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THE DISOWNED DAUGHTER.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.
CONTINUED.

During the illness of Rushbrook, news had been sent of his danger, from the servants in town to those at Elmwood house, and Lady Matilda expressed compassion when she was told of it; she began to conceive the instant she thought he would soon die, that his visit to her had merit rather than impertinence in its design, and that he might possibly be a more deserving man than she had supposed him to be. Even Sandford and Miss Woodley, in particular, reproached herself that she had been so severe and inattentive to him. Notwithstanding the prospects his death pointed out to her, it was with infinite joy she heard he was recovered; nor was Sandford less satisfied; for he had treated the young man too unkindly to not dread, lest any ill should befall him. But although he was glad to hear of his restored health; when he was informed he was coming down to Elmwood house for a few weeks in the style of his master, Sandford, with all his religious and humane principles, could not help conceiving, that if the youth had been properly prepared to die, he had been as well out of the world as in it.

He was still his friend when he saw him arrive with his usual florid complexion; had he come pale and sickly, Sandford had been kind to him; but his apparently good health and spirits, he could not form his mind to tell him he was glad to see him.

On his arrival, Matilda, who for five months had been at large, secluded herself as she would have done upon the arrival of Lord Elmwood; but with far different sensations. Notwithstanding her restriction on the latter occasion, the residence of her father in that house had been a source of pleasure rather than of sorrow to her; but from the abode of Rushbrook she derived punishment alone.

When, from inquiries, Rushbrook found that on his approach, Matilda had retired to her own crowded apartments, the thought was torturing to him; it was the hope of seeing and conversing with her, of being admitted at all times to her society as the mistress of the house, that had raised his spirits, and effected his perfect cure beyond any other cause;—and he was hurt to the greatest degree at this respect, or rather contempt, shown to him by her retreat.

It was nevertheless, a subject too delicate for him to touch upon in any sense, an invitation for her company on his part might carry the appearance of superior authority, and an assumed condescension, which he justly considered as the worst of insults. And yet, how could he support the reflection that his visits had placed the daughter of his benefactor, as a dependent stranger in that house, where in reality she was the dependent, and she the lawful mistress. For two or three days he suffered the torment of these meditations, hoping that he should come to an explanation of all he felt by a fortunate meeting with Miss Woodley; but when that meeting occurred, though he observed she talked to him with less reserve than she had formerly done, and even gave proofs of the native kindness of her disposition, yet she scrupulously avoided naming Lady Matilda; and when he diffidently inquired of her health, a cold restraint overspread Miss Woodley's face, and she left him instantly.—To Sandford it was still more difficult for him to apply; for though frequently together, they were never sociable; and as Sandford seldom disguised his feelings—to Rushbrook he was always severe, and sometimes unmanly.

In this perplexed situation, the country air was rather of detriment than service to the late invalid; and had he not, like a true lover, clung fast to fancied hope, while he could perceive no reality but despair, he would have returned to town, rather than by his stay have placed in a subordinate state, the object of his adoration. Persisting in his hopes, he one morning met Miss Woodley in the garden, and engaging her a longer time than usual in conversation, at last obtained her promise.—She would that day dine with him and Mr. Sandford. But no sooner had she parted from him than she repented of her consent; and upon communicating it, Matilda, for the first time in her life, darted upon her kind companion a look of the most cutting reproach and haughty resentment. Miss Woodley's own sentiments had upbraided her before; but she was not prepared to receive so pointed a mark of disapprobation from her young friend, till now dubious and humble to her as a mother, and not less affectionate. Her heart was too susceptible to bear this disrespectful and costumeless frown, from the object of her long devoted care and concern; the tears instantly covered her face, and she laid her hands upon her heart, as if she thought it would break. Matilda was moved, but she possessed too much of the manly indignation of her father, to discover what she felt for the first few minutes. Miss Woodley, who had given so many tears to her sorrows, but never till now, one to her anger, had a deeper sense of this indifference than the anger itself, and to conceal what she suffered, left the room. Matilda, who had been till this time working at her needle, seemingly composed, now let her work drop from her hand, and sat for awhile in a deep reverie. At length she rose up, and followed Miss Woodley to the other apartment. She entered grave, majestic, and apparently serene, while her poor heart fluttered with a thousand distressing sensations. She approached Miss Woodley (who was still in tears) with silence; and eyed by her manners, the faithful friend of her deceased mother exclaimed, "Dear Lady Matilda, think no more on what I have done—do not resent it any longer, and I'll beg your pardon." Miss Woodley rose as she uttered these last words; but Matilda laid fast hold of her to prevent the posture she offered to take, and instantly assumed it herself. "Oh, let this be my atonement!" she cried with the most earnest supplication.

They interchanged forgiveness; and as this reconciliation was sincere, they each, without reserve gave their opinion upon the subject that had caused the misunderstanding; and it was agreed an apology should be sent to Mr. Sandford. That Miss Woodley had been suddenly indisposed; nor could this be said to differ from truth, for since what had passed she was unfit to pay a visit.

Rushbrook, who was all the morning elated with the advance he supposed he had made in that lady's favor, was highly disappointed, vexed, and angry, when this apology was delivered; nor did he nor perhaps could he conceal what he felt, although his kind observer, Mr. Sandford, was present.

"I am a very unfortunