



1-6-1859

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 12, No. 26): January 6, 1859

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail

 Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 12, No. 26): January 6, 1859" (1859). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 597.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/597

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

This taunting reproach from Sandford made little impression upon Miss Milner, whose thoughts were all fixed on a subject of much more importance than the opinion which he entertained of her. She threw her arms about her friend the moment they were left alone, and asked, with anxiety, 'What she thought of her behavior?' Miss Woodley, who could not approve of the duplicity she had betrayed, still wished to reconcile her as much as possible to her own conduct, and replied, she 'highly commended the frankness with which she had, at last, acknowledged her sentiments.'

'Frankness!' cried Miss Milner, starting. 'Frankness, my dear Miss Woodley! What you have just now heard me say is all a falsehood.'

'How, Miss Milner?'
'Oh, Miss Woodley returned she, sobbing upon her bosom, 'pity the agonies of my heart, my heart by nature sincere, when such are the fatal propensities it cherishes that I must submit to the grossest falsehoods rather than reveal the truth.'

'What can you mean?' cried Miss Woodley, with the strongest amazement in her face. 'Do you suppose I love Lord Frederick? Do you suppose I can love him?—Oh, fly, and prevent my guardian from telling such an untruth.'

'What can you mean?' repeated Miss Woodley; 'I protest you frighten me.' For this inconsistency in the behavior of Miss Milner appeared as if her senses had been deranged.

'Fly,' she resumed, 'and prevent the inevitable ill consequence which will ensue, if Lord Frederick should be told of this falsehood. It will involve us all in greater disquiet than we suffer at present.'

'Then what has influenced you my dear Miss Milner?'

'That which impels all my actions—an insupportable instinct—a fatality that will, for ever render me the most miserable of human beings; and yet you, even you, my dear Miss Woodley, will not pity me.'

Miss Woodley pressed her closely in her arms, and vowed, 'That while she was unhappy, from whatever cause, she still would pity her.'

'Go to Mr. Dorriorth then, and prevent him from imposing upon Lord Frederick.'

'But that imposition is the only means of preventing the duel,' replied Miss Woodley. 'The moment I have told him that your affection was but counterfeited, he will no longer refuse accepting the challenge.'

'Then at all events I am undone,' exclaimed Miss Milner. 'For the duel is horrible, even beyond every thing else.'

'How so?' returned Miss Woodley, 'since you have declared that you do not care for my Lord Frederick!'

'But are you so blind,' returned Miss Milner, 'with a degree of madness in her looks, as to believe I do not care for Mr. Dorriorth? Oh! Miss Woodley! I love him with all the passion of a mistress, and with all the tenderness of a wife.'

Miss Woodley at this sentence sat down—it was on a chair that was close to her—her feet could not have taken her to any other. She trembled—she was white as ashes, and, deprived of speech, Miss Milner, taking her by the hand, said,

'I know what you feel—I know what you think of me—and how much you hate and despise me. But Heaven is witness to all my struggles—not would I, even to myself, acknowledge the shameful prepossession, till forced by a sense of his danger.'

'Silence,' cried Miss Woodley, struck with horror.

'And even now,' resumed Miss Milner, 'have I not concealed it from all but you, by plunging myself into a new difficulty, from which I know not how I shall be extricated? And can I entertain a hope? No, Miss Woodley, nor ever will. But suffer me to own my folly to you—to entrust your soothing friend's tale to free me from my weakness. And, oh! give me your friendly advice, to deliver me from the difficulties which surround me.'

Miss Woodley was still pale and still silent. Education is called stern nature; in the strict (but not enlarged) education of Miss Woodley, it was more powerful than the first—and the violation of oaths, persons, or things consecrated to Heaven, was, in her opinion, if not the most enormous, yet among the most terrific in the catalogue of crimes.

Miss Milner had lived so long in a family who had imbibed those opinions that she was convinced of their existence; nay, her own reason told her that solemn vows of every kind ought to be sacred; and the more she respected her guardian's understanding, the less did she call in question his religious tenets; and among the rest, venerated even those of his religion. Yet that passion which had unhappily taken possession of her whole soul, would not have been inspired, had there subsisted an early difference in their systems of divinity.

