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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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Lord Elmwood was preparing to go abroad, for the purpose of receiving in form the dispensation from his viceroy; it was, however, a subject he seemed carefully to avoid speaking upon, and when by any accident he was obliged to mention it, it was without any marks either of satisfaction or concern.

Miss Milner's pride began to be alarmed. While he was Mr. Dorrit, and confined to a single life, his indifference to her charms was rather an honorable than a reproachful trait in his character, and in reality, she admitted him for the insensibility. But on the eve of being at liberty, and on the eve of making his choice, she was offended that choice was not immediately fixed upon her. She had been accustomed to receive the devotion of every man who saw her, and not to obtain it of the man from whom, of all others, she most wished it, was actually humiliating. She complained to Miss Woodley, who advised her to have patience; but that was one of the virtues in which she was least practiced.

Nevertheless, encouraged by her friend in the commendable desire of gaining the affections of him who possessed all her own, she left no means untried for the conquest; but she began with great certainty of success, not to be sensible of the deepest mortification in the disappointment—nay, she now anticipated disappointment, as she had before anticipated success; by turns feeling the keenest emotions from hope and from despair.

As these passions alternately governed her, she was alternately in spirits of dejection; in good, or in ill humor; and the vicissitudes of her prospect at length gave to her behavior an air of caprice, which not all her friends had till now produced. This was not the way to secure the affections of Lord Elmwood; she knew it was not; and before him she was under some restriction. Sandford observed this, and without reserve, added to the list of her other failings, hypocrisy. It was plain to see that Mr. Sandford esteemed her less and less every day; and as he was the person who most influenced the opinion of her guardian, he became to her, very soon, an object not merely of dislike, but of abhorrence.

These mutual sentiments were discoverable in every word and action, while they were in each other's company; but still in his absence, Miss Milner's manners were, and total freedom from all affectation, and she was not a sentence injurious to his interest. Sandford's clarity did not extend thus far; and speaking of her with severity one evening while she was at the opera, his meaning, as he said, was to caution her guardian against her faults; Lord Edward replied,

There is one fault however, Mr. Sandford, I cannot say to her charge.

And what is that, my lord? cried Sandford eagerly. What is that one fault which Miss Milner has got?

I never, replied Lord Elmwood, heard Miss Milner, in your absence, utter a syllable of your disavowal.

She dares not, my lord, because she is in fear of you; and she knows you would not suffer it.

She then, answered his lordship, pays me a much higher compliment than you do; for you freely censure her, and yet imagine I will suffer it.

My lord, replied Sandford, I am undeceived now, and shall never take that liberty again.

Lord Elmwood always treated Sandford with the utmost respect; he began to fear he had been deficient upon this occasion; and the disposition which had induced him to take his ward's part was likely, in the end to prove unfavorable to her; for perceiving that Sandford was offended at what had passed, as the only means of atonement, he began himself to lament her volatility and capricious propensity; in which lamentation, Sandford now lamenting his own, joined with the heartiest concurrence.

You, sir, having at present nothing to do but employ your thoughts, ought to find upon her marrying, as I believe, wholly into the man.

Lord Elmwood, who had been listening to this conversation with interest, and Sandford, at the moment she entered, turned to this candle to retire. Miss Woodley, who had been at the opera with Miss Milner, cried,

Bless me, Mr. Sandford, are you not well, you are going to leave us so early?

He replied, No, I have a pain in my head. Miss Milner, who never listened to complaints without sympathy, rose immediately from the chair she was just seated on, saying,

I think I never heard you, Mr. Sandford, complain of indisposition before. Will you accept my services for the headache? Indeed it is a certain relief—I'll fetch it instantly.

She went, hastily out of the room, and returned with a bottle, which she assured him was a present from Lady Luncheon, and would certainly cure him. And she pressed it upon him with such an anxious earnestness, that with all his characteristics he could not refuse taking it. This was but a commonplace civility, such as is paid by one enemy to another every day; but the manner was the material part. The unaffected concern, the attention, the good will, she demonstrated in this little incident, was that which made it remarkable; and which immediately took from Lord Elmwood the displeasure to which he had been just before provoked, or rather transformed it into a degree of admiration. Even Sandford was not insensible to her kindness, and in return when he left the room, wished her a good night.

To her and Miss Woodley, who had not been witnesses of the preceding conversation, what she had done appeared of no merit; but to the mind of Lord Elmwood the merit was infinite; and upon the departure of Sandford, he began to be unusually cheerful. He first pleasantly reproached the ladies for not offering him a place in their box at the opera.

Would you have gone, my lord? asked Miss Milner, highly delighted.

Certainly, returned he, had you invited me.

Then from this day I give you a general invitation; nor shall any other company be admitted but those whom you approve.

I am very much obliged to you, said he. And you, continued she, who have been accustomed only to cherish music, will be more than any one enchanted with hearing the softer music of love.

What ravishing pleasures you are preparing for me! returned he—I know not whether my weak senses will be able to support them.

She had her eyes upon him when he spoke this, and she discovered in him that were fixed upon her a sensibility unexpected—a kind of fascination which enticed her to look on, while her eyes felt involuntarily before the mighty force, and a thousand blushes crowded over her face. He was struck with these sudden signals, hastily recalled his former countenance, and stopped the conversation.

Miss Woodley, who had been silent for some time, now thought a word or two from her would be acceptable rather than troublesome.

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And pray, my lord, said she, when do you go to France?

To Italy you mean—I shall not go at all, said he. My superiors are very indulgent, for they dispense with all my duties. I ought, I mean, to have gone abroad; but as a variety of concerns require my presence in England, every necessary ceremony has taken place here.

Then your lordship is no longer in orders? said Miss Woodley.

No; they have been resigned these five days.

My lord, I give you joy, said Miss Milner. He thanked her, but added, with a sigh, if I have given up content in search of joy, I shall perhaps be the loser by the venture. Soon after this, he wished them a good night, and retired.

Happy as Miss Milner found herself in his company, she saw him leave the room with infinite satisfaction, because her heart was impatient to give loose to its hopes on the bosom of Miss Woodley. She bade Mrs. Horton immediately good night; and, in her friend's apartment, gave way to all the language of passion, warmed with the confidence of meeting its return. She described the sentiments she had read in Lord Elmwood's looks; and though Miss Woodley had beheld them too, Miss Milner's fancy heightened the expression of every glance, till her countenance became, by degrees, so extremely favorable to her own wishes, that had not her friend been likewise present, and known in what measure to estimate those symptoms, she must infallibly have thought, by the joy to which they gave birth, that he had openly avowed a passion for her.

