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# The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, FEB. 10, 1859.

NO. 31.

Two whole days passed in the bitterest suspense on the part of Miss Milner, while neither one word nor look from Lord Elmwood denoted the most trivial change of the sentiments he had declared on the night of the masquerade. Still those sentiments, or intentions, were not explicitly delivered; they were more like intimations than solemn declarations. For though he had said, "He would never approach her for the future," and that "She might expect they should part," he had not positively said they should; and upon this doubtful meaning of his words she hung with the strongest agitation of hope and of fear.

Miss Woodley, seeing the distress of her mind (much as she endeavored to conceal it), entreated, nay, implored of her to permit her to be a mediator, to suffer her to ask for a private interview with Lord Elmwood, and if she found him inflexible, to behave with a proper spirit in return; but if he appeared not absolutely averse to a reconciliation, to offer it in such a manner that it might take place without further uneasiness on either side. Miss Milner, peremptorily forbade this, and acknowledging to her friend every weakness she felt on the occasion, yet concluded with solemnly declaring, "That after what had passed between her and Lord Elmwood, she must be the first to make a concession, and she herself would condescend to be reconciled."

"Believe I know Lord Elmwood's temper," replied Miss Woodley, "and I do not think he will be easily induced to beg pardon for a fault which he thinks you have committed."

"Then he does not love me," said Miss Milner, this is the old argument. "He may love you too well to spoil you; consider that he is your guardian as well as your lover, he means also to become your husband; and he is a man of such nice honor that he will not indulge you with any power before marriage, to which he does not intend to submit hereafter."

"But tenderness, affection, the politeness due from a lover to his mistress demands his submission; and as I now despair of enticing, I will oblige him to it—at least I'll make the experiment, and know my fate at once."

"What do you mean to do?"

"I will go to Lord Elmwood to the house, and ask my guardian's consent for our immediate union; you will then see what effect that measure will have upon his pride."

"But you will then make it too late for him to be humble—if you resolve on this, my dear Miss Milner, you are undone at once—you may thus hurry yourself into a marriage with a man you do not love, and the misery of your whole future life may be the result. Or, would you force Mr. Dorriworth (I mean Lord Elmwood) to another duel with my Lord Frederick?"

"No, call him Dorriworth," answered she, with tears streaming from her eyes. "I thank you for calling him so; for by that name alone is he dear to me."

"Nay, Miss Milner, with what rapture did you not receive his love as Lord Elmwood!"

"But under this title he has been barbarous; under the first, he was all friendship and tenderness."

Notwithstanding Miss Milner indulged herself in all these soft bewailings to her friend, before Lord Elmwood she maintained a degree of pride and steadiness which surprised even him who perhaps thought less of her love, for him than any other person. She now began to fear she had gone too far in disclosing her affection, and resolved to make trial of a contrary method. She determined to retrieve that haughty character which had inspired so many of her admirers with passion, and take the chance of its effect upon this only suitor to whom she ever acknowledged a mutual attachment. But although she resumed and acted this character well—so well that every one but Miss Woodley thought her in earnest—yet, with nice and attentive anxiety, she watched even the slightest circumstances that might revive her hopes, or confirm her despair. Lord Elmwood's behavior was calculated only to produce the latter; he was cold, polite, and perfectly indifferent. Yet, whatever his manners now were, they did not remove from her recollection what they had been; she recalled, with delight, the ardor with which he had first declared his passion to her, and the thousand proofs he had since given of its reality. From the constancy of his disposition, she depended that sentiments like these were not totally eradicated; and from the extreme desire which Mr. Sandford now, more than ever, discovered of depreciating her in his patron's esteem; from the now more than common zeal which urged him to take Lord Elmwood from her company, whenever he had it in his power, she was led to believe, that while his friend entertained such strong fears of his relapsing into love, she had reason to indulge the strongest hope that he would relapse.

But the reserve, and even indifference, that she had so well assumed for a few days, and which might perhaps have effected her design, she had not the patience to persevere in, without calling levity to her aid. She visited repeatedly without saying where, or with whom, kept later hours than usual, appeared in the highest spirits, sang, laughed, and never heaved a sigh—when she was alone.

Still Lord Elmwood protracted a resolution, which he was determined he would never break when taken.

Miss Woodley was excessively uneasy, and with cause; she saw her friend was providing herself with a weight of cares, which she might soon and infinitely too much for her strength to bear; she would have reasoned with her, but all her arguments had long since proved unavailing. She wished to speak to Lord Elmwood upon the subject, and—unknown to her—pleaded her excuse; but he comprehended Miss Woodley's intention, and evidently shunned her. Mr. Sandford was now the only person to whom she could speak of Miss Milner, and the delight he took to expatiate on her faults was more sorrow to her friend than not to speak of her at all. She, therefore, as a silent spectator, waiting with dread for the time when she, who now scorned her advice, would fly to her in rain, for comfort.

Sandford had, however, said one thing to Miss Woodley, which gave her a ray of hope. During that conversation on the subject (not by way of consolation, to her, but as a reproach to Lord Elmwood), he one day angrily exclaimed, "And yet, notwithstanding all this provocation, he has not come to the determination that he will think no more of her—he lingers and he hesitates—I never saw him so weak upon any occasion before."

This was joyful hearing to Miss Woodley; still, she could not but reflect, the longer he was in coming to this determination, the more irretrievable it would be when once taken; and every moment that passed, she trembled, lest it should be the very moment in which Lord Elmwood should resolve to banish Miss Milner from his heart.

Amongst her unpardonable indiscretions, during this trial upon the temper of her guardian, was the frequent mention of many gentlemen who had been her professed admirers,

and the mention of them with partiality. Teased, if not tortured, by this, Lord Elmwood still behaved with a manly evenness of temper, and neither appeared provoked upon the subject, nor insolently careless. In a single instance, this calmness was near deserting him.

Entering the drawing-room, one evening, he started, on seeing Lord Frederick Lawley there, in conversation with Miss Milner.

Mrs. Horton and Miss Woodley were both indeed present, and Lord Frederick was talking in an audible voice, upon some indifferent subjects; but with that impressive manner, in which a man never fails to speak to the woman he loves, he the subject what it may. The moment Lord Elmwood started, which was the moment he entered, Lord Frederick arose.

"I beg your pardon my lord," said Lord Elmwood, "I protest I did not know you."

"I ought to entreat your lordship's pardon," returned Lord Frederick, "for this intrusion, which an accident alone has occasioned. Miss Milner has been almost overturned by the carelessness of a lady's coachman, in whose carriage she was, and therefore suffered me to bring her home in mine."