Had she been early taught what were the sacred functions of a Roman ecclesiastic, though all her esteem, all her admiration had been attracted by the qualities and accomplishments of her guardian, yet education would have given such a prohibition to her love, that she would have been precluded from it, as by that barrier which divides a sister from a brother.

This, unfortunately, was not the case; and Miss Milner loved Dorriorth without one conscious check to tell her she was wrong, except that which convinced her—her love would be avoided by him with detestation, and with horror.

Miss Woodley, something recovered from her first surprise and sufferings—for never did her susceptible mind suffer so exquisitely—amidst all her grief and abhorrence, felt that pity was still predominant; and reconciled to the faults of Miss Milner by her misery, she once more looked at her with friendship, and asked, 'What she could do to render her less unhappy?'

'Make me forget,' replied Miss Milner, 'every moment of my life since I first saw you—that moment was teeming with a weight of woe, under which I must labor till my death. And even in death,' replied Miss Woodley, 'do not hope to shake them off. If unrepented in this world—'

'She was proceeding—but the anxiety her friend endured would not suffer her to be free from the apprehension that, notwithstanding the positive assurance of her guardian, if he and Lord Frederick should meet, the duel might take place; she therefore rang the bell, and inquired if Mr. Dorriorth was still at home? The answer was,—he has rode out. You remember,' said Miss Woodley, 'he told you he should dine from home.' This did not, however, dissuade her fears, and she dispatched two servants different ways in pursuit of him, acquainting them with her sensations, and charging them to prevent the duel, should he know the appointed time, he did not mean the exact place of their appointment for Lord Elmwood had forgot to inquire.

The anxious alarm which Miss Milner discovered upon this occasion was imputed by the servants, and by others who were witnesses of it, to her affection for Lord Frederick; while none but Miss Woodley knew, or had the most distant suspicion of the real cause.

Mrs. Horton and Miss Fenton, who were sitting together expatiating on the duplicity of their own sex in the instance just before them, had, notwithstanding the interest of the discourse, a longing desire to break it off; for they were impatient to see this poor frail being whom they were loading with their censures. They longed to see if she would have the confidence to look them in the face; them, to whom she had so often protested, that she had not the smallest attachment to Lord Frederick, but from motives of vanity.

These ladies heard with infinite satisfaction that dinner had been served, but met Miss Milner at the table with a less degree of pleasure than they had expected; for her mind was so totally abstracted from any consideration of them, that they could not discern a single blush, or confused glance, which their presence occasioned. No, she had before them divulged nothing of which she was ashamed; she was only ashamed that what she had said was not true. In the bosom of Miss Woodley alone was that secret entrusted which could call a blush into her face, and before her, she did feel confusion; before the gentle friend, to whom she had till this time communicated all her faults without embarrassment, she now cast down her eyes in shame.

Soon after dinner was removed, Lord Elmwood entered; and that gallant young nobleman declared—Mr. Sandford had used him ill, in not permitting him to accompany his relation; for he feared that Mr. Dorriorth would now throw himself upon the sword of Lord Frederick, without a single friend near to defend him. A rebuke from the eye of Miss Woodley, which, from this day had a command over Miss Milner, restrained her from expressing the affront, she suffered from this intimation. Miss Fenton replied, 'As to that, my lord, I see no reason why Mr. Dorriorth and Lord Frederick should not now be friends.' Certainly,' said Mrs. Horton; 'for as soon as my Lord Frederick is made acquainted with Miss Milner's confession, all differences must be reconciled.' What confession?' asked Lord Elmwood.

Miss Milner to avoid hearing a repetition of that which gave her pain even to recollect, rose in order to retire into her own apartment, but was obliged to sit down again, till she received the assistance of Lord Elmwood and her friend, who led her into her dressing room. She reclined upon a sofa there, and though left alone with that friend, a silence followed of half an hour; nor when the conversation began, was the name of Dorriorth once uttered—they were grown cool and considerate since the discovery, and both were equally fearful of naming him.

The vanity of the world, the folly of riches, the charms of retirement, and such topics engaged their discourse, but not their thoughts, for near two hours; and the first time the word Dorriorth was spoken, was by a servant, who with alacrity opened the dressing room door, without previously rapping, and cried, 'Madam, Mr. Dorriorth.'

