justice (though in this one instance contrary to the law of religion) enjoins, that if he demands my life in satisfaction for his wounded feelings, it is his due. Alas! that I could but have laid it down this morning, unswayed by a cause for which it will make inadequate atonement!'

His next reproach was—I have offended, and filled with horror, a beautiful young woman whom it was my duty to have protected from those brutal manners to which I myself have exposed her."

Again—I have drawn upon myself the just upbraidings of my faithful preceptor, and friend; of the man in whose judgment it was my delight to be approved—above all, I have drawn upon myself the stings of conscience."

Where shall I pass this sleepless night? cried he, walking repeatedly across his chamber: "Can I go to the ladies? I am unworthy of their society. Shall I go to Lord Frederick, and humbling myself before him, beg his forgiveness? He would spare me for a coward. No,"—(and he lifted up his eyes to Heaven)—"Thou all great, all wise and omnipotent Being,

Thou whom I have most offended, it is to Thee alone that I have recourse in this hour of tribulation, and from Thee alone I solicit comfort. The confidence with which I now address myself to Thee, encouraged by that long intercourse which religion has effected, I here acknowledge 'to repay me amply, in this one moment, for the many years of my past life, devoted with my best, though imperfect efforts to thy service.'"

Although Miss Milner had not foreseen any fatal event resulting from the indignity offered to Lord Frederick, yet she passed a night very different from those to which she had been accustomed. No sooner was she falling into a sleep than a thousand vague but distressing ideas darted across her imagination. Her heart would sometimes whisper to her when she was half asleep, "Lord Frederick is banished from you forever." She shakes off the uneasiness, his consideration brings along with it—she then starts, and sees the blow still aimed at him by Dorriforth. No sooner has she driven away this painful image than she is again awakened by beholding her guardian at her feet, saying, 'pardon me! She sighs, she trembles, and is chilled with terror.

Relieved by tears, towards the morning she sinks into a slumber, but, waking, finds the same images crowding all together upon her mind; she is doubtful to which to give the preference—one, however, rushes the foremost, and continues so. She knows not the fatal consequence of ruminating, nor why she dwells upon that more than upon all the rest; but it will give place to none.

She rises languid and disordered; and, at breakfast, adds fresh pain to Dorriforth by her altered appearance.

He had scarcely left the room, when an officer waited upon him with a challenge from Lord Frederick. To the message delivered by this gentleman, he replied,

"Sir, as a clergyman, more especially of the church of Rome, I know not whether I am not exempt from answering a demand of this kind; but, not having had forbearance to avoid an offence, I will not claim an exemption that would only indemnify me from reparation."

"You will then, sir, meet Lord Frederick at the appointed hour?" said the officer.

"I will, sir; and my immediate care shall be to find a gentleman, who will accompany me."

The officer withdrew, and when Dorriforth was again alone, he was going once more to reflect, but he durst not. Since yesterday's reflection, for the first time, was become painful to him; and even as he rode the short way to Lord Elmwood's immediately after, he found his own thoughts were so insufferable that he was obliged to enter into conversation with his servant. Solitude, that formerly charmed him, would, at those moments, have been worse than death.

At Lord Elmwood's he met Sandford in the hall, and the sight of him was no longer welcome—he knew how different the principles which he had just adopted were to those of that reverend friend, and without Sandford's complaining, or even suspecting what had happened, his presence was a sufficient reproach. He passed him as hastily as he could, and inquiring for Lord Elmwood, disclosed to him his errand. It was to ask him to be his second; the young earl started, and wished to consult his tutor, but that his kinsman strictly forbade; and having urged his reasons with arguments which at length prevailed upon him to promise that he would accompany him to the field, which was at the distance only of a few miles, and the parties were to be there at seven on the same evening.

As soon as his business with Lord Elmwood was settled, Dorriforth returned home to make preparations for the event which might ensue from this meeting. He wrote letters to several of his friends, and one to his ward, in writing which, he could with difficulty preserve the usual firmness of his mind.

Sandford, going into Lord Elmwood's library soon after his relation had left him, expressed his surprise at finding he was gone; upon which that nobleman, having answered a few questions, and given a few significant hints that he was intrusted with a secret, frankly confessed what he had promised to conceal.