Miss Woodley, of course, thought it her duty to allay these ecstasies, and represented to her, she might be deceived in her hopes;—or even supposing his wishes inclined towards her, there were yet great obstacles between them. Would not Sandford, who consulted upon this thought and purpose, be consulted upon what, important one? and if he was, upon what, but the most romantic affection on the part of Lord Elmwood, had Miss Milner to depend on, and his lordship was not a man to be suspected of submitting to the excess of any passion. Thus did Miss Woodley argue, lest her friend should be misled by her hopes; yet, in her own mind, she scarcely harbored doubt that any thing would occur to thwart them. The succeeding circumstance proved she was mistaken.

Another gentleman of family and fortune made overtures to Miss Milner; and her guardian, so far from having his thoughts inclined towards her on his own account, pleaded the lady's case even with more zeal than he had pleaded for Sir Charles and Lord Frederick; thus at once destroying all those plans of happiness which poor Miss Milner had formed.

In consequence, her melancholy disposition of mind was now predominant; she confined herself at home, and by her own express order, was denied to all her visitors. Whether this arose from pure melancholy, or the still lingering hope of making her conquest, by that sedateness of manners which she knew her guardian admired, she herself perhaps did not perfectly know. Be that as it may, Lord Elmwood could not but observe this change, and one morning thought fit to mention, and to allude it.

Miss Woodley and she were at work together when he came into the room; and after sitting several minutes, and talking upon indifferent subjects, to which his ward replied with a deep dejection in her voice and manner—he said,

Perhaps I am wrong, Miss Milner, but I have observed, that you are lately more thoughtful than usual.

She blushed, as she always did when the subject was herself. He continued, Your health appears perfectly restored, and yet I have observed you take no delight in your former amusements.

Are you sorry for that, my lord?

No, I am extremely glad; and I was going to congratulate you upon the change. But give me leave to inquire, to what fortune do you now may attribute this alteration?

Your lordship then thinks all my commendable deeds arise from accident, and that I have no virtues of my own.

Pardon me, I think you have many. This he spoke emphatically; and her blushes increased.

He resumed—How can I doubt of a lady's virtues, when her countenance gives me such evident proofs of them? Believe me, Miss Milner, that in the midst of your gayest follies, while you thus continue to blush, I shall reverence your internal sensations.

Oh! my lord, did you know some of them, I am afraid you would think them unpardonable.

This was so much to the purpose, that Miss Woodley found herself alarmed;—but without reason—Miss Milner loved too sincerely to reveal it to the object. He answered,

And did you know some of mine, you might think them equally unpardonable.

She turned pale, and could no longer guide her needle—in the fond transport of her heart she imagined that his love for her was among the sensations to which he alluded. She was too much embarrassed to reply, and he continued,

We have all much to pardon in one another; and I know not whether the officious person who forces, even his good advice, is not as blameworthy as the obstinate one, who will not listen to it. And now, having made a preface to excuse you, should you once more refuse mine, I shall venture to give it.

My lord, I have never yet refused to follow your advice; but where my own peace of mind was so nearly concerned as to have made me culpable, had I complied?

Well, madam, I submit to your past determinations; and shall never again oppose your inclination to remain single.

This sentence, as it excluded the design of soliciting for himself, gave her the utmost pain; and her eye glanced at him, full of reproach. He did not observe it, but went on,

While you continue unmarried, it seems to have been your father's intention that you should continue under my immediate care; but as I mean for the future to reside chiefly in the country—answer me candidly; do you think you could be happy there, for at least three parts of the year?

And were we apart, continual apprehensions would prey upon my mind.

The tear started in her eye, at the earnestness that accompanied these words;—he saw it, and to soften her still more, with the sense of his esteem for her, he increased his earnestness, he said,

If you will take the resolution to quit London for the length of time I mention, there shall be no means omitted to make the country all you can wish—I shall insist upon Miss Woodley's company for both of our sakes; and it will not only be my study to form such a society as you may approve, but I am certain it will likewise be the study of Lady Elmwood.

He was going on, but as if a point had struck her to the heart, she withdrew under this unexpected stroke.

He saw her countenance change—he looked at her steadfastly.

It was not a common change from joy to sorrow, from content to uneasiness, which Miss Milner discovered—she felt, and she expressed anguish—Lord Elmwood was alarmed and shocked. She did not weep, but she called Miss Woodley to come to her, with a voice that indicated a degree of agony.

My lord, cried Miss Woodley, seeing his consternation, and trembling lest he should guess the secret, my lord; Miss Milner has again deceived you—you must not take her word for it, and that alone which is the cause of her uneasiness.

He seemed more amazed still—and still more shocked at her duplicity than at her reticence. Good heaven! exclaimed he, how am I to accomplish her wishes? What am I to do? How can I judge, if she will not confide in me, but thus forever deceive me?

She leaned pale as death, on the shoulder of Miss Woodley, her eye fixed with apparent insensibility to all that was said, while he continued,

Heaven is my witness, if I knew—if I would conceive the means how to make her happy, I would sacrifice my own happiness to hers.

My lord, said Miss Woodley with a smile, perhaps I may call upon you hereafter to fulfill my words.

He was totally ignorant what she meant, and had he leisure, from the confusion of his thoughts, to reflect upon her meaning; he nevertheless replied, with warmth, Do you shall find I'll perform it.

Though Miss Milner was conscious this declaration could not, in delicacy, be ever addressed against him; yet the fervent and solemn manner in which he made it, cheered her spirits; and as persons enjoy the reflection of having in their possession some valuable gem, though they are determined never to use it, so she, upon this promise was comforted and grew better. She now lifted up her head; and leaned it on her hand, as she sat by the side of a table—still she did not speak, but seemed overcome with sorrow. As her situation became, however, less alarming, her guardian's pity and affliction began to take the color of resentment; and though he did not say so, he was, and looked highly offended.

At this juncture Mr. Sandford entered. On beholding the present party, it required no his sagacity to see, at the first view, that they were all uneasy; but instead of the sympathy this might have excited in some dispositions, Mr. Sandford, after casting a look at each of them, appeared in high spirits.

You seem unhappy, my lord, said he, with a smile.

You do not—Mr. Sandford, Lord Elmwood replied.

No, my lord, nor would I, were I in your situation. What should make a man of sense out of temper but a worthy object?—And he looked at Miss Milner.

There are no objects unworthy our care, replied Lord Elmwood.

But there are objects on whom all care is fruitless, your lordship will allow.

I never yet despaired of any one, Mr. Sandford.

And yet there are persons of whom it is presumption to entertain any hopes. And he looked again at Miss Milner.

Does you head ache, Miss Milner? asked her friend, seeing her hold it with her hand.

Very much, returned she.

Mr. Sandford, said Miss Woodley, did you use all those drops Miss Milner gave you for a pain in the head?