Dorriorth immediately came in, and went eagerly to Miss Milner. Miss Woodley beheld the glow of joy and of guilt upon her face, and did not rise to give him her seat, as was her custom, when she was sitting by his ward and he came to her with intelligence. He therefore stood while he repeated all that had happened in his interview with Lord Frederick.

But, with her gladness to see her guardian safe, she had forgot to inquire of the safety of his antagonist; of the man whom she had pretended to love so passionately—even smiles of rapture were upon her face, though Dorriorth might be returned from putting him to death. This incongruity of behaviour Miss Woodley observed and was confounded—But Dorriorth, in whose thoughts a suspicion either of her love of him, or indifference for Lord Frederick, had no place, easily reconciled this inconsistency, and said,

'You see by my countenance that all is well, and therefore you smile on me before I tell you what has passed.'

This brought her to the recollection of her conduct, and now with looks ill constrained, she attempted the expression of an alarm she did not feel.

The Eastern Mail.

covered upon this occasion was imputed by the servants, and by others who were witnesses of it, to her affection for Lord Frederick; while none but Miss Woodley knew, or had the most distant suspicion of the real cause.

Mrs. Horton and Miss Fenton, who were sitting together expatiating on the duplicity of their own sex in the instance just before them, had, notwithstanding the interest of the discourse, a longing desire to break it off; for they were impatient to see this poor frail being whom they were loading with their censures. They longed to see if she would have the confidence to look them in the face; them, to whom she had so often protested, that she had not the smallest attachment to Lord Frederick, but from motives of vanity.

These ladies heard with infinite satisfaction that dinner had been served, but met Miss Milner at the table with a less degree of pleasure than they had expected; for her mind was so totally abstracted from any consideration of them, that they could not discern a single blush, or confused glance, which their presence occasioned. No, she had before them divulged nothing of which she was ashamed; she was only ashamed that what she had said was not true. In the bosom of Miss Woodley alone was that secret entrusted which could call a blush into her face, and before her, she did feel confusion; before the gentle friend, to whom she had till this time communicated all her faults without embarrassment, she now cast down her eyes in shame.

Soon after dinner was removed, Lord Elmwood entered; and that gallant young nobleman declared—Mr. Sandford had used him ill, in not permitting him to accompany his relation; for he feared that Mr. Dorriorth would now throw himself upon the sword of Lord Frederick, without a single friend near to defend him. A rebuke from the eye of Miss Woodley, which, from this day had a command over Miss Milner, restrained her from expressing the affront, she suffered from this intimation. Miss Fenton replied, 'As to that, my lord, I see no reason why Mr. Dorriorth and Lord Frederick should not now be friends.' Certainly,' said Mrs. Horton; 'for as soon as my Lord Frederick is made acquainted with Miss Milner's confession, all differences must be reconciled.' What confession?' asked Lord Elmwood.

Miss Milner to avoid hearing a repetition of that which gave her pain even to recollect, rose in order to retire into her own apartment, but was obliged to sit down again, till she received the assistance of Lord Elmwood and her friend, who led her into her dressing room. She reclined upon a sofa there, and though left alone with that friend, a silence followed of half an hour; nor when the conversation began, was the name of Dorriorth once uttered—they were grown cool and considerate since the discovery, and both were equally fearful of naming him.

The vanity of the world, the folly of riches, the charms of retirement, and such topics engaged their discourse, but not their thoughts, for near two hours; and the first time the word Dorriorth was spoken, was by a servant, who with alacrity opened the dressing room door, without previously rapping, and cried, 'Madam, Mr. Dorriorth.'

Dorriorth immediately came in, and went eagerly to Miss Milner. Miss Woodley beheld the glow of joy and of guilt upon her face, and did not rise to give him her seat, as was her custom, when she was sitting by his ward and he came to her with intelligence. He therefore stood while he repeated all that had happened in his interview with Lord Frederick.

But, with her gladness to see her guardian safe, she had forgot to inquire of the safety of his antagonist; of the man whom she had pretended to love so passionately—even smiles of rapture were upon her face, though Dorriorth might be returned from putting him to death. This incongruity of behaviour Miss Woodley observed and was confounded—But Dorriorth, in whose thoughts a suspicion either of her love of him, or indifference for Lord Frederick, had no place, easily reconciled this inconsistency, and said,

'You see by my countenance that all is well, and therefore you smile on me before I tell you what has passed.'