"I hope you are not hurt," said Lord Elmwood to Miss Milner; but his voice was so much affected by what he felt that he could scarcely articulate the words. Not with the apprehension that she was hurt, was he thus agitated, for the gaiety of her manners convinced him that could not be the case; nor did he, indeed, suppose any accident, of the kind mentioned, had occurred; but the circumstance of unexpectedly seeing Lord Frederick had taken him off his guard, and being totally unprepared, he could not conceal indications of the surprise and of the shock it had given him.

Lord Frederick, who had heard nothing of his intended union with his ward (for it was even kept a secret, at present, from every servant in the house), imputed this discomposure to the personal resentment he might bear him, in consequence of their duel; for, although Lord Elmwood had assured the uncle of Lord Frederick (who once waited upon him on the subject of Miss Milner), that all resentment was, on his part, entirely at an end; and that he was willing to consent to his ward's marriage with his nephew, if she would consent; yet Lord Frederick doubted the sincerity of this protestation, and would still have had the delicacy not to have entered Lord Elmwood's house, had he not been encouraged by Miss Milner, and emboldened by his love. Personal resentment was therefore the construction he put upon Lord Elmwood's emotion on entering the room; and Miss Milner and Miss Woodley knew his agitation to arise from a far different cause.

After his entrance, Lord Frederick did not attempt once to resume his seat, but having bowed most respectfully to all present, he took his leave; while Miss Milner followed him as far as the door, and repeated her thanks for his protection.

Lord Elmwood was hurt beyond measure; but he had a second concern, which was, that he had not the power to conceal how much he was affected. He trembled; when he attempted to speak, he stammered; he perceived his face burning with confusion; and thus one confusion gave birth to another, till his state was pitiable.

Miss Milner, with all her assumed gaiety and real insouciance, had not, however, the insolence to seem as if she observed him. She had only the confidence to observe him by stealth. And Mrs. Horton and Miss Woodley, having opportunistly begun a discourse upon some trivial occurrences, gave him time to recover himself by degrees; still it was merely by degrees; for the impression which this incident had made was deep, and not easily to be erased. The entrance of Mr. Sandford, who knew nothing of what had happened, was, however, another relief; for he began a conversation with her, which they very soon retired into the library to terminate. Miss Milner, taking Miss Woodley with her, went directly to her own apartment, and there exclaimed in rapture.

"He is mine—he loves me—and is mine forever!"

Miss Woodley congratulated her upon believing so, but confessed she herself had her fears.

"What fears?" cried Miss Milner, "don't you perceive that he loves me?"

"I do," said Miss Woodley, "but that I always believed; and I think if he loves you now, he has yet the good sense to know that he has good reason to hate you."

"What has good sense to do with love?" returned Miss Milner, "if a lover of mine suffers his understanding to get the better of his affection?"

The same arguments were going to be repeated; but Miss Woodley interrupted her, by requiring an explanation of her conduct as to Lord Frederick, whom, at least, she was treating with cruelty, if she only made use of his affection to stimulate that of Lord Elmwood.

"By no means, my dear Miss Woodley," returned she; "I have, indeed, done with my Lord Frederick from this day, and he has certainly given me the proof I wanted of Lord Elmwood's love; but then I did not engage him to this by the smallest ray of hope. No; do not suspect me of such artifice, while my heart was another's; and I assure you, seriously, that it was from the circumstance we described he came with me home—yet, I must own, that if I had not had this design upon Lord Elmwood's jealousy in idea, I would have walked on foot through the streets rather than have suffered his rival's civilities. But he pressed his services so violently, and my Lady Evans (in whose carriage I was when the accident happened) pressed me so violently to accept them, that he cannot expect any further meaning from my acquiescence than my own convenience."

Miss Woodley was going to reply, when she resumed.

"Nay, if you intend to say I have done wrong, still I am not sorry for it, when it has given me such convincing proofs of Lord Elmwood's love. Did you see him? I am afraid you did not see how he trembled—nor observe how that manly voice faltered, as mine does sometimes?—his proud heart was humbled too, as mine is sometimes. Oh! Miss Woodley, I have been confounding indifference to me; I now find that all his indifference to me has been counterfeited also, and that we not only love, but love equally."

"Suppose this all as you hope, I think it highly necessary that your guardian should

be informed, seriously informed, it was mere accident (for, at present, that plea seems but as a subterfuge) which brought Lord Frederick hither."

"No, that will be destroying the work so successfully begun. I will not suffer any explanation to take place, but let my Lord Elmwood act just as his love shall dictate; and now I have no longer a doubt of its excess, instead of stooping to him, I wait in the certain expectation of his submission to me."

In vain, for three long days, did Miss Milner wait impatiently for the submission; not a sign, not a symptom appeared—nay, Lord Elmwood had, since the evening of Lord Frederick's visit (which, at the time it took place, seemed to affect him so exceedingly), become just the same man he was before that circumstance occurred; except, indeed, that he was less thoughtful, and more, and then cheerful; but without any appearance that his cheerfulness was affected. Miss Milner was vexed; she was alarmed; but was ashamed to confess those humiliating sensations, even to Miss Woodley; she supposed, therefore, when in company, the vivacity she had so long assumed; but gave way, when alone, to a still greater degree of melancholy than usual. She no longer applauded her scheme of bringing Lord Frederick to the house, and was terrified, lest, on some pretence, he should dare to call again. But these were feelings which her pride would not suffer her to disclose even to her friend, who would have consoled with her, their effects were doubly poignant.

Sitting in her dressing-room one forenoon with Miss Woodley, and burthened with a load of grief that she blushed to acknowledge; while her companion was charged with apprehensions that she too was loth to disclose, one of Lord Elmwood's valets tapped gently at the door, and delivered a letter to Miss Milner. By the person who brought it, as well as by the address, she knew it came from Lord Elmwood, and laid it down upon her toilet, as if she was fearful to unfold it.

"What is that?" said Miss Woodley.

"A letter from Lord Elmwood," replied Miss Milner.

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Miss Woodley, "Nay," returned she, "it is, I have no doubt, a letter to beg my pardon. But her reluctance to open it, plainly evinced she did not think so."

"Do not read it yet," said Miss Woodley.

"I do not intend it," replied she, trembling extremely.

"Will you dine first?" said Miss Woodley.

"No; for not knowing its contents, I shall not know how to conduct myself towards him. Here a silence followed. Miss Milner took up the letter, looked earnestly at the hand writing on the outside—at the seal—inspected into its folds—and seemed to wish, by some equivocal method, to guess at the contents, without having the courage to come at the certain knowledge of them."

Curiosity, at length, got the better of her fears; she opened the letter, and, scarce able to hold it while she read, she read the following words:

"MADAM,

"While I considered you only as my ward, my friendship for you was unbounded; when I looked upon you as a woman formed to grace a fashionable circle, my admiration equaled my friendship; and when fate permitted me to behold you in the tender light of my betrothed wife, my soaring love left those humbler passions at a distance."