Sandford, as much as a holy man could be, was enraged at Dorriforth for the cause of the challenge, but was still more enraged at his wickedness in accepting it. He applauded his pupil's virtue in making the discovery, and congratulated himself that he should be the instrument of saving not only his friend's life, but of preventing the scandal of his being engaged in a duel.

In the ardor of his designs, he went immediately to Miss Milner's—entered that house which he had so long refused to enter, at a time when he was upon aggravated bad terms with his own."

He asked for Dorriforth, went hastily into his apartment, and poured upon him a torrent of rebukes. Dorriforth bore all he said with the patience of a devotee, but with the firmness of a man. He owned his fault, but no eloquence could recall the promise he had given to repair the injury. Unshaken by the arguments, persuasions, and menaces of Sandford, he gave an additional proof of that inflexibility for which he had been long distinguished—neither of them the better for what either had advanced, but Dorriforth something the worse;—his conscience gave testimony to Sandford's opinion, that he was bound by ties more sacred than worldly honor. But while he owned he would not yield to the duty.

Sandford left him, determined, however, that Lord Elmwood should not be accessory in his guilt, and this he declared; upon which Dorriforth took the resolution of seeking another second."

In passing through the house on his return home, Sandford met, by accident, Mrs. Horton, Miss Milner, and the other two ladies returning from a saunter in the garden. Surprised at the sight of Mr. Sandford in her house, Miss Milner would not express that surprise, but going up to him with all the friendly benevolence which in general played about her breast, she took hold of one of his hands, and pressed it with a kindness which told him more forcibly that he was welcome than if she had made the most elaborate speech to convince him of it. He, however, seemed little touched by her behavior, and as an excuse for breaking his word, cried,

"I beg your pardon, madam, but I was brought hither in my anxiety to prevent your

"Murder!" exclaimed all the ladies.

"Yes, answered he, addressing himself to Miss Fenton, your betrothed husband is a party concerned; he is going to be second to Mr. Dorriforth, who means this very evening to be killed by my Lord Frederick, or to kill him, in addition to the blow that he gave him last night."

Mrs. Horton exclaimed, "If Mr. Dorriforth dies, he dies a martyr!"

Miss Woodley cried with fervor, "Heaven forbid!"

Miss Fenton cried, "Dear me!"

While Miss Milner, without uttering one word, sunk speechless on the floor.

They lifted her up and brought her to the door which entered into the garden. She soon recovered; for the tumult of her mind would not suffer her to remain inactive, and she was roused, in spite of her weakness, to endeavor to ward off the impending disaster. In vain, however, she attempted to walk to her guardian's apartment—she sunk as before, and was taken to a sister, while Miss Woodley was dispatched to bring him to her.

Informed of the cause of her indisposition, he followed Miss Woodley with a tender anxiety for her health, and with grief and confusion that he had so carelessly endangered it. On his entering the room, Sandford beheld the inquietude of his mind, and cried, "Here is your guardian, with a cruel emphasis on the word."

He was too much engaged by the sufferings of his ward to reply to Sandford. "He placed himself on the settee by her, and with the utmost tenderness, reverence, and pity, entreated her not to be concerned at an accident in which he, and he alone had been to blame; but which he had no doubt would be accommodated in the most amicable manner."

"I have one favor to require of you, Mr. Dorriforth," said she, "and that is, your promise, your solemn promise, which I know is ever sacred, that you will not meet my Lord Frederick."

He hesitated.

"Oh, madam," cried Sandford, "he is grown a libertine now, and I would not believe, his word, if he were to give it you."

"Then, sir," returned Dorriforth angrily, "you may believe my word, for I will keep that which gave I to you. I will give Lord Frederick all the restitution in my power. But, my dear Miss Milner, let not this alarm you; we may not find it convenient to meet this many a day; and most probably some fortunate explanation may prevent our meeting at all. If not, reckon but among the many duels that are fought, how few are fatal; and even in that case, how small would be the loss to society, if—"

"I should ever deplore the loss!" cried Miss Milner; "on such an occasion, I could not survive the death of either."

"For my part," he replied, "I look upon my life as much forfeited to my Lord Frederick, to whom I have given a high offence, as it might in other instances have been forfeited to the offended laws of the land. Honor is the law of the polite part of the land; we know it; and when we transgress against it knowingly, we justly incur our punishment. However, Miss Milner, this affair will not be settled immediately, and I have no doubt but that all will be as you could wish. Do you think I should appear thus easy," added he with a smile, "if I were going to be shot at by my Lord Frederick?"