This brought her to the recollection of her conduct, and now with looks ill constrained, she attempted the expression of an alarm she did not feel.

'Nay, I assure you Lord Frederick is safe,' he resumed, 'and the disgrace of his blood washed entirely away, by a few drops of blood from this arm.' And he laid his hand upon his left arm, which rested in his waistcoat as a kind of sling.

She cast her eyes there, and seeing where the ball had entered the coat sleeve, she gave an involuntary scream, and reclined upon the sofa. Instead of that affectionate sympathy which Miss Woodley used to exert upon her slightest illness or affliction, she now addressed her in an un pitying tone, and said, 'Miss Milner, you have heard Lord Frederick is safe, you have therefore nothing to alarm you. Nor did she run to hold a smelling bottle, or to raise her head. Her guardian seeing her near fainting, and without any assistance from her friend, was going himself to give it; but on this Miss Woodley interfered, and having taken her head upon her arm, assured him, 'It was a weakness to which Miss Milner was very subject; that she would ring for her maid, who knew how to relieve her instantly with a few drops.' Satisfied with this assurance, Dorriorth left the room; and a surgeon being come to examine his wound, he retired into his own chamber.

The power delegated by the confidential to those entrusted with their secrets, Miss Woodley was the last person on earth to abuse; but she was also the last, who, by an accommodating complacency, would participate in the guilt of her friend—and there was no guilt, except that of murder, which she thought equal to the crime in question, if it was ever perpetrated. Adultery, reason would perhaps have informed her, was a more pernicious evil to society; but to a religious mind what sound is so horrible as *sacrilege*. Of vows made to God or to man, the former must weigh the heaviest. Moreover the sin of infidelity in the married state is not a little softened, to common understandings, by its frequency; whereas of religious vows broken by a devotee had been never heard; unless where the offence had been followed by such examples of divine vengeance, such miraculous punishments in this world (as well as eternal punishment in the other) as served to exaggerate the wickedness.

She, who could, and who did pardon Miss Milner, was the person who saw her passion in the severest light, and resolved upon every method, however harsh, to root it from her heart; nor did she fear success, resting on the certain assurance, that however deep her love might be fixed, it would never be returned. Yet this confidence did not prevent her taking every precaution, lest Dorriorth should come to the knowledge of it. She would not have his composed mind disturbed with such a thought—his steadfast principles so much shaken by the imagination—nor overwhelm him with those self reproaches which his fatal attraction, unpremeditated as it was, would still have drawn upon him.

With this plan of concealment, in which the natural modesty of Miss Milner acquiesced, there was but one effort for which this unhappy ward was not prepared; and that was, an entire separation from her guardian. She had, from the first, cherished her passion without the most remote prospect of a return—she was prepared to see Dorriorth, without ever seeing him more nearly connected to her than as her guardian and friend; but not to see him at all—for that, she was not prepared.

But Miss Woodley reflected upon the inevitable necessity of this measure before she made the proposal; and then made it with a firmness, that might have done honor to the inflexibility of Dorriorth himself.

During the few days that intervened between her open confession of a passion for Lord Frederick, and this proposed plan of separation, the most intricate incoherence appeared in the character of Miss Milner;—and in order to evade a marriage, with him, and conceal, at the same time, the shameful propensity which lurked in her breast, she was once even on the point of declaring a passion for Sir Edward Ashton.

In the duel which had taken place between Lord Frederick and Dorriorth, the latter had received the fire of his antagonist, but positively refused to return it; by which he had kept his promise not to endanger his lordship's life, and had reconciled Sandford, in great measure, to his behavior—and Sandford now (his resolution once broken) no longer refused entering Miss Milner's house, but came whenever it was convenient, though he yet avoided the mistress of it as much as possible; or showed by every word and look, when she was present, that she was still less in his favor than he had been.

He visited Dorriorth on the evening of his engagement with Lord Frederick, and the next morning breakfasted with him in his own chamber; nor did Miss Milner see her guardian after his first return from that engagement before the following noon. She inquired, however, of his servant how he did, and was rejoiced to hear that his wound was but slight—yet this inquiry she durst not make before Miss Woodley.

When Dorriorth made his appearance the next day, it was evident that he had thrown from his heart a load of cares; and though they had left a languor upon his face, content was in his voice, in his manners, in every word and action. Far from seeming to retain any resentment against his ward, for the danger into which her imprudence had led him, he appeared rather to pity her indiscretion, and to wish to soothe the perturbation, which the recollection of her own conduct had evidently raised in his mind. His endeavors were successful—she was soothed every time he spoke to her; and had not the watchful eye of Miss Woodley stood guard over inclinations, she had plainly discovered, that she was enraptured with the joy of seeing him again himself, after the danger to which he had been exposed.

These emotions, which she labored to subdue, passed, however, the bounds of her intellectual resistance, when at the time of her retiring after dinner, he said to her in a low voice, but such as it was meant the company should hear, 'Do me the favor, Miss Milner, to call at my study some time in the evening; I have to speak with you upon business.'

She answered, 'I will, sir.' And her eyes swam with delight, in expectation of the interview.

Let not the reader, nevertheless, imagine there was in that ardent expectation one idea which the most spotless mind, in love, might not have indulged without reproach. Sincere (at least among the delicate of the female sex) is often gratified by that degree of enjoyment, or rather forbearance, which would be torture in the pursuit of any other passion. Real, delicate, and restrained love, such as Miss Milner's, indulged in the sight of the object only; and having bounded her wishes by her hopes, the height of her happiness was limited to a conversation in which no other but themselves took a part.

Miss Woodley was one of those who heard the appointment, but the only one who conceived with what sensation it was received.

While the ladies remained in the same room with Dorriorth, Miss Milner had thought of little, except of him. As soon as they withdrew into another apartment, she remembered Miss Woodley; and turning her head suddenly, saw her friend's face imprinted with suspicion and displeasure—this at first was painful to her—but recollecting, that within a couple of hours she was to meet her guardian alone—to speak to him, and hear him speak to her only—every other thought was absorbed in that one, and she considered, with indifference the uneasiness or the anger of her friend.

Miss Milner, to do justice to her heart, did not wish to beguile Dorriorth into the snares of love. Could any supernatural power have endowed her with the means, and at the same time have shown her the ills that must arise from such an effect of her charms, she had assuredly virtue enough to decline the conquest; but without inquiring what she proposed, she never saw him without previously endeavoring to look more attractive than she would have desired before any other person. And now, without listening to the thousand exhortations that spoke in every feature of Miss Woodley, she flew to a looking glass to adjust her dress in a manner that she thought most engaging.

Time stole away, and the time of going to her guardian arrived. In his presence, unsupported by the presence of any other, every grace that she had practised, every look that she had borrowed to set off her charms, were annihilated; and she became a native beauty, with the artless arguments of reason, only, for her aid. Aided thus by his power, from every thing but what she really was, she never, perhaps half so bewitching as in those timid, respectful, and embarrassed moments she passed alone with him. He caught, at those times her respect, her diffidence, nay, even her em-

barassment; and never would one word of anger pass on either side.

On the present occasion, he first expressed the high satisfaction that she had given him, by at length revealing to him the real state of her mind.

'And when I take every thing into consideration, Miss Milner,' added he, 'I rejoice that your sentiments happen to be such as you have owned. For, although my Lord Frederick is not the very man I could have wished for your perfect happiness; yet, in the state of human perfection and human happiness, you might have fixed your affections with perhaps less propriety; and still, where my unwillingness to have thwarted your inclinations might not have permitted me to contend with them.'

Not a word of reply did this speech demand; or if it had, not a word could she have given. And now, madam, the reason of my desire to speak with you—is, to know the means you think most proper to pursue, in order to acquit Lord Frederick that, notwithstanding this late repulse, there are hopes of your partiality in his favor.'

'Defer the explanation,' she replied eagerly. 'I beg your pardon—it cannot be. Besides, how can you indulge a disposition thus unpitiful? Even so ardently I desire to render the man who loves you happy, that though he came armed against my life, had I not reflected, that previous to our engagement it would appear like fear, and the means of bartering for his forgiveness, I should have revealed your sentiments the moment I had seen him. When the engagement was over, I was too impatient to acquit you with his safety, to think then on gratifying him. And indeed, the delicacy of the declaration, after the many denials which you have no doubt given him, should be considered. I therefore consult your opinion upon the manner in which it shall be made.'

'Mr. Dorriorth, can you allow nothing to the moments of surprise, and that pity which the fate impending inspired? and which might urge me to express myself of Lord Frederick, in a manner my cooler thoughts will not warrant?'