"That you have still my friendship, my admiration, and even my love, I will not attempt to deceive either myself or you by dissimulation; but still, with a firm assurance, I declare, that prudence out weighs them all; and I have not, from henceforward, the slightest desire to be regarded by you in any other respect than as one 'who wishes you well.' That you ever beheld me in the endearing quality of a destined and an affectionate husband (such as I would have proved) has been a deception upon my hopes; they acknowledge the mistake, and are humbled; but I entreat you to spare their further trial, and for a single week not to insult me with the open preference of another. In the short space of that period I shall have taken my leave of you—for ever."

"I shall visit Italy, and come other parts of the continent; from whence I propose passing to the West Indies, in order to inspect my possessions there; nor shall I return to England (till after a few years' absence; in which time I hope to become once more reconciled to the change of state I am enjoined—a change I now most fervently wish could be entirely dispensed with."

"The occasion of my remaining here a week longer is to settle some necessary affairs, among which the principal is, that of delivering to a friend, a man of worth and of tenderness, all those writings which have invested me with the power of my guardianship; he will, the day after my departure (without one unavailing word), resign them to you in my name; and even your most respected father, could he behold the resignation, would concur in its propriety."

"And now, my dear Miss Milner, let not affected resentment, contempt, or levity oppose that serenity which, for the week to come, I wish to enjoy. By complying with this request, give me to believe, that, since you have been under my care, you think I have, at least, faithfully discharged some part of my duty. And wherever I have been inadequate to your expectations, attribute my demerits to some infirmity of mind, rather than to a negligence of your happiness. Yet, be the cause what it will, since these faults have existed, I do not attempt to disavow or extenuate them, and I beg your pardon."

"However time and a succession of objects may eradicate more tender sentiments, I am sure never to lose the liveliest anxiety for your welfare—and with all that solicitude, which cannot be described, I entreat for your own sake, for mine—when we shall be far asunder—and for the sake of your dear father's memory, that, upon every important occasion, you will call your serious judgment to direct you."

"I am, madam,

"Your sincere friend,

"ELMWOOD."

After she had read every syllable of this letter carefully, it dropped from her hands; but she uttered not a word. There was, however, a paleness in her face, a deadness in her eye, and a kind of palsy over her frame, which Miss Woodley, who had seen her in every stage of her unhappiness, never had seen before.

"I do not want to read the letter," said Miss Woodley; "your looks tell me its contents."

"They will then discover to Lord Elmwood, replied she, "what I feel, but heaven forbid—that would sink me even lower than I am."

Scarcely able to move, she rose and looked in her glass, as if to arrange her features, and impose upon him. Alas! it was of no avail; a contented mind could alone effect what she desired.

"You must endeavor," said Miss Woodley, "to feel the disposition you wish to make appear."

"I will," replied she, "I will feel a proper pride, and consequently a proper indifference to this treatment."

And so desirous was she to attain the appearance of these sentiments, that she made the strongest efforts to calm her thoughts, in order to acquire it.

"I have but a few days to remain with him," she said to herself, "and we part forever; during those few days, it is not only my duty to obey his commands, or rather comply with his requests, but it is also my wish to leave upon his mind an impression, which may not add to the ill opinion he has formed of me, but perhaps, serve to diminish it. If, in every other instance, my conduct has been blameable, he shall, at least in this, acknowledge its merit. The fate I have drawn upon myself he shall find I can be resigned to; and he shall be convinced that the woman, of whose weakness he has had so many fatal proofs, is yet in possession of some fortitude—a fortitude to bid him farewell, without discovering one affected or real pang, though her death should be the consequence of her suppressed sufferings."

Thus she resolved and thus she acted. The severest judge could not have arraigned her conduct, from the day she received Lord Elmwood's letter, to the day of her departure. She had, indeed, involuntary weaknesses, but none with which she did not struggle, and in general her struggles were victorious.

The first time she saw him after the receipt of the letter, was on the evening of the same day. She had a little concert of music, and was herself singing and playing when he entered the room. The consciousness immediately perceived she made a false cadence; but Lord Elmwood was no connoisseur in the art, and he did not observe it.

They occasionally spoke to each other during the evening, but the subjects were general, and though their manners, every time they spoke, were perfectly polite, they were not marked with the smallest degree of familiarity. To describe his behavior exactly, it was the same as his letter—polite, friendly, composed, resolved. Some of the company said at supper, which prevented the embarrassment that must unavoidably have arisen, had the family been by themselves.

The next morning each breakfasted in his separate apartments. More company dined with them. In the evening and at supper, Lord Elmwood was from home.

Thus all passed on peaceably as he had requested, and Miss Milner had not betrayed one particle of frailty; when, the third day at dinner, some gentleman of his acquaintance being at table, one of them said:

"And so, my lord, you absolutely set off on Tuesday morning?"

"This was Friday,"

Sandford and he both replied at the same time. "Yes," and Sandford, but not Lord Elmwood looked at Miss Milner while he spoke. Her knife and fork gave a sudden spring in her hand, but no other emotion witnessed what she felt.

"Ay, Elmwood," cried another gentleman at table, "you'll bring home, I am afraid, a foreign wife, and that I shan't forgive."

"It is his errand abroad, I make no doubt," said another visitor.

Before he could return an answer, Sandford cried, "And what objection to a foreigner for a wife? do not crowned heads all marry foreigners? and who happier in the married state than some kings?"

Lord Elmwood directed his eyes to the side of the table opposite to that where Miss Milner sat.

"Nay," answered one of the guests, who was a country gentleman, "what do you say, ladies—do you think my lord ought to go out of his own nation for a wife?" and he looked at Miss Milner for the reply.

Miss Woodley, uneasy at her friend's being thus forced to give an opinion upon so delicate a subject, endeavored to satisfy the gentleman, by answering to the question herself; "Who ever my Lord Elmwood marries, sir," said Miss Woodley, "he, no doubt, will be happy."

"But what say you, madam?" asked the visitor, still keeping his eyes on Miss Milner.

"That whoever Lord Elmwood marries, he deserves to be happy," she returned, with the utmost command of her voice and look; for Miss Woodley, by replying first, had given her time to collect herself.

The color flew to Lord Elmwood's face, as he delivered this short sentence; and Miss Woodley persuaded herself, she saw a tear start in his eye.

Miss Milner did not look that way.

In an instant he found means to change the topic, but that of his journey still employed the conversation; and what horses, servants, and carriages he took, with him, was minutely asked, and so accurately answered, either by himself or Mr. Sandford, that Miss Milner, although she had known her doom before, still now had received no circumstantial account of it—and as circumstances increase or diminish all we feel, the hearing these things in detail described increased the bitterness of their truth.