"Very well!" cried Sandford, with a look that evinced he was better informed.

"You will say within then, all this day?" said Miss Milner.

"I am engaged to dinner," he replied; "it is unlucky—I am sorry for it—but I'll be at home early in the evening."

"Stained with human blood," cried Sandford, "or yourself a corpse!"

The ladies lifted up their hands.—Miss Milner rose from her seat, and threw herself at her guardian's feet.

"You knelt to me last night, I now kneel to you," she cried, "kneel, never desisting to rise again, if you persist in your intention, I am weak, I am volatile, I am indelicate, but I have a heart from which some impressions can never—Oh! never be erased."

He endeavored to raise her, she persisted to kneel—and, here the affright, the terror, the anguish she endured, disclosed to her her own sentiments—which, till that moment, she had doubted—and she continued,

"I no longer pretend to conceal my passion—I love Lord Frederick Lawley."

Her guardian started.

"Yes, to my shame I love him," cried she, all emotion; "I meant to have struggled with the weakness, because I supposed it would be displeasing to you—but apprehension for his safety has taken away every power of restraint, and I beseech you to spare his life."

"This is exactly what I thought," cried Sandford, with an air of triumph.

"Good heaven!" cried Miss Woodley.

"But it is very natural," said Mrs. Horton.

"I own," said Dorriforth (struck with amazement, and now taking her from his feet with a force that she could not resist), "I own Miss Milner, I am greatly affected and wounded at this contradiction in your character."

"But did I not say so?" cried Sandford interrupting him.

"However," continued he, "you may take my word, though you have deceived me in yours, that Lord Frederick's life is secure. For your sake I would not endanger it for the universe. But let this be a warning to you—"

He was proceeding with the most austere looks, and pointed language, when observing the shame and the self reproach that agitated her mind, he divested himself in a great measure of his resentment, and said, mildly,

"Let this be a warning to you, how you deal in future with the friends who wait you well. You have hurried me into a mistake that might have cost me my life, or the life of the man you love; and thus exposed you to misery, more bitter than death."

"I am not worthy of your friendship, Mr. Dorriforth," said she, sobbing with grief, and from this moment forsook me."

"No madam, not in the moment you first discover to me, how I can make you happy. The conversation appearing now to be the cause of a nature in which the rest of the company could have no share, whatever they were all, except Mr. Sandford retiring; when Miss Milner called Miss Woodley back, saying, "Stay you with me; I was never so happy to be left without your friendship."

"Perhaps I regret you can dispense with mine," said Dorriforth. She made no answer. Hitherto once more assured her Lord Frederick's life was safe, and was quitting the room—but when he recollected in what hu-

miliation he had left her, turning towards her, as he opened the door, he added,

"And be assured, madam, that my esteem for you shall be the same as ever."

Sandford, as he followed him, bowed and repeated the same words—"And, madam, be assured that my esteem for you shall be the same as ever."

TO BE CONTINUED.

CAUSES OF FERTILITY IN SOILS.—In a recent letter to the New York Farmer's Club, Professor S. W. Johnson, of Yale College, says—











POETRY.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they becom to me,  
Lovers who've crossed to the further side,  
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.  
There's one with a ringlet of sunny gold,  
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue,  
He comes in the twilight gray and gold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.  
We saw not the angels who met him there,  
The gates of the city we could not see,  
Over the river, over the river,  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.  
Over the river the boatman pale,  
Carried across the household pet,  
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,  
Darting glances I see her yet.  
She comes in her boomer dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly enters the plankton bark,  
We felt it glide from the silver sand,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.  
Where all the ransomed and angels be,  
Over the river, the mystic river,  
My childhood's lot is waiting for me.  
For none return from those quiet shores,  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail.  
And to their hands the dashing dashing hearts,  
They cross the stream and are gone for aye,  
We may not under the veil apart  
That hides from our vision the gates of day.  
We only know that their hands are true,  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;  
Yet somewhere I know on the unseen shore,  
They wait, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sun's gold  
Is shining river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cool,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;  
I shall wait for a gleam of the dipping sail,  
I shall hear the boat as it glides the stream,  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
To the better shore of the spirit land.  
I shall know the love who have gone before,  
And joyfully wait the meeting day,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

JUST SIXTY-TWO!  
Just sixty-two! Then from the light,  
And yet thy joys all rest;  
Thy past misdeeds, still but bright,  
And lacks some hours to sunset yet.  
At sixty-two,  
Be strong and true;  
Scour off thy rust and shine anew.  
Thy yet high time; thy staff renewed,  
And fight fresh battles for the truth;  
For what is age but youth's full bloom—  
A ripe, more beautiful youth!  
A wedge of gold,  
Is never old.  
Strenuous brother grow as downward rolled.