Yes, answered he, I did.—But the question is, at that moment, somewhat embarrassed him.

And I hope you found benefit from them, said Miss Milner, with great kindness, as she rose from her seat, and walked slowly out of the room.

Though Miss Woodley followed her, so that Mr. Sandford, was left alone with Lord Elmwood, and might have continued his unkind insinuations without any restraint, yet his lips were closed for the present. He looked down on the carpet—twined himself upon his chair—and began to talk of the weather.

When the first transports of despair were past, Miss Milner offered herself to be once more, as she said, supported by her friends. She means to support her life, and to her comfort, but friend was much less reserved on the present occasion than she had expected. No engagement between mortals was, in Miss Woodley's opinion, binding like that entered into with heaven; and whatever vows Lord Elmwood had possibly made to another, she equally supposed that no woman's love for him could be so strong as to give to all other; that established that claim, at least, to contend for success, and in a contention, what rival would not fall before her?

It was not, difficult to guess, who this rival was; or if they were a little time in suspense, Miss Woodley soon settled at the certainty, by inquiring of Mr. Sandford, what usage passing why she asked, readily informed her that the intended Lady Elmwood, was no other than Miss Fenton; and that the marriage would be solemnized as soon as the morning for the late Lord Elmwood was over. This last intelligence made Miss Woodley shudder—she regarded it, however, to Miss Milner, word for word.

Happy, happy woman! exclaimed Miss Milner of Miss Fenton; she has received the first fond impulse of her heart, and has had the transcendent happiness of teaching him to love.

By no means, returned Miss Woodley, finding no other suggestion likely to comfort her; do not suppose that his marriage is the result of love—it is no more than a duty, a necessary engagement, and this you may plainly see by the wife on whom he has fixed. Miss Fenton was thought a proper match for his cousin, and that same propriety has transferred her to him.

It was easy to convince Miss Milner that all which her friend said was truth, for she wished it so. And oh! she exclaimed, could I but stimulate passion, against the cold influence of propriety—I do you think, my dear Miss Woodley, and she looked with such begging eyes, it was impossible not to answer as she wished, do you think it would be unjust to Miss Fenton, were I to inspire her appointment to a husband with a passion which she may not have inspired, and which I believe she cannot feel?

Miss Woodley paused a minute, and then answered, No;—but there was a hesitation in her manner of delivery—she did say, No; but she looked as if she was afraid she ought to have said, Yes. Miss Milner, however, did not give her time to recall the word, or to alter its meaning by adding others, but ran on eagerly, and declared, As that was her opinion, she could abide by it, and do all she could to supplant her rival.

In order, nevertheless, to justify this determination, and satisfy the curiosity of Miss Woodley, they both concluded that Miss Fenton's heart was not engaged in the intended marriage; and consequently, she was indifferent whether it took place or not.

Since the death of the late earl, she had not been in town, nor had the present earl been near the place where she resided, since the week in which her lover died of course nothing similar to love could have been declared at so early a period; and if it had been made known at a later, it must only have been by letter, or by the deputation of Mr. Sandford, who they knew had been once in the country to visit her; but how little he was qualified to enforce a tender passion was a comfortable reflection.

Revived by these conjectures, of which some were true, and other false, the very next day a gloom overspread their bright prospects, on Mr. Sandford's saying, as he entered the breakfast room,

Miss Fenton, ladies, desired me to present her compliments.

Is she in town? asked Mrs. Horton.

She came yesterday morning, returned Sandford, and is at her brother's in Ormond Street; my lord and I supped there last night, and that made us so late home.

Lord Elmwood, who had been sitting and bowing to his ward, confirmed what had been said, by telling her, that Miss Fenton had charged him with her kindest respects.

How does poor Miss Fenton look? Mrs. Horton asked Lord Elmwood.

To which question Sandford replied, Beautiful—she looks beautifully.

She has got over her uneasiness, I suppose then? said Mrs. Horton, not dreaming that she was asking the question before her new lover.

Uneasy! replied Sandford, uneasy at any trial this world can send? That would be highly unworthy of her.

But sometimes women do fret at such things, replied Mrs. Horton, innocently.

Lord Elmwood asked Miss Milner—if she meant to ride this delightful day?

While she was hesitating—

There are different kinds of women, said Sandford, directing his discourse to Mrs. Horton; there is as much difference between some women, as between good and evil spirits.

Lord Elmwood asked Miss Milner again—if she took an airing?

She replied, No.

And beauty, continued Sandford, when endowed upon spirits that are evil, is a mark of their greater, their more extreme wickedness. Lucifer was the most beautiful of all the angels in Paradise.

How do you know? said Miss Milner.

But the beauty of Lucifer, continued Sandford, in perfect neglect and contempt of her question, was an aggravation of his guilt, because it showed a double share of ingratitude to the Divine Creator of that beauty.

Now you talk of angels, said Miss Milner, I wish I had wings, and I should like to fly through the park this morning.

You would be taken for an angel in good earnest, said Lord Elmwood.

Sandford was angry at this little compliment, and cried, I should think the serpent's skin would be much more characteristic.

My lord, cried she, does not Mr. Sandford use me ill?—Vexed with other things, she felt herself extremely hurt at this, and made the appeal almost in tears.

Indignant as he was, and he looked at Sandford as if he was displeased.

This was a triumph so agreeable to her, that she immediately pardoned the offence; but the offender did not so easily pardon her.

Good morning, ladies, said Lord Elmwood, rising to go away.

My lord, said Miss Woodley, you promised Miss Milner to accompany her to the evening to the opera; this is opera night.

Will you go, my lord? asked Miss Milner in a voice so soft, that he seemed as if he wished, but could not resist it.

I am to dine at Mr. Fenton's to-day, he replied, and if he and his sister will go, and you will allow them part of your box, I will promise to come.

The music was discord—every thing she saw was distasteful—in a word—she was miserable.

She longed impatiently for the curtain to drop, because she was uneasy where she was—yet she asked herself, Shall I be less unhappy at home? Yes, at home I shall see Lord Elmwood, and that will be happiness. But he will behold me with neglect and that will be misery!—Ungrateful man! I will no longer think of him. Yet could she have thought of him, without joining in the same idea, Miss Fenton, her anguish had been supportable; but while she painted them as lovers, the tortures of the rack are not in many degrees more painful than those which she endured.

There are but few persons who ever felt the real passion of jealousy, because few have felt the real passion of love; but with those who have experienced them both, jealousy has not only affected the mind, but every fibre of their frame; and Miss Milner's very limbs felt agonizing torment, when Miss Fenton, courted and beloved by Lord Elmwood, was present to her imagination.