Soon after dinner the ladies retired; and from that time, though Miss Milner's behavior continued the same, yet her looks and her voice were totally altered—for the world, she could not have looked cheerfully; for the world, she could not have spoken with a sprightly accent; she frequently began in one, but not three words did she utter, before her tones sunk into a melody of dejection. Not only her color but her features became changed; her eyes lost their brilliancy, her lips seemed to hang without the power of motion, her head drooped, and her dress looked neglected. Conscious of this appearance, and conscious of the cause from whence it arose, it was her desire to hide herself from the fatal object, the source of her despondency. Accordingly, she sat alone, or with Miss Woodley in her own apartment, as much as was consistent with that civility which her guardian had requested, and which forbade her from totally absenting herself.

Miss Woodley felt so acutely the torments

of her friend, that had not her reason told her, that the inflexible mind of Lord Elmwood was fixed beyond her power to shake, she had cast herself at his feet, and implored the return of his affection and tenderness, as the only means to save his once beloved ward from an untimely grave. But her understanding—her knowledge of his firm and immovable temper; and all his provocations—her knowledge of his word, long since given to Sandford, "That if once resolved, he would not recall his resolution;—the certainty of the various plans arranged for his travels, all convinced her, that by any interference, she would only expose Miss Milner's love and delicacy to a contemptuous rejection."

If the conversation, when the family were assembled, did not every day turn upon the subject of Lord Elmwood's departure—a conversation he evidently avoided himself—yet, every day, some new preparation for his journey struck either the ear or eye of Miss Milner;—and she beheld a frightful spectre, she could not have shuddered with more horror, than when she unexpectedly passed his large trunks in the hall, nailed and corded, ready to be sent off to meet him at Venice. At the sight, she flew from the company that chance to be with her, and stole to the first lonely corner of the house to conceal her tears—she reclined her head upon her hands, and bedewed them with the sudden anguish that had overcome her. She heard a footstep advancing towards the spot where she hoped to have been secreted; she lifted up her eyes, and saw Lord Elmwood. Pride was the first emotion, his presence inspired—pride, which arose from the humility into which she was plunged.

She looked at him earnestly, as if to imply, "What now, my lord?"

He only answered with a bow, which expressed, "I beg your pardon." And immediately withdrew.

Thus each understood the other's language, without either having uttered a word.

The last construction she put upon his looks and manner upon this occasion kept up her spirits for some little time; and she blessed heaven, for the singular favor of showing to her, clearly, by this accident—his negligence of her sorrows, his total indifference.

The next day was the eve of that on which he was to depart—of the day on which she was to bid adieu to Dorriworth, to her guardian, to Lord Elmwood; to all her hopes at once.

The moment she awoke on Monday morning, the recollection, that this was, perhaps, the last day she was ever again to see him, softened all the resentment his yesterday's conduct had raised; forgetting his austerity, and all she had once termed cruelties, she now only remembered his friendship, his tenderness, and his love. She was impatient to see him, and promised herself, for this last day, to neglect no opportunity of being with him. For that purpose she did not breakfast in her own room, as she had done for several mornings before, but went into the breakfast room, where all the family in general met. She was rejoiced on hearing his voice as she opened the door, yet the mere sound made her tremble so much that she could scarcely totter to the table.

Miss Woodley looked at her as she entered, and was never so shocked at seeing her, for never had she yet seen her look so ill. As she approached, she made an inclination of her head to Mrs. Horton, then to her guardian, as was her custom, when she first saw them in a morning—she looked in her face as he bowed in return, then fixed his eyes upon the fire-place, rubbed his forehead, and began talking with Mr. Sandford.

Sandford, during breakfast, by accident cast a glance upon Miss Milner; his attention was caught by her deathlike countenance, and he looked earnestly. He then turned to Lord Elmwood to see if he was observing her appearance—he was not—and so much were her thoughts engaged on him alone, that she did not once perceive Sandford gazing at her.

Mrs. Horton, after a little while, observed, "It was a pleasant morning."

Lord Elmwood said, "He thought he heard it rain in the night."

Sandford cried, "For his part he slept too well to know." And then (unheeded) held a plate of biscuits to Miss Milner—it was the first civility he had ever in his life offered her; she smiled at the whimsicality of the circumstance, but she took one in return for his attention. He looked grave beyond his usual gravity, and yet not with his usual ill temper. She did not eat what she had so politely taken, but laid it down soon after.

Lord Elmwood was the first who rose from breakfast, and he did not return to dinner.

At dinner, Mrs. Horton said, "She hoped he would favor them with his company at supper."

To which Sandford replied, "No doubt, for you will hardly any of you see him in the morning; as we shall be off by six, or soon after."

Sandford was not going abroad with Lord Elmwood, but was to go with him as far as Dover.

These words of his—*Not see Lord Elmwood in the morning*—[which conveyed the sense, never again to see him, after this evening.] were like the knell of death to Miss Milner. She felt the symptoms of fainting and hurried by the dread of a swoon, snatched from the hand of a servant a glass of water, which Sandford had just then called for, and drank it hastily. As she returned the glass to the servant, she began to apologize to Mr. Sandford—but before she could utter what she intended, he said, rather kindly, "Never mind—you are welcome—I am glad you took it."

She looked at him to observe whether he had really spoken kindly, or ironically; but before his countenance could satisfy her, her thoughts were called away from that trivial matter, and again fixed upon Lord Elmwood.

The moments seemed tedious till he came home to supper, and yet, when she reflected how short the remainder of the evening would be after that time, she wished to defer the hour of his return for months. At ten o'clock he arrived; and at half past ten the family, without any visitor, met at supper.

Miss Milner had considered that the period for her to counterfeit appearances was diminished now to a most contracted one; and she rigorously enjoined herself not to shrink from the little which remained. The certain end, that would be, so soon, put to this painful deception, encouraged her to struggle through it with redoubled zeal; and this was but necessary, as her weakness increased. She therefore listened, she talked, and even smiled, with

the rest of the company, nor did their vivacity seem to arise from a much less compulsive source than her own.

It was half past twelve, when Lord Elmwood looked at his watch, and rising from his chair, went up to Mrs. Horton, and taking her hand said, "Till I see you again madam, I sincerely wish you every happiness."

Miss Milner fixed her eyes upon the table before her.

"My lord," replied Mrs. Horton, "I sincerely wish you health and happiness likewise."

He then went to Miss Woodley, and taking her hand, repeated much the same as he had said to Mrs. Horton.

Miss Milner now trembled beyond all power of concealment.