At sixty-two life is begun;  
At seventy-three begin once more;  
Ply thy pen as you ply the sun,  
And brighter shine at eighty-four.  
At ninety-five,  
Shoutest thou arrive,  
Still wait on God, with work and thrive.  
Keep thy locks wet with morning dew,  
And freely let thy graces flow;  
For life will spend its even now,  
And years abound younger grow.  
So work and live,  
Be young for aye;  
From sunset breaking into dawn.

BENEVOLENCE.  
A benevolent man was Absalom Ross—  
At each and every tale of distress—  
He blazed right up like a rocket;  
He felt for all who "nephew poverty's smart"  
Were doomed to bear; and he'd be the first  
To get for them in his inmost heart,  
But never felt in his pocket.  
Yet all said he was an excellent man;  
For the poor he'd preach, for the poor he'd plan—  
To better them he was willing;  
But the oldest one who heard him pray,  
And preach for the poor in a pitiful way,  
Could't remember exactly to say  
He had ever given a shilling.

O an excellent man was Absalom Ross,  
And the world the tip of his hands to bless,  
Whenever his name was mentioned,  
But he died one day, he died at 61!  
He went right down to the shades below,  
Where all are bound, I fear to go,  
Who are only good intentions!

Kendall's Mills Adv'ts.

STOVES, HARD-WARE AND BAR IRON.

AT KENDALL'S MILLS.



King Philip Air-Flight.

GILBERT & RICHARDSON.

STOVES.

Hot Air Furnaces and Fire-Frames.

PLOUGHS, AND BROAD-CAST SEED SOWERS.

Paints, Oils and Building Materials.

Farmers' Boilers and Cast Iron Sinks.

CUTLERY, PILLS.

Farmers and Carpenters Tools, House Trimmings, Patent Chains, Green Cans and Leather Belting, Weymouth Nails, Glass, Sheet Lead, Paper, Oil, Cloth, Carpet, Pump, Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead and Zinc, together with Britannia, Tin, Japaned, Enamelled and Sheet Iron Ware, &c.

Having had experience in the Furnace business, we are prepared to furnish, and set in the best manner, and at the lowest price, any which are in the market, and constantly have on hand PATENT'S UNVALUED HOT AIR & FURNACE & C&S which we will warrant.

Among our variety of Cooking Stoves, we have the "KING PHILIP AIR-FIGHT," which requires no fuel, and they will all of the above goods be sold as cheap as at any other place of the river, for cash.

At Waterville, and all kinds of Tin and Sheet Iron Work done.

J. W. CHANNING.

KENDALL'S MILLS.

Painter, Grainer, and Paper Hanger.

House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting, of all kinds, executed in the best manner and on reasonable terms.

Shop over S. G. Pratt's Store.

DR. A. BACKUS.

ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN.

KENDALL'S MILLS (Fairfield, Me.)

References:—F. R. ORT, M. D., Butler, Butler Co., Penna.; J. E. MOORE, M. D., Farmington, Me.

New Drug Store at Kendall's Mills.

THE undersigned would inform the citizens of Kendall's Mills and vicinity, that he has opened a Retail

DRUG AND APOTHECARY STORE,

at the stand formerly occupied by F. A. ANDERSON, Kendall's Mills, where he will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of

Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Goods, Confectionery, & Cigars, which he will sell as low as can be bought elsewhere.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared.

July 1858. HENRY A. BUCK.

DR. A. PINKHAM.

SURGEON DENTIST.

Now permanently located at KENDALL'S MILLS, and will

be held in attendance by the undersigned, on all days of the

ARTIFICIAL TEETH mounted upon Gold, Platinum, and

other materials, in an appropriate and durable manner.

Orders sent for to Fairbanks Furniture Store.

Kendall's Mills, April 14, 1857.