The moment the opera was finished, she flew hastily down stairs, as if to fly from the sufferings she experienced. She did not go into the coffee room, though repeatedly urged by Miss Woodley, but waited at the door till her carriage drew up.

Piqued—heart-broken—full of resentment against the object of her uneasiness, and inattentive to all that passed, as she stood, a gently touched her own; and the most humble and insinuating voice said, Will you permit me to lead you to your carriage?

She awakened from her reverie, and found Lord Frederick Lawley by her side. Her heart, just then melting with tenderness to another, was perhaps more accessible, than heretofore; or burning with resentment, thought this the moment to retaliate. Whatever passion reigned that instant it was favorable to the desires of Lord Frederick, and she looked as if she was glad to see him;—he beheld this with the rapture and humility of a lover; and though she did not feel the least particle of love in return, she felt gratitude in proportion to the insensibility with which she had been treated by her guardian; and Lord Frederick's supposition was not very erroneous, if he mistook this gratitude for a latent spark of affection.

The mistake, however, did not force from him his respect: he handed her to her carriage, bowed low, and disappeared. Miss Woodley wished to divert her thoughts from the object which could only make her wretched, and as they rode home, by many encomiums upon Lord Frederick, endeavored to incite her to a regard for him; Miss Milner was displeased at the attempt, and exclaimed,

What! love a rake, a man of professed gallantry? impossible. To me, a common rake is as odious as a common prostitute is to a man of the nicest feelings. Where can be the joy, the pride of inspiring a passion which fifty others can equally inspire?

Strange, cried Miss Woodley, that you, who possess so many follies incident to your sex, should, in the disposal of your heart, have sentiments so contrary to women in general.

My dear Miss Woodley, returned she, put in competition the languid address of a libertine with the animated affection of a sober man, and judge which has the dominion? Oh! in my calendar of love, I esteem Mr. Fenton's justice, or a devout abbess's virtue, before a licentious king.

Miss Woodley smiled at an opinion which she knew half her sex would ridicule; but by the air of sincerity with which it was delivered she was convinced her remark beheld to Lord Frederick was but the mere effect of chance.

Lord Elmwood's carriage drove to his door just at the time he did; Mr. Sandford was with him, and they were both come from passing the evening at Mr. Fenton's.

So, my lord, said Miss Woodley, as soon as they met in the drawing-room, you did not come to us?

No, answered he, I was sorry; but I hope you did not expect me.

Not expect you, my lord! cried Miss Milner, did not you say that you would come?

If I had, I certainly should have come, returned he, but I only said so conditionally.

That I am a witness to, cried Sandford, for I was present at the time, and he said it should depend upon Miss Fenton.

And she, with her gloomy disposition, said Miss Milner, chose to sit at home.

Gloomy disposition! repeated Sandford, she has a great share of spiritlessness—and I think I never saw her in better spirits than this she was this evening, my lord.

Lord Elmwood did not speak.

Bless me, Mr. Sandford, cried Miss Milner, I meant no reflection upon Miss Fenton's disposition; I only meant to censure her for staying at home.

I think, replied Sandford, a much heavier censure should be passed upon those who prefer rambling abroad.

But I hope, ladies, my not coming, said Lord Elmwood, was no inconvenience to you; for you had still a gentleman with you.

Oh! yes, two gentlemen, answered the son of Lady Evans, a youth from school, whom Miss Milner had taken along with her.

What two? asked Lord Elmwood.

Neither Miss Milner nor Miss Woodley answered.

You know, madam, said young Evans, that handsome young gentleman who handed you into your carriage, and whom you called my lord?

Oh! he means Lord Frederick Lawley, said Miss Milner carelessly, but a blush of shame spread over her face.

And did he hand you into your coach? asked Lord Elmwood earnestly.

By mere accident, my lord, Miss Woodley replied, for the crowd was so great.

I think, my lord, said Sandford, it was very lucky that you were not there.

Had Lord Elmwood been with us, we should not have had occasion for the assistance of any other, said Miss Milner.

Lord Elmwood, said Miss Milner, is very grave—he does not look like a man who has been passing the evening with the woman he loves.

Perhaps he is melancholy at parting from her, said Miss Woodley.

More likely offended, said Sandford, at the manner in which that lady has spoken of her.

Who, if I protest I said nothing—

Nothing! Did you not say that she was gloomy?

Nothing but what I thought—I was going to add, Mr. Sandford.

with me. I would not live to be President of the United States, unless I could be the man I wish to be. From a boy, I wished to be a great and good man—a man exerting a great moral influence on mankind. But as it is, I am shedding death shade and mildew from the high places in the land.

I would have waited till I got home, but I know it would not do. I could then have discharged the duties I owe to my wife, and mankind. I could not part with my wife, and little ones. Several times, in the last few years, have I prepared myself for this event, and when my wife knew nothing of it. But, to look at the children, and hear them say: "Pa, or to look at a smiling, affectionate wife, that anticipated my wishes—that forgave a thousand follies—that did not once unkind act—I did not have the courage to proceed. But, believing as I do, that the departure from this life will benefit my family, as well as others, I am going to die here to-day. I have plenty of friends who will be sorry for this: but to one and all of them I say, John A. Tucker never professed friendship for any one that he deserted in the hour of trial. My wife and my little ones I commit to your care.

TUCKER.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JAN. 20, 1859.

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Temperance Notice.

The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of Maine will hold their quarterly session with Ticonic Division of this village, on Wednesday of next week, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M., and continuing through two days. It is expected that large numbers will be in attendance from abroad, to whom our people, whether members of a temperance organization or not, will be pleased to open their homes and hearts. A committee will wait upon the citizens, to ascertain the extent of accommodation offered in our village for this purpose.

On Wednesday evening, a public meeting will be held in the Baptist Church, which will be addressed by Hon. Neal Dow, and other distinguished speakers from abroad.

AGRICULTURAL MEETING.—The annual meeting of the North Ken. Agricultural Society, on Saturday, was well attended, and its proceedings harmonious and interesting. The president, Col. J. A. Marston, being detained from the meeting till late hour, vice-president, William Dyer, called to order, and the following board of officers was elected for the ensuing year:

W. E. Drummond, President.
Homer Percival, 1st Vice President.
William Dyer, 2d Vice President.
George E. Shores, Treasurer.
John Otis, Secretary.
Hall C. Burleigh, Trustees.
C. R. McFadden, Jos. Percival, Sec. Treas. and Collector.
W. Dyer, Librarian.
J. H. Drummond, Agent.

The report of the secretary and treasurer, Joseph Percival, brought up the subject of the society's financial condition, which occupied the meeting to its close, throwing the various reports upon field crops beyond the reach of proper notice. We give a summary of this report.