"My lord," replied Miss Woodley, a good deal affected, "I sincerely hope my prayers for your happiness may be heard."

She and Mrs. Horton were both standing, as well as Lord Elmwood; but Miss Milner kept her seat, till his eye was turned upon her, and he moved slowly towards her; she then rose—every one who was present, attentive to what he would now say, and how she would receive what he said, laid their eyes upon them, and listened with impatience. They were all disappointed—he did not utter a syllable. Yet he took her hand, and held it closely between his. He then bowed most respectfully and left her.

No sentence of—"I wish you well;—I wish you health and happiness." No "prayers for blessings on her." Not even the word "farewell," escaped his lips—perhaps, to have attempted any of these might have impeded his utterance.

She had behaved with fortitude the whole evening, and she continued to do so, till the moment he turned away from her. Her eyes then overflowed with tears, and in the agony of her mind, not knowing what she did, she laid her cold hand upon the person next to her—it happened to be Sandford; but not observing it was he, she grasped his hand with violence—yet he did not snatch it away, nor look at her with his wonted severity. And thus she stood, silent and motionless, while Lord Elmwood, now at the door, bowed once more to all of the company, and retired.

Sandford had still Miss Milner's hand fixed upon his; and when the door was shut after Lord Elmwood, he turned his head to look in her face, and turned it with some marks of apprehension for the grief he might find there. She strove to overcome that grief, and after a heavy sigh, sat down, as if resigned to the fate to which she was decreed.

Instead of following Lord Elmwood, as usual, Sandford poured out a glass of wine, and drank it. A general silence ensued for near three minutes. At last, turning himself round on his chair, towards Miss Milner, who sat like a statue of despair at his side, "Will you breakfast with us to-morrow?" said he.

She made no answer.

"We shan't breakfast before half after six," continued he; "I dare say; and if you can rise so early—why do?"

"Miss Milner," said Miss Woodley (for she



## The Eastern Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, FEB. 10, 1859.

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BE CAREFUL!—There is an immense quantity of water in store, in the conservative condition of snow and ice, waiting the power of caloric and gravitation to transport it to the ocean. We can hardly believe all this vast accumulation is destined to wait the slow advance of dog-days to put it in motion. March is coming, and there is yet enough left of February to give room for a rumper among the elements. We pray for quiet, and for a slow and easy draft upon our surplus fund: though we have hardly faith that our prayers will have power to stay the clouds or cool the rays of the sun. So we propose to make the wholesome addition of works. Those who have wood or lumber piled below high water-mark, that they do not desire to trust to a journey ocean-ward, should take the first opportunity to place it on higher ground. Don't expose yourselves to the humility of having your neighbors say, as they see your property swept away, that you were a fool to leave it so much exposed. Better lose a little labor than a great deal of property. Make assurance doubly sure, just in proportion to the value of the pile. For our prophesy of a heavy Spring freshet, we can give a better "sign" than that of "the prophet Jonas,"—namely, that when few fish are caught in the lakes and ponds between Christmas and All Fools Day, look out for a hard freshet! We didn't get this wisdom from the Indian, or from the muskrat, but from a lazy fellow who said he couldn't afford to catch many fish when he had to cut fish-holes through two feet of ice! So there is reason in our sign—and very few pond fish in our market this winter. Those who have ears to hear, let them take care of their lumber, before the rains beat and the floods come.

**SYMBOLS OF THE CAPITAL.**—Thatcher & Hutchinson, of New York, have in press, and will issue immediately, a new book, with the above title, written by Rev. A. D. Mayo, well known as one of the soundest of the progressive clergymen of the day. From the opinion of those who have examined it, we are led to expect a work of more than ordinary merit; and its aim is surely a high one, being no less than "a sincere endeavor to aid the young men and women of our land in their attempt to realize a character that shall justify our professions of republicanism, and to establish a civilization which, in becoming national, shall illustrate every principle of a pure Christianity."

The book will contain about 350 pages, neatly bound in cloth, and will be sold for a dollar.

A Temperance Convention is to be held at Winthrop next Thursday, 15th inst., for the purpose of organizing a County Society, and adopting such measures as shall secure a thorough execution of the law throughout the county. That "Crusade," which the sharpened Poor saw in the distance, and over which he raised a shriek of apprehension, would seem to be nigh at hand—even at our very doors. Efforts for the enforcement of the law, we notice, are being made all over the State.

We see by the Skowhegan Telegraph that A. W. Wildes, Esq., will deliver a lecture before the Reading Club of that village to-morrow evening, to be followed by Mr. Sabine Emery, with his Commencement poem, "Vim," which was so well received on its first delivery.

**LIVERMORE FALLS GAZETTE.**—We have received a number of a neat paper bearing the above title, published by J. Morrill, editor and proprietor. It gives abundant evidence of ability to make its way through the world with its numerous competitors for public favor. Success and a long life to it.

**STATISTICS OF SPIRITUALISM.**—The Spiritual Register for 1859, gives some figures in regard to the spread of Spiritualism, from which we arrive at the following facts. The total number of Spiritualists in the United States is given as 1,284,000, and the number in the whole world is estimated at 1,940,000. Maine is credited with 40,000; New Hampshire, 20,000; Vermont, 25,000; Massachusetts, 100,000; Rhode Island, 5,000; Connecticut, 20,000; and New York, 250,000. This gives a total of \$10,000 in N. England, leaving \$70,000 for the other States, and \$56,000 for the rest of the world. The Register gives the names of 349 public speakers and 181 professional mediums. The Literature of the profession comprises 500 books and pamphlets, six weeklies, three semi-weeklies, and four monthlies.

**REPEAL OF THE FISHING BOUNTIES.**—The House Committee on Commerce have decided to report the Senate bill repealing the bounty on codfish, by a vote of five to three. Mr. Washburn being absent.

## OUR TABLE.

(For the Eastern Mail.)

## The Study of Dead Languages.

The value of classical learning, and the place which the classics ought to hold in the system of education among us, has been one of the most prominent questions which has engaged the attention of reformers. There are well informed and intelligent men who sneer at the idea of a classical course, and fail to see what advantage can arise from the study of dead languages. The prominent objection against them is, that they are of no very direct practical utility; and in their servile homage to the useful these men would write over the closed doors of every other system Dante's inscription over the gates of the Inferno; "Let those abandon hope who enter here."

We take the liberty of replying to "Anglo Saxon," who it seems can see no good reason why seven or eight years of one's life should be given to Greek and Latin.

We are not disposed to attribute to classical studies any fictitious advantages, or to magnify the benefits which unquestionably arise from them. Let it be freely granted, then, that directly these studies have very little influence in many of the active pursuits of life; that they are of no great importance in manufactures and commerce, and still less in the acquirement of wealth and honors in many other departments of business.