'There was nothing in your expressions, my dear Miss Milner, the least equivocal—it was your own guard when you pleaded for Lord Frederick, as I believe you were, you said more sincerely what you thought; and no discreet, or rather indiscreet attempts to retract can make me change these sentiments.'

'I am very sorry,' she replied, confused and trembling.

'Why sorry?—Come give me commission to reveal your partiality. I'll not be too hard upon you—a hint from me will do. Hope is ever apt to interpret the slightest words to its own use, and a lover's hope is beyond all other's sanguine.'

'I never gave Lord Frederick hope.'

'But you never plunged him into despair.'

'His pursuit intimates that I never have, but he has no other proof.'

'However light and frivolous you have been upon frivolous subjects, yet I must own, Miss Milner, that I did expect, when a case of this importance came seriously before you, you would have discovered a proper stability in your behavior.'

'I do, sir;—and it was only when I was affected with a weakness, which arose from accident, that I have betrayed inconsistency.'

'You then assert again, that you have no affection for my Lord Frederick.'

'Not enough to become his wife?'

'You are alarmed at marriage, and I do not wonder you should be so; it shows a prudent foresight which does you honour—but, my dear, are there no dangers in a single state?—If I may judge, Miss Milner, there are many more to a young lady of your accomplishments than if you were under the protection of a husband.'

'My father, Mr. Dorriorth, thought your protection sufficient.'

'But that protection was rather to direct your choice than to be the cause of your not choosing at all. Give me leave to point out an observation which, perhaps, I have too frequently made before, but upon this occasion I must intrude it once again. Miss Fenton is his object—her fortune is inferior to yours, her personal attractions are less.'

Here the powerful glow of joy and of gratitude, for an opinion so negligently, and yet so sincerely expressed, flew to Miss Milner's face, neck, and even to her hands and fingers; the blood mounted to every part of her skin that was visible, for not a fibre but felt the secret transport—that Dorriorth thought her more beautiful than the beautiful Miss Fenton.

If he observed her blushes, he was unsuspecting of the cause, and went on.

'There is, besides, in the temper of Miss Fenton, a sedateness that might with less hazard ensure her safety in an unmarried life; and yet she very properly thinks it her duty, as she does not mean to seclude herself by any vows to the contrary, to become a wife—and in obedience to the counsel of her friends, I never will.'

'You mean to say, that love shall alone induce you.'

'I do.'

'If you would point out a subject upon which I am the least able to reason, and on which my sentiments, such as they are, are found only from theory (and even there, more cautioned than instructed,) it is the subject of love. And yet, even that little which I know tells me, without a doubt, that what you said yesterday, pleading for Lord Frederick's life, was the result of the most violent and tender love.'

'The little you know then, Mr. Dorriorth, has deceived you; had you known more, you would have judged otherwise.'

'I submit to the merit of your reply; but without allowing me a judge at all, I will appeal to those who were present with me.'

'Are Mrs. Horton and Mr. Sandford to be the connoisseurs?'

'No; I'll appeal to Miss Fenton and Miss Woodley.'

'And yet, I believe,' replied she with a smile, 'I believe theory must only be the judge even there.'

'Then from all you have said, madam, on this occasion, I am to conclude—that you still refuse to marry Lord Frederick?'

'You are.'

'And you submit never to see him again.'

'I do.'

'All you then said to me, yesterday, was false?'

'I was not mistress of myself at the time.'

'Therefore it was truth!—for shame, for shame!'

At that moment the door opened, and Mr. Sandford walked in—he started back on seeing Miss Milner, and was going away; but Dorriorth called to him to stay, and said with warmth,

'Tell me, Mr. Sandford, by what power, by what persuasion, I can prevail upon Miss Milner to confide in me as her friend; to lay her heart open, and credit mine when I declare to her—that I have no view in all the advice I give to her but her immediate welfare.'

'Mr. Dorriorth, you know my opinion of that lady,' replied Sandford; 'it has been formed ever since my first acquaintance with her, and it continues the same.'

'But instruct me how to inspire her with confidence,' returned Dorriorth; 'how am I to impress her with a sense of that which is for her advantage?'

'You can work no miracles,' replied Sandford; 'you are not holy enough.'