Due Treasurer, for overpaid last year,	\$112.62
Due George E. Shores, for cash,	50.00
Due on Premium last year,	10.00
Unpaid Premiums this year,	10.00
Due People's Bank,	110.00
Due S. Appleton, for land,	120.00
Due Treasurer, for overpaid this year,	3.35
Total	\$271.48
Due the Society from State,	\$150.00
Due from William Dyer,	82.10
Total	\$232.10
Total Liabilities,	\$244.38

It was found that the last exhibition made no reduction of the society's indebtedness, and that consequently some strenuous and systematic efforts must be promptly resorted to, on the grounds, and, properly, must be sold. Previous to the purchase of its grounds, the society had cultivated itself in a prosperous condition, and with undoubted usefulness. The purchase became absolutely necessary, and notwithstanding the failure to meet the expense from the society's natural income, it was still regarded as an essential and judicious measure. No intelligent and earnest member of the association doubted this; and it was plain that now the work was begun it must be finished. In no other way could the society secure its permanency, and put itself in a condition to pay liberal premiums and make attractive exhibitions. To the discussion of various plans and propositions for relief, the meeting gave earnest attention till its adjournment. The S. Lang made a strong appeal for a long pull, strong pull, and a pull all together, to relieve the society of debt and place it in a safe and prosperous condition. To that end he proposed a general and generous subscription on the part of the members of the society, and all who are interested in its success, to be followed by a rigid system of retrenchment and economy in its future expenditures, till its debt is extinguished. The plan was heartily endorsed by remarks from William Dyer, J. Percival, John Otis, and

others, and received with manifest approbation by all present. A committee consisting of T. S. Lang, I. R. Doolittle and C. R. McFadden was appointed to get subscriptions; and although the committee did not get their paper ready till most of the members had left for home, the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars was signed on the spot, in sums of from five to twenty-five dollars. The subscription has since reached about three hundred dollars.

Here, then, is the position in which the North Kennebec Agricultural Society stands:—in wealth and numbers it is among the strongest in the State; in respect to locality and accessibility it has advantages over all others; while it has grounds and fixtures for its exhibitions* that can hardly be excelled,—a summary of advantages that would enable it, if once free from debt, to offer liberal premiums and make steady progress in prosperity and usefulness. Until its last exhibition it has been able to apply a small sum annually to the reduction of its debt; and its failure to do so at that time imperatively demands the present movement. The measure admits of no conditions; it must succeed, or the great object of the association fails. To accomplish it will thoroughly try the liberality and energy of every member, and, test the estimation in which they hold the society and its objects. The success of the committee thus far promises the best result; and when once accomplished no man will regret the part he took in the measure.

Mr. Dyer presented the following resolution which was adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be tendered to Russell Eaton, Esq., of Augusta, for the presentation of eight bound volumes of the Maine Farmer.

Voted, That the Secretary be instructed to communicate to Mr. Eaton, a copy of the above Resolution.

It is a matter of regret that no more attention could be given to the reports of committees, and to the exhibition of specimens of seeds, roots, grains and fruit; but, the whole time seemed necessarily consumed upon the subject above detailed.

FARMER'S CLUB.—We were not present at the last meeting at Col. Oliver Marston's, but avail ourselves of the notes of the secretary pro tem, Col. J. Marston. He says, "Our meeting was rather a thin one, probably on account of bad travelling and cold weather; but what we lacked in numbers we made up in the animation and sociability of our discussion."

Question—"Should the products of the farm be fed to stock or sold?" Josiah Morrill presiding. "Col. O. Marston believed in having fat cattle, and thought it would pay to feed them well enough to make them fat. He thought his practice had been, according to his theory—and so we all thought, from what we had seen of his stock."

Samuel Taylor thought it would pay to fatten cattle for market, and stated experiments in proof—urging his views with interesting remarks. Preferred corn meal and potatoes for feed, and thought a bushel of potatoes worth two of carrots for this purpose. Mr. Taylor, at present, thought it best to have no head cattle, but if you have them, it would pay to fatten them, as you thus secure a market for what would otherwise sell at all.

He was satisfied that pork could be profitably raised, at present prices. He also thought well of raising a few hogs, as food for stock—which was, as he said, done at the south and west, where the cost was raised cheaper than here. Geo. Rice was satisfied it would pay to fatten cattle for market. He had seen poor cattle sold at Brighton, to be taken out and fattened, and returned to the same market. They could be fattened, cheaper here than there, and at a saving of other expenses. He fed calves on his best hay, with a daily allowance of a pint of oats and a quart of potatoes to each. They grew finely.

Timothy Jones thought it profitable to raise pork, and approved of giving wine plenty of employment on the manure heap. It helped the corn crop, which in turn helped to raise the pork.

Abram Morrill was formerly in the milk business, and was satisfied it would pay to feed corn meal and roots to milk cows. Corn improved the quality and oats the quantity; and he thought potatoes were the best of the root crops for this purpose. So all thought.

Josiah Morrill, in reply to a question, said he plowed for potatoes in the Spring, 8 inches deep, turning under the manure. Raised on an average 150 bushels to the acre.

Samuel Taylor gave it as his opinion, based upon experience, that coarse straw and other fodder, could be fed to young cattle, and sheep with good economy. He also stated an experiment made by an acquaintance, in which potatoes were planted with a single eye in the hill, at the usual distance, others with two eyes, and others still with half a potato in which the result was that the single-eye produced the largest and most potatoes, two eyes next best, and half potatoes the poorest. This was in a rich garden soil. He stated some interesting observations made in England, a few years ago—showing a great contrast in the productiveness of English and American agriculture.

Much interesting conversation passed, in which all participated more or less. The meeting was one of much interest; to which the generous hospitality of "Col. Oliver" manifested in choice fruit, generous open fire, and a most cordial welcome, contributed their full share. Those who were not present lost a good time.

The meeting this evening is with Henry Morrill. Window Club met last eve with Edwin Spring. Hereafter we hope to "post up" their proceedings.

A man was killed, by an explosion at the Gorham Powder Works, on Saturday.

Who will remember the printer? Wood, corn, apples, and even cash, would be welcome.

OUR CHARLEY.—What to do with him. By Mrs. H. B. Stowe. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. When a large household, like that of Mrs. Stowe, takes "Our Charley" (who stands as the representative of frock-and-trowsersdom,) in hand, he sure has something to propose for his benefit worthy the consideration of all the parents in the land. After a preliminary talk to the old folks, full of judicious hints on the management of children, she has some very pretty and interesting stories for Charley himself, with illustrations, too, for his amusement—the whole making a nice little volume for boys and girls everywhere. For sale at Matthews's.