The ancients furnish, indeed, minds worthy of imitation. The pages of Grecian and Roman history are adorned with the names of poets who tasted the inspiring waters of the Helicon; politicians who had the justice of Aristides, and the patriotism of the Gracchi for an example; martyrs who strove to emulate Leonidas by dying in the cause of liberty. But there are now writers and statesmen who are unacquainted with these noble characters and who can owe nothing of their greatness to the past. A discussion, then, of the relative merits of the ancients and moderns would be useless; and the better we appreciate the one, the more shall we reverence the other.

While, then, we would not attempt to confer upon the classics any advantages they do not possess, we must contend that an intimate acquaintance with them, and the discipline which will result from this acquaintance, cannot fail to sharpen and strengthen the mind, and fit it for any active employment. This, it seems to us, is one of the strongest reasons which can be urged in favor of any system of education; and in this respect the languages certainly possess unequalled advantages. The memory is strengthened by the retention and acquisition of words and phrases in a foreign language; the judgment is exercised in the selection of suitable words to express the idea of the original; and the imagination is chastened and enriched by the refined and delicate imagery of the ancient authors. These faculties of the mind—especially that of memory—are early developed and susceptible; so that the languages afford a fitting study for the youth of our land; and are properly the first steps of an enlarged and thorough education. We will not, however, dwell longer upon this point, nor give any other of the numerous reasons, why classical learning deserves special encouragement, as we may transcend our limits.

## Legislature of Maine.

On Wednesday, Feb. 2, in Senate, the bill in relation to annual school returns and distribution of the school fund, reported at the suggestion of the Superintendent, passed to be engrossed.

In the House the Resolve authorizing the payment of \$10,000 to the Trustees of Maine Seminary, came from the Senate amended, and after a long debate, passed, as amended, in concurrence. The Committee on the Judiciary—a set of old fogies, no doubt—reported legislation inexpedient on order inquiring into the expediency of granting right of suffrage to women.

On Thursday, in Senate, the Resolve relating to school returns and the school funds having been called up, it was indefinitely postponed, 13 to 9.

In the House, order of notice was granted on petition for a railroad from Waterville to Caratunk Falls.

By a concurrent vote of the two houses, John L. Hodson was chosen Major General of the 9th Division.

On Friday, in Senate, a reconsideration of the vote indefinitely postponing the school bill was moved, which motion was laid on the table. Resolve authorizing the payment of \$10,000 to the Trustees of Maine State Seminary was finally passed.

In the House, the Judiciary committee reported a bill stopping the pay of members after a session of 60 days, which was received very good humoredly by the members, and after some facetious remarks, with several jocose amendments, was laid on the table. Resolve in favor of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary was finally passed.

On Saturday, in the House the petition of Pen. & Ken. and And. & Ken. Railroads, for the repeal of the 9th section of the Railroad Consolidation Act, was presented and referred. The proposed amendment of the Liquor Law was indefinitely postponed.

Monday and Tuesday were busy days, but we believe nothing was perfected of special interest to our readers.

**RAILROAD COMMISSIONERS' REPORT.**—At the recent hearing in Bangor, the acceptance of the report of the Railroad Commissioners was objected to on the ground that the papers filed before the Court, were not sufficient in law, to be acted upon, that Wm. Willis, one of the Comrs. present did not act, and that 19 of the 28 petrs reconsidered the matter before the hearing, on the ground of misapprehension, and desired not to be heard. The objections were overruled and the report was accepted. The respondents except, and the case goes up.

**EUROPEAN NEWS.**—Warlike rumors prevail, notwithstanding the assurances of peace, and France continues her warlike preparations. No one can tell what a day may bring forth. This is about the substance of a column of news by the late arrival. We clip the following items:

The widow of the poet Wordsworth died Jan. 17.

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is to go to America, but the alleged contract for £10,000 with transatlantic churches is untrue, he having declined the offer.

The British Minister at Washington is instructed to urge the opening of American coasting trade to British vessels, in return for a like concession by Britain.

Brother Hall, of the Arnostook Pioneer, resident at Augusta this winter, went down to Gardiner the other day, and called at the office of the Home Journal, where, as he hints, he met with an exceedingly frigid reception. We are glad to see, however, that he is not disposed to "give it up so," but threatens to call again. Brother Heath, we know, is a capital good fellow and makes an excellent paper, but his diffidence and lack of the gift of gab will be the death of him, we fear.

In Bowdoin, last week, Horace Carr overtook a deer that could not run because of the crust, and killed it with a good stick. The editor of the Brunswick Telegraph had a choice cut.

What from? the goadstick?

**HATTEL.**—The latest advices from Hayti represent that the Emperor, has been defeated by land and sea, and everything looks favorable for the success of the Republicans.

Tragedy, Drama, Comedy, Music, Tableau, and the Terpsichorean art are all enlisted this week in Portland, in aid of the Mt. Vernon Fund.

**THE NEW YORK MERCURY.**—This paper, which has been in existence for nearly a quarter of a century, and which was never more popular than now, contains every week, an illustration from the pencil of America's most talented artist, Felix O. C. Darley.

**PERSONAL.** The St. Louis Democrat publishes an extract from a private letter written by Lady Havelock, in which, after referring to the consolation afforded her in her bereavement by the warm sympathy of her Queen and Country, she remarks:

"But, greatly as I have been blessed and comforted under my affliction, I never can sufficiently express how great a balm it has been to my wounded heart—how very great an honor—the mark of attention paid to the memory of my beloved husband by that great nation across the Atlantic! If I knew what body of sympathizers to address, I would gladly and proudly offer them the grateful thanks of a sad and lonely heart—and I could tell them with honest truth that not one word too much had been said in praise of him who has now received the crown which will never perish."

**URQUIZA, PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION.** A Buenos Ayres correspondent of the St. Louis Republican gives the following interesting account of Urquiza, President of the Argentine Confederation:

"The man of all others most prominent in South America at this time, is Don Justo de Urquiza, President of the Argentine Confederation. In name that Government is Republican, and its Constitution is a close imitation of that of the United States; but it is little else than a Constitutional Monarchy. The nature of the people as to habits and culture, require great force and promptitude in the Executive. There is an arbitrariness in all South American Republics, that would not endure for a day in your country."

Urquiza is, at the same time, President of the Federated States, and Governor of one of the provinces, (Entre Rios) and actual owner of the soil of the greater part of that province. On these lands he has nearly half a million of cattle, and of horses and sheep similar numbers. He is keen in a trade, and is at home in any kind of monopoly or merchandise. In the mere matter of making money, he has no rival in South America, if in the world.

His origin was among the lowest of the people, and his first money was made in keeping what you call in your country, a liquor grocery. To this day he continues the business, and is in part or in whole, proprietor of innumerable groceries all over the country, in which the soldiers make all their purchases, and pay in monthly checks on the Treasury.

From being commandant of the militia of his native town, he obtained command of a department, and then so rapidly grew his influence that he soon became both Governor and Military Commander of his native province. In this relation he marched to aid the revolutionists of Uruguay, in 1851, and then directed his force against Rosas, who was President of the Confederation and Governor of Buenos Ayres, with titles of Supreme Dictator, &c. Rosas, like a chained lion, bides his time in exile at Southampton, where, it is said, hope has not yet deserted him.

The present term of Urquiza, as President, terminates in 1859.

**REMARKABLE ATTEMPT.** According to the Albion, a late arrival from England brings instructions to the British Consul at New York, to pay the sum of five hundred pounds sterling to the daughter of Peter Shackerley, who was killed on board the Chesapeake, in the attack of the Leopard upon that vessel in 1807. This is the strangest bit of news that has come from over the water for many a long day. The particulars of the dastardly outrage must be fresh in the minds of every one at all familiar with the history of his country. It was never atoned for or satisfactorily explained, and the feeling of indignation and resentment created by the act rankled in the hearts of the American people, during the lifetime of the existing generation. Three men were killed on the spot, and eighteen wounded; and now, after a lapse of more than half a century, the heirs of one of the victims are to receive five hundred pounds.

**LIQUOR SEIZURE.**—A man from Gardiner complained to the police in this city a few days since that he had found at the Mansion House a room fitted up in the basement for the retailing of liquors; that he had drank several glasses of liquor there as had others. On this information being given the City Marshal, he obtained the necessary papers and proceeded to the Mansion House, where he found the liquor room with its fixtures, and made a seizure of the liquors. The Court adjudged the parties guilty, and the case has gone up to the higher Court. The Mansion House is leased to be kept in accordance with the laws of the State.—[Kennebec Journal.]

## Proper Use of Pork as Food.

The *Scientific American* having endorsed the opinion that "A fat hog is the very quintessence of cerofala and carbonic acid gas, and that fat pork was never designed for human food, making no red meat or muscle, etc., Dr. Holston, of Zanesville, who is one of the most intelligent physicians of Ohio, wrote to the *Courier*:

"A fat hog is truly the quintessence of cerofala, for cerofala in Greek is *hog*, and the derivative cerofalous means *hoggish*. The disease cerofala was so called when medical science was in its infancy, from its supposed resemblance to some diseases of the hog, and then the inference was easy, that eating the hog (cerofala) produced the hog-disease (cerofala). It is well known, however, that our American Indians and the Hindoos, who never use pork, are liable to this disease; that in Europe it prevails chiefly among the ill fed poor, who hardly taste meat of any kind."

On the other hand, the Chinaman and our own pioneers, who hardly eat any other flesh, are remarkably healthy and exempt from cerofala—a disease, we have more reason to suspect, as originating long ago from the hereditary taint of an unmentionable disease favored by irregular living and poor diet."

In the South, from their sleek appearance and exemption from cerofala, you can at once distinguish the bacon-fed negro.

These examples may suffice on that head. Fat pork is not, in any sense, a carbonic acid, but hydro-carbon, a combination of hydrogen and carbon. It becomes carbonic acid and water by combining with oxygen in the act of being burned or digested, which is much the same thing—giving off, during those processes, large amounts of heat and light."

It is true the fat of pork does not make blood or red flesh, though the lean, which is always eaten alone, does. It is, as your article says truly, material for breath. Well, that is a good deal. It is supposed that if the writer's breath had stopped five minutes before he took his pen, we should never have seen his article on fat pork."

But it does more. All the fat that goes into the stomach, and thence into the blood, does not undergo slow burning, but is deposited in the body as human fat. Now a certain amount of fat is so necessary for the proper play of all the parts, muscles included, that without it, the body like an ungreased engine, wears itself out by its own friction. In consumption, the waste of fat is one alarming and most dangerous symptom, and the fat-famed cod liver oil acts perhaps chiefly by supplying the blood with fat."

I am satisfied by experience that fat pork—when the stomach will receive it—does just as well. Moreover, few of those delicate persons that have so great an aversion to pork or other fat, ever live to see forty years. They die young of consumption. Butter, sugar, starch, vegetable oils, act to some extent as animal fat, and in tropical climates, are used as substitutes."

But go to the Arctic regions and see the refined Dr. Kane and his men devour raw walrus blubber with a gusto, as we would take a dish of ice-cream, and you will conclude that 'fat pork,' particularly in our Arctic winters, is not so bad an institution."

We cannot live on fat pork alone—nor on sugar and starch—though we could on bread. Bread, the staff of life, contains the materials both for breathing and making blood and red flesh (muscle) in a supereminent degree, greater even than lean beef or any other single article of food, and this, or some substitute, such as beans, peas, potatoes, etc., is always eaten with fat pork, so that there is a sufficient supply of blood and flesh making material. However, excess is bad, and the fat pork must not constitute the bulk of a meal."

Chemical analysis is a poor substitute for the observation of facts in the living body, nor can we even base very much on experiments made on Mr. Martin, the man with a hole in his stomach, by which food can be introduced and digestion observed, for that is not nature's way of getting it there, and a stomach with such an unnatural opening is much like a leaky dinner pail with a hole in the bottom stuffed with a rag. Extended experience alone can settle such a question."

The Greeks and Romans esteemed pork as a luxury, and a most wholesome diet; their athletes and gladiators (prize fighters) were fed on pork. Our own Saxon (Teutonic Scandinavian) ancestors esteem it so highly that they, even in heaven, provided a great hog with golden bristles, called Gullibristled, of whose bacon the heroes of Wallenda dined every day, when at night the picked bones again united and became covered with a fresh supply of pork. In this estimate of the hog, the mass of mankind, not of the Shemite race, (Jews, Turks, Arabs, etc.), who follow Moses' law, that had spiritual and representative meaning, have in all ages agreed, and will agree as long as man has canine teeth, and lives by drawing its breath. Whenever the Scientific American or Prof. Liebig will discover a new process of living without breathing, we may be guided by their opinion; till then, I opine, 'good corn fed' (and no other is good) pork will rule the roast, of which themselves will not be slow to partake."

My remarks are of course only applicable to men, women and children with comparatively healthy stomachs, who have sufficient exercise with pure air and water."