Boys and Youth's Clothing.

A nice assortment at low prices. HAYES & MARSTON'S

Portland Advertisements.

P. W. BAILEY'S BOOK BINDERY.

No. 68 Exchange Street, Portland.

THE LARGEST BINDERY IN THE STATE.

WHERE you can have Made, Magazines, Pamphlets, in the

any and every kind of Book, from the Bible to the

child's primer.

Bound in Styles to suit your own tastes.

1724 BAILEY'S, 68 Exchange Street

Orders for Binding may be left with MAXIM & WISE, at the

"Eastern Mail" Office, Waterville.

M. L. DAY, PAPER WAREHOUSE.

No. 21 Exchange Street, Portland, Me.

Constantly on hand, all sizes and qualities of Wrapping

Baling, Hardware, Cloth, Shoe Envelope and Enveloping Paper

Cash paid for Paper Stock. 1190

NEW FALL & WINTER CLOTHING!

THAYER & MARSTON.

Elegant & Attractive

CLOTHING

Ever exhibited in Waterville, with

BEAUTY, QUALITY AND

CHAPMAN'S

Cannot be Surpassed!

OUR MOTTO

"Quick Sales and Small Profits."

CTILL, prevails more than ever. We have enlarged our Store

and added another counter which we have filled up with

clothing, making it

THE LARGEST STOCK

in this vicinity. If being all bought for net cash, the percentage

thereof which merchants generally have to pay, gives us a

satisfactory profit. All our goods are of the best quality, and

very low, and we do not regret it if they call upon us before

buying. We have also handsome

Broadcloth and Lyons Cloth, for Ladies' Cloaks,

which we shall sell at prices to suit the customer.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

LATEST FASHIONS.

Overcoats, Dress Frocks, and Business Coats,

Pants and Vests,

and everything belonging to Men's Wearing Apparel, made of

the best material, the best workmanship, manufactured by

cutters, sewers, and finishers, and we offer prices to suit

the times, and we do not regret it if they call upon us before

buying. We have also handsome

Broadcloth and Lyons Cloth, for Ladies' Cloaks,

which we shall sell at prices to suit the customer.

J. P. KAY & BROTHERS,

5 & 6 MERCHANTS ROW, WATERTVILLE.

DUNTON & FOSTER,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Waterville, Me.

Office on Main Street, nearly opposite the William A. House.

L. DUNTON. [47] LEONARD FOSTER.

JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND,

Counselor at Law, and Notary Public.

WATERTVILLE.

Office with Beattie & Co's. Residence on College Street.

The "H. A. Smith House."

Do you want to get your

Money's Worth of

CLOTHING

Furnishing Goods?

Call on

THAYER & MARSTON.

It is a FACT!

CLOTHING

Can be bought at

THAYER & MARSTON'S

AT A LOWER PRICE THAN AT ANY OTHER PLACE

IN WATERTVILLE!

Money they want, and MONEY they must have, and will

give a larger amount of Goods for their

money than any other place in the State.

They will sell a good Heavy Overcoat for \$4.00

A nice Heavy Coat for \$3.00

Good Coats, every shade and quality, some as low as \$1.00

Vests, velvet, silk, satin, cloth and velvet, 75c. to \$1.00

Yards, of superfine, medium, and low grades, 1.00 to \$2.00

And every other article at the same low rate.

Their stock of FURNISHING GOODS is unsurpassed in style

and cheapness. Call and see them. Oct. 26, 1858.

NEW GOODS AND LOW PRICES.

E. T. ELDEN & CO.

ARE NOW OPENING THEIR THIRD LARGE STOCK OF

FALL & WINTER GOODS!

Less than Auction Prices.

We have just opened

100 Large Lancaster Quilts, for

60 pairs Heavy Mill Blankets, for

100 pairs Heavy Blankets, for

BOSTON ADVERTISEMENTS.

INDUSTRIAL MUSEUM.

No. 6 Washington St., and Dock Square.

The Largest and most valuable

INVENTIONS AND MACHINERY ON EXHIBITION.

New Inventions for the Government, and for the

Trade, for the purpose of showing the progress of

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Androsoggin & Kennebec Railroad.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after Monday next, April 13, 1858, the Passenger

Train will leave Waterville for Portland, Boston and

Freight Train for Portland leaves at 10 A. M., and Freight

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