Chloroform.—Messrs. Editors:—Being often applied to, to administer Ether or Chloroform to patients on the extraction of teeth, and as often refusing to do it; it has been considered by some, as almost whimsical on my part;—as each one was ready to bear the responsibility of his or her danger thereby involved. But the following paragraph from the Dental News Letter, as copied from the London Lancet,—if you will please insert in your paper,—will show the true moral bearing, in which it is viewed by myself.

Waterville, Jan. 12th, 1859.

Chloroform in Dentistry.—There is an impression abroad amongst dentists that every man is his own keeper, and that his life is in his own hands. Lamartine says that it is strongly characteristic of the weakness and imperfection of humanity, and typical of our earthly nature, that man comes into the world impotent to save himself, or to add one day to his life when beneath the edge of the mortal shears, destitute and helpless, but armed with the power of annihilation and self-destruction. This privilege the dentists of some sort are disposed to grant freely to their dupes. Chloroform is undoubtedly a mortal agent, an agent which may become inimical to life. Its risks have but too frequently and too fatally been shown by many recent accidents, and especially by the unhappy death at Epsom, on the 27th ult., of a person, to whom it was administered by a druggist. There is a moral as well as an intellectual side to our art, and to the art of the true dentist. It is time that the ethics of chloroformization were established. The extraction of a tooth is not an operation which in any way bears upon life; it is not in itself attended with any risk. The deaths which chloroform has occasioned, when administered to facilitate this process, are unbalanced by any corresponding gain of equal import. The moral duty of the dentist is therefore clear. He has not the right to risk the patient's life for the extraction of teeth. The timidity of the patient or her pressing entreaties are not more germane to this consideration of duty than her rank or wealth would be. In the cause of life everything is permissible. It is justifiable to refute the arguments of her ladyship; it is right to give a flat denial to her grace. However crooked those cruel fangs, they are less pitiless than the fangs of death; and though the patient turns rebellious from the door, it is better than that she should have found there "that bournous no traveller returns." It is chiefly our fashionable ladies who demand chloroform. This time it was a servant girl who was sacrificed; the next time it may be a duchess. If a patient should press urgently for any dangerous poison it would not be administered to her notwithstanding her own personal responsibility. Nor should chloroform, although only probably dangerous to life. Henceforward we think that this must be looked upon as a matter of conscience amongst operators. To our thinking they are bound to withhold chloroform for the extraction of teeth by every consideration of right and moral responsibility.

NARROW ESCAPE.—On Thursday afternoon last, a Frenchman of our village, who often swallows more rum than he can digest in a peaceable way, was led to the lockup to cool off. He was left quietly sitting by the stove, warming his feet, in a manner that promised speedy recovery. About 7 o'clock Sheriff McFadden opened the door to let him out. He found the room filled with dense smoke, and the prisoner lying senseless upon his face. He had accidentally turned the damper in the stove pipe, and thus put himself in a condition to be converted into a poor quality of bacon. He was hastily dragged out and taken into the post office, where it was found that a feeble pulse was the only sign of remaining life. A crowd gathered, and the sheriff hurried for a doctor. After a brief absence he returned with medical aid, but only in season to get the report of the crowd that the patient and prisoner had recovered and availed himself of leg-bail. He was not pursued, and the following morning found him healthily employed sawing wood. Whether he attributes his escape to executive clemency or to a miracle, is not known.

INSANE HOSPITAL.—The annual report states the number of patients received during the year at 126; number previously treated 208; whole number treated during the year 334—of whom 190 were males and 144 females. Discharged 126; remaining 208, of whom 117 are males and 91 females. Of the number discharged 69 were recovered; 25 improved, 18 unimproved. Died during the year 10 males and 14 females. Of those received during the past year, 36 males and 32 females were married, and 34 males and 15 females single. Causes of insanity, ill-health 28, religious excitement 11, spiritualism 3, domestic affliction 11, intemperance 8, over exertion 7, injury of head 5, masturbation 5, puerperal 4, disappointed affection 3, fright 2, disappointment in business 2, defective education 2, epilepsy 2, loss of friends 1, poison 1, paralysis 1.

The report of the Directors, as well as that of the Superintendent, indicates that the institution is in a prosperous condition. Dr. Harlow has the reputation of being admirably qualified for his post, in the various characteristics required by his duties as superintendent.

EFFECTS OF SUNDAY DISSENT.—The Sabbath in Europe is the title of a pamphlet just issued by the New York Sabbath Committee, containing a narrative of the investigations of the Secretary, Mr. Cook, during a recent visit to Great Britain and the continent. The influence of a Paris Sunday on the health and morals of a people is thus sketched:

"What were the fruits? are they not found in the 'thrifless' condition of a vast proletarian population—living from hand to mouth—restless in spirit—ferocious in temper—kept from rebellion by a numerous soldiery, required by

government labor and food? May they not be seen in the dwarfed stature, and pallid aspect and wretched inefficiency of the laboring classes, and in the 'Blue Monday' records of emphysema of the magistracy—the Sunday discipline disabbling thousands from Monday's occupations, or sending them to prison? Can they not be traced in the general declension of private, commercial and political morals—whatever cover the refinement and high civilization of Parisian life may throw over the inconceivable iniquity of its social condition; in the loosening of conjugal bonds—the utter loss of a home life; and of all the restraints and joys of home life; in the prevalence of godlessness, irreligion and infidelity, and in the ascendancy of civil and spiritual despotism."

Henry Ward Beecher's Position.

We designed to make further extracts from "Notes from Plymouth Pulpit," but Mr. Beecher has so fully defined his position, in a recent article in the Independent, that we copy it instead. The article is in answer to the Baptist Examiner, which took the Reverend gentleman to task for speaking lightly of the doctrine of "total depravity."

We now proceed to examine the allegation that we employed that term, "Total Depravity" in a manner which produced upon the audience the effect of a fling at the doctrine of man's sinfulness before God.

1. Even if the term Total Depravity were one deserving of respect, the use made of it by us, on the occasion referred to, would be tortured into an offense only by the most unreasonable theological jealousy. And those who heard the lecture do not seem to have felt any impropriety. It was the report of it, published the next day in the newspapers, and read in the study or editorial office, that excited so much anxiety.

We were illustrating the fact that a powerful feeling in action tended to produce the same feeling in other minds. We instanced the selfish man whose selfish feelings awakened like tendencies all around him, so that he roused up and surrounded himself with men's worst traits. Such a man is very apt to inveigh against his fellowmen. They seem to him exceedingly wicked. To the selfish man all men seem desperately and only selfish. And here it was that we said that a selfish man always believes in Total depravity. Though he believes in nothing else, he is always a firm believer in human wickedness.