'And yet my ward,' answered Dorriorth, 'appears to be acquainted with that mystery; for what but the force of a miracle can induce her to contradict to day what, before you and several other witnesses, she positively acknowledged yesterday.'

'Dorriorth call that miraculous?' cried Sandford; 'The miracle had been if she had not done so—for did she not yesterday contradict what she acknowledged the day before?—and will she not to-morrow disavow what she says to-day?'

'I wish that she may—' replied Dorriorth mildly; 'for he saw the tears flowing down her face at the rough and severe manner in which Sandford had spoken, and he began to feel for her uneasiness.'

'I beg pardon,' cried Sandford 'for speaking so rudely to the mistress of the house—I have no business here, I know; but where you are, Mr. Dorriorth, unless I am turned out, I shall always think it my duty to come.'

'Miss Milner, curtsied, as much as to say, he was welcome to come. He continued,

'I was to blame, that upon a nice punctilio, I left you so long without my visits, and with out my counsel; in that time, you have run the hazard of being murdered, and what is worse, of being communicated; for had you been so rash as to have returned your opponent's fire, not all my interest at Rome would have obtained remission of the punishment.'

'Miss Milner, through all her tears, could not now restrain her laughter. On which he resumed,

'And here do I venture, like a missionary among savages—but if I can only save you from your sculpting knives—from the miseries which that lady is preparing for you, I am rewarded.'

Sandford spoke with great fervor, and the offence of her love never appeared to her in so tremendous a point of view as when thus, unknowingly, alluded to by him.

'The miseries that lady is preparing for you,' hung upon her ears like the notes of the raven, and sounded equally ominous. The words 'murder' and 'communication' he had likewise uttered; all the fatal effects of sacrilegious rage. Frightful superstitutions struck her to the heart, and she could scarcely prevent falling down under their oppression.

Dorriorth beheld the difficulty she had in sustaining herself, and with the utmost tenderness went towards her; and, supporting her, said, 'I beg your pardon—I invited you hither with a far different intention than your uneasiness, and be assured—'

Sandford was beginning to speak, when Dorriorth resumed,—Hold, Mr. Sandford, the lady is under my protection, and I know not whether it is not requisite that you should apologize to her, and to me, for what you have already said.'

'You asked my opinion, or I had not given it you—would you have me, like her, speak what I do not think?'

'Say no more, sir,' cried Dorriorth—and leading her kindly to the door, as if to defend her from his malice, told her, 'he would take another opportunity of renewing the subject.'

TO BE CONTINUED.

Trial of Count de Montalembert.

One of the most important trials of modern times recently took place at Paris. We allude to the trial of Count de Montalembert, on a charge of publishing a seditious libel, entitled 'A Debate on India in the British Parliament,' which was contained in the Correspondent, of which he was the editor. The Boston Courier thus speaks of this eminent man:

'He is one of the most eminent and one of the most interesting men now living in Europe. He was born in London in 1810, and his mother was an Englishwoman; and thus there met in his own person peculiar facilities for understanding and comparing the political systems of France and England. He is a zealous and devoted Roman Catholic; and there is no man in Europe, at least no layman, to whom the church of Rome is under greater obligations, and whom it regards with more affectionate pride. At the outset of his career he was an advocate of the union of Catholicism and Democracy, and a pupil in the school of that brilliant and erratic light, the Abbe Lemennais. His early efforts in behalf of freedom of religion, brought him in collision with the government in the year 1837, and in a hearing before the Chamber of Peers, he defended himself and pleaded the cause of popular education in a speech of extraordinary eloquence, but was sentenced, in spite of it, to pay a fine of one thousand francs.'

In 18

FARMERS' CLUB.—A snapping cold night and the entire failure of the Editorial Department. **Head Line**—upon which we depend for conveyance, for with us it is free ride or none—deprived us of the pleasure of a visit to Com. Marston's, last Thursday evening, and communion with the genial company assembled before his rousing, old-fashioned fires, in his new-fashioned house, to further discuss the **Winter Feeding of Stock**—as also an opportunity of testing the excellence of the fruit here raised.

In the absence of the President of the evening, as we learn from Mr. Josiah Morrell, it was temporary secretary, Mr. Winthrop Morrell.

ORDERS ARE COMING IN EVERY DAY FROM
Druggists in all parts of the country, (See