**THE SEEDS OF CONSUMPTION.**—The terrible mortality caused by bronchitis, pneumonia, and consumption, which together kill—in England and Wales only—a hundred thousand people, (being one fourth of the entire mortality from more than a hundred other causes in addition to themselves), should make us think a little seriously of many things, and not least seriously of the franks of fashion, which set climate at defiance. Why do we send children abroad in damp and cold weather, with their legs bare, submitted, tender as their bodies are, to risks that even strong adults could not brave with impunity? Custom has made this matter appear familiar and trifling, but it is not out of place to say, at the beginning of another winter, that the denial to young children of proper skirts to their clothes, and warm coverings to their legs, has sown the seeds of consumption in thousands and thousands, and is, of many dangerous things done in obedience to laws of fashion, the one that is most thoughtless and most cruel. It is in the child that consumption can most readily be planted—in the child, that when the tendency exists, it can be conquered, if at all. It is to be fought against by protecting the body with sufficient clothing against chill and damp by securing it plenty of wholesome sleep—not suffocating sleep among feathers and curtains—plenty of abstinence without prejudices in behalf of water, icy cold, plenty of cheerful exercise short of fatigue, plenty of meat and bread, and wholesome pudding. Those, indeed, are the things wanted by all children. Many a child pines in health upon a diet tainted with the best intentions. But the truth is, that it is not possible to over-feed a child with simple wholesome eatables. It can be stimulated to excess in

the demolishing of sickly dainties; and, with a stomach once fairly depraved, may be made incompetent to say when it has had too little or too much. But a child fed only upon wholesome things knows better than any man can tell when it wants more; it can eat a great deal; has not only to maintain life, but to add height and breadth to stature. Fortify it, then against variations of climate, by meeting freely the demands of its body; give it full animal vigor to resist unwholesome impressions. Especially let the good house wife, who has a young family to feed, learn to be utterly reckless of her milk-score. Somebody has declared a pint of milk to contain as much nourishment as half a pound of meat. Be that as it may, it is the right food for little ones to thrive upon, and may save much subsequent expenditure for cod liver oil.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

**FIRE IN BOSTON.** Russell's Mechanical Bakery, a new establishment just commencing operations, corner of Battery and Commercial streets, was totally destroyed on Sunday morning, with some 28,000 barrels of flour stored in the building—the total loss being \$300,000, the most of which falls upon the insurance companies. The falling walls killed one man, and seriously injured several others, partially destroying several adjacent wooden buildings. The bakery was on a new and improved plan, and capable of furnishing bread, at greatly reduced prices, to nearly the entire city; and the fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary, prompted by selfish business interests. The calamity has produced considerable excitement in Boston. The establishment was a very costly one, and it is doubtful whether the experiment will be renewed—so say the Boston papers.

The Waterville Farmers' Club meets this evening at Daniel Holway's, to discuss "The Hoed Crops of the Farm." Next meeting at Arba Penny's.

Winslow Club met last evening at John W. Drummond's.

William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, Va., with library and laboratory, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday morning last. The students all escaped.

**REV. DR. CURTIS.**—This distinguished divine, who was lost in the North Carolina, has always been, since entering the Ministry, a member of the Baptist Church. He was at one time connected with the publication of the 'Eclectic Review' in London, and a reporter of the debates in the British Parliament. About 20 years since he removed to this country, became Pastor of the Baptist Church in Bangor, Maine. Subsequently he took the pastoral charge of the Westworth street Baptist Church, in Charleston, S. C. At the time of his decease he was Principal of a Female Seminary at Chester, in the northern part of South Carolina. Dr. Curtis was eminent for ability, both as a writer and preacher, and commanded large influence in every community in which he lived. He has been released from his labors at a ripe age (in his 78th year) to receive the reward of the just.

**TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS MORE PAID TO MR. WASHINGTON.**—The January number of the 'Mount Vernon Record' announces that on the 14th of December, the anniversary of Washington's death, the Regent of the Mount Vernon Association caused the sum of \$10,000 to be paid to Mr. Washington, towards the purchase of Mount Vernon. By this payment Mr. Washington has now received \$55,000 of the purchase fund; \$15,000 more are invested in so advantageous a manner, that it is thought best that they should remain untouched at present. A number of States actively engaged in collecting, have not commenced to transfer their funds to the Regent or the Treasurer.

**IMPORTANT ARREST.**—An Indian woman named Carmen Balgi, was recently arrested in New York, for passing false money. She had distributed several gold pieces, which, upon examination, were found to have undergone the following ingenious treatment:—The coin is placed upon a lathe and made to revolve. A keen narrow chisel is set against the edge, and, as the coin revolves, the chisel turns out the inside of it, and penetrates nearly to the centre, leaving but two thin shells, as it were, connected at the centre. The cavity is then filled with base metal, the coin is milled over and over again and the edge gaudily varnished, showing as perfect a specimen of work in fraud as was ever conceived or executed.

**KENNEBEC DEPUTY SHERIFFS.**—Benj. H. Gilbreth, Sheriff has appointed the following Deputies:—Chas. Hewins, Augusta; Elbridge Berry, Gardiner; Ezekiel Hubbard, Hallowell; Joseph Stevens, Winthrop; C. Pitt Hunton, Readfield; James Porter, Mt. Vernon; George H. Foster, Belgrade Mills; Chas. R. McPadden, Waterville; A. H. Barton, Benton; Thos. B. Stinchfield, Clinton; John Hatch, China; Isaac F. Thompson, Windsor; Charles Gowen, Messenger; Augusta.

**A HARD CASE.**—A young man was buried in this city this week, whose death was probably occasioned by a business transaction, and a publication of the circumstances may teach a valuable lesson to others in regard to business affairs. Several years ago the individual referred to endorsed notes for a firm which he considered to be perfectly good. One of the members of that firm died about three years ago, and he supposed long since that the notes were cancelled. Some five or six weeks ago the notes turned up against him, and the legal possessor of them instituted proceedings which resulted in stripping from him all his little property, about fifteen hundred dollars, which he had saved from year to year. Being of nervous temperament and a somewhat delicate constitution, this threw him into a delirious state. He was taken to the Hospital, and finally died a victim of a mistake in business affairs.—*Boston Herald.*

Fanny Fern says male teachers want to do girls:—"There must be discipline, that's certain; but, in my opinion, a man's head must be gray, not brown or black, if he would enforce it; his blood must be cold and sluggish, and his ear deaf to the chatter, charm the never so cunningly, or certes, his magisterial chair will be set at naught. Don't I know! Answer me, thou now 'Reverend' gentlemen, who once kept me after school for a reprimand, and spent the precious moments rolling my curls over your fingers, while my she-comrade was bursting off her books and eyes as she peeped through the key-hole. Not that I uphold it, but every animal naturally fights with the weapons a good Providence has given it, that's the amount of it—and somehow or other I had found that out, though whether France was founded south by Rhode Island or not, was still a mystery I was not in a permutation to solve."