Now we really think that one must be extremely anxious to be offended to find occasion of offense in this remark. And if the gentlemen who watch against the many-headed serpent of heresy had heard the context with the remark, they would have been saved from the assertion that it was cheered as a fling at the orthodox view of man's sinfulness. It was the whole lot at a selfish man's experience that drew applause—not any supposed subtle intimation of a doctrinal laxity on our part.

2. But although we did not employ the phrase "Total Depravity" in any obnoxious sense at the time mentioned, we do not hesitate to say now, that we regard it as one of the most unfortunate and misleading terms that ever flitted theology.

It answers no purpose of definition or of description. It does not convey the sense in which the great majority of churches hold the doctrine of man's sinfulness. Instead of explaining anything it needs explanation itself. Every minister who employs the term usually begins his sermon by saying that he does not mean the very thing which the words do mean. For, Total signifies a degree beyond which there can be no more. A total loss is one which cannot be increased; a total bankruptcy is one which could not be more complete; a total destruction is one which leaves nothing more to be destroyed. Men have a right to suppose that Total Depravity signifies a depravity beyond which there could be no more—noting worse. This is the popular understanding of the term. The people go with the language, and not with the theologians. But this is not the theological meaning of the word. No man who uses the phrase believes men to be totally wicked, i.e., so wicked that they cannot be more wicked. If they can be more wicked, then they were not totally wicked before. And just as The Examiner does, so do all sensible men. They do not use the term. They regard it as infelicitous. And yet when any one handles it roughly they are full of anxiety for the truth!

This word is an interloper. It is not to be found in the Scriptures. We do not believe that it is even to be found in the Catechisms and Confessions of faith of Protestant or Catholic Christendom.

We do not feel called upon to give the mischievous phrase any respect. We do not believe in it, nor in the thing which it obviously signifies. It is an unscriptural, monstrous, and unredemptive life.

3. But on the other hand, we do believe, with continual sorrow of heart and daily overflowing evidence, in the deep sinfulness of universal man. And we believe in the exceeding sinfulness of sin. We do not believe that any man is born who is sinless, or who has never been guilty of sin, or who has never had a soul that does not work evil, and so repeatedly, that the whole human character is sinful before God's law. We believe man's sinfulness to be such that every man that ever lived needed God's forbearance and free forgiveness. We believe that no man lives who does not need to repent of sin to man from it; and we believe that turning from sin is a work so deep and touches so closely the very springs of being, that no man will ever change except by the help of God; and we believe that such help is the direct and predestinate outworking of God's spirit upon the human soul; and when by such divine help men begin to live a spiritual life, we believe the change to have been so great that it is fully called a beginning of life over again, a new creation, a new birth.

And there is one thing that we believe above all others, upon proof from consciousness and proof from observation and experience, it is the sinfulness of man. Nor do we believe that any man ever doubted our belief who sat for two months under our preaching. Nothing strikes us as so peculiarly absurd as a charge or fear that we do not adequately believe in man's sinfulness. The steady bearing of our preaching on this subject is such as to plow up soil and subvert, and to convict and to convince men of their need of Christ's redemption.

But our belief of this sad truth is purely practical. We have no sympathy with those theologians who use Time as a grand alibi and sell their speculations six thousand years, knocking down and setting up the clock in the various churches of this gigantic theologic game. What is the origin and nature of sin? Poor Adam! To have lost Paradise was enough. But to be a shadow endlessly pursued through all time by furious and lightning theology—this is a punishment never threatened. Or was the flaming sword of the angel a mere type and symbol of theological zeal, standing between men and Paradise forevermore? We

men cannot find them. We do not go back to Adam in the fall to find materials for theories and philosophies. There is the human heart right before my eyes every day, throbbing, throbbing! Sin is not a speculation, but a reality. It is not an idea, a speculative truth, but an awful fact that darkens life, and weighs down the human heart with continual miseries. Its nature will never be found in the Past. It must be sought in the Present.

We hope The Examiner will be satisfied that its fears are needless. We hope that we may hereafter speak lightly of the words of Total Depravity, without being supposed to doubt man's need of a Saviour by reason of his sinfulness.

MR. VERNON FUND. Nobody need fear that the ladies of gallant and valiant old Kennebec, or even of little Waterville, are to lose the opportunity of contributing to the fund for the purchase of the tomb and home of Washington. It is generally known that the object of the "Ladies' Mt. Vernon Association" is the purchase of 200 acres of the Washington estate, embracing the mansion and tomb. The price is \$200,000, of which \$77,242 have already been paid. Of this sum, Mr. Everett, by the delivery of his oration, and by his contract to write for the N. Y. Ledger, has raised about \$56,000. Everybody commends the object, and it cannot be doubted that wherever direct application is made everybody will desire to contribute to some trifling extent, at least, to promote it. We are assured that some ladies of Waterville hold themselves responsible for an effort to do something here. Such an effort should be liberally responded to; and as the lady Regent expresses the hope that the Association will be able to take possession of the estate on the coming anniversary, there should be no delay.

The weather, for several days, has been unusually mild—as though some atonement were intended for the looming and raging spasm out of which it has so lately emerged. Yesterday was almost gentle enough for May day, if the snow-banks could have been winked out of sight. A few such days would secure the pardon of ragged and jagged old January for his unmanly and savage debut.

A MATCH FOR THE "COLONEL."—In every agricultural community there will be found those, who, owning the handiwork and best farms in the town; with stylish, well furnished houses, and large and well fitted barns; with orchards, the fruit of which is the envy of the neighborhood, and flocks and herds that are the admiration of the whole county; with money at interest or profitably invested in stocks, and all the outward evidences of wealth and thrift—the source of which is primarily the soil they cultivate so wisely and judiciously;—everywhere, we say, persons will be found thus enviously situated, who, half in joke and half in earnest, are always crying down their own calling, and contending that "farming don't pay." Such a one turns up in the Bethel Farmer's Club, according to the record. We trot him out for the benefit of his class:—

Gilman Chapman, Esq., was called upon. He couldn't make a profit in anything unless it was in making his farm better. His corn, and potatoes, and oats, cost him more than they come to. He lost on his stock; he worked all summer to get some hay, and spent all the winter in giving it to his cattle. So pathetic was he, that it came near drawing tears from all present—from excessive laughing.

Dr. Fanning manfully resisted his logic, though with little success, until the question was proposed to Squire C. "Why do you work so much, then, on your farm, if you find no profit from it?" Here, all thought, was a poser; but the answer was ready. "It was his great fondness for labor that kept him at work leveling down and filling up the rough places on his farm. This was acknowledged a clincher. Somehow, all those who had been regarded as our most flourishing farmers, with a single exception, seemed to sympathize with the Squire, until the latter proposed as the next subject, "To solve the question, how farmers contrive to get through the world at all." This was regarded as impertinent; and the question accepted was, "The quality, quantity, and method of using seed in cultivation."

"NO NORTH, NO SOUTH."—If any political wisacre shall hereafter assert that there is "no North," he need only refer for contradiction to the records of the weather for January, 1859. For three successive mornings, in Waterville, the thermometer averaged 27 degrees below zero! That there is "no South" may yet be contended from the same data; for in many sections beyond the shadowy line of Mason and Dixon they cry out loudly from the prevalence of Northern feeling. We go for the good old distinctions of North and South.

Mr. Stackpole, the member of the House from Waterville, is chairman of the standing committee on Railroads, Roads and Bridges. Mr. S. will be found one of the working men of the legislature. It is said that Mr. Speaker Johnson's selection of committee meets the commendation of all parties.

WYATT GUN. WEBSTER WAS OVERSLAUGHT.—The Augusta Age attributes the sacrifice of the late faithful, able and distinguished Adjutant General to a feeling of envy on the part of the incumbents of other State offices. This is undoubtedly too true, since envy, like death, ever loves a shining mark. Says The Age:—

We have reason to believe that nearly all the State officers, high and low, conspired against him. They felt that while Gen. W. remained at the head of the military department, that department would overshadow all others. They had seen that his reports were sought after with more avidity than the Governor's message.—Towering above the heads of the other departments, as the mighty oak towers above the surrounding saplings, the incumbent, stimulated by malignant envy, have labored successfully to destroy an official associate, whose growing popularity among the masses they could not check, and whose ability and genius they could not hope to equal.

As Aristotle was banished from Athens because somebody got tired of hearing him called the "just," so Adjutant General Webster has been ostracized, because the Republican leaders and managers have got tired of hearing him praised for his ability and fidelity as an officer, his integrity as a man and his powers as a writer.

LEGISLATIVE REPORTS.—As usual, we are indebted to the Thrice-weekly Age and Journal, for our record of doings at the capital. Being published on alternate days, they furnish together, a daily legislative report. They are furnished, during the session, for one dollar each.

MR. MORPHY.—The Paris Galignani says: "The great match between Mr. Morphy and M. Andersen, so long talked of, and concerning which so much interest is felt in chess circles, commenced on Tuesday, the 22d, the conditions simply being that the player who first wins seven games shall be proclaimed the victor. In Tuesday's encounter Mr. Morphy had the move, and played the Evans gambit. After some very fine combinations, extending to seventy moves, M. Andersen won the game. On the next day, Mr. Morphy and M. Andersen played the second game of their chess match, but without any decisive result for either side, the game resulting in a draw."

Later accounts say that the match resulted in the triumph of the American champion, the score at the close standing Morphy 7, Andersen 2, drawn 2.

The State Temperance Convention met at Augusta yesterday, but we do not repeat their doings.

A reviewer, "Sergeant Ansterlitz," in The Portland Argus closes a long article devoted to Gen. Webster's Report, with the following allusion to his sacrifice by an ungrateful dynasty:—

And by whose lance was the Adjutant General pierced? Tison's! The Adjutant who met the Governor on the dusty plains of Belfast! It is he who has the nomination, instead of Webster's! Caesar had his Brutus!—Charles L. his Cromwell, and Webster his Tison!

But, gloria mundi,—rising high above all this ingratitude stands the Adjutant General, serene as the setting sun on a summer's eve. All he asks is couched in the language of Otello's farewell!—

"I have done the State some service, And they know it—Speak me of as I am—Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

Well may his serenely be undisturbed. Well can he afford to wait. The swift cycle of revolving years will bring to him the tribute of a grateful people,—show, but surely rising above party prejudices,—the right thing will be done at last. Meantime how apt the couple he can quote,

"More pleasure faithful Webster in his exile feels, Than Tison with the Encampments at his heels."

PASTORAL.—Rev. R. B. Thurston, a few years ago pastor of the Congregational church in Waterville, was installed pastor of the Unitarian Congregational church in Waltham, Mass., on the 13th inst. His many friends here will hear of him with pleasure, and wish him much prosperity in his new field of labor.

REVOLUTION IN HAYTI.—A revolution has broken out in Hayti, which bids fair to overturn the Imperial Government and re-establish the Republic. Gen. Gervais, formerly Governor of Jacmel, but recently out of favor at court, is leader of the Republican forces. He is everywhere received with open arms by the people, by whom he has been hailed President of the Republic. This station he declines, but consents to act as Provisional President until the will of the nation can be ascertained.

THE DEMOCRACY IS A BROIL.—The indomitable, unconquerable and untameable Cal. Smart, of Camden, Ex-Collector of the Wadsworth district, as is well known, is a member of the Legislature this winter, and was the democratic candidate for U. S. Senator. The Legislative convention, that put him in nomination for this office, through his influence probably passed certain resolutions, placing the democratic party of Maine squarely on the Douglas pattern of the Cincinnati platform. Thereupon the alarmed State committee men and office holders rushed to the Capital, to head off this insurrectionary movement on the part of the rank and file; and so urgent was the occasion that even Gen. Moore considered it necessary to come all the way from Canada to "see to things." Majors are yet in a tangle and the result is not plainly manifested, though it is the general opinion that the horse being stolen, it will do but little good now to lock the stable door.

R. R. COMMISSIONERS' AWARD.—The edicts of Jack Frost, Boreas & Co. seem to be more potent, thus far, in delaying railroad trains, than the decision of the Commissioners, particularly on the lower route, where the cars are sometimes hours behind time. The A. & K. Co., we understand, appeals to the full bench, and if the constitutionality of the law appointing the commissioners is affirmed, the company intend to bring a writ of error to carry the case up to the U. S. Supreme Court.

THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER.—An engraving of "River Cottage," the beautiful home of Simon Brown, the editor, embellishes the January number of this excellent agricultural monthly. No better publication than this, for practical farmers, can be found in the country, and the low price puts it within the reach of those of the smallest means. Published by Joel Nourse, Boston, at \$1 a year.

WHAT IS THE BEST SOIL FOR ORCHARDING?—A writer in the State of Maine lays down the following, as well ascertained facts, after thorough examination of the history of orcharding in our State:—

1. Apple trees have proved more flourishing and longer lived, as well as more productive of better fruit, on deeply drained and upland soils than on low wet soils, or on wet side hill. Parts of orchards planted on soils where the roots penetrate to standing water, in the fall soil, display smaller and more thrurably and knotty trees, and fruit inferior to the productions of warmer and drier soils, in the same orchard.

2. Soils much encumbered with large boulders, generally sustain the largest and longest lived trees.

3. The apple tree is much more liable to winter kill in deep valleys or on level plains than on bleak and exposed ridges.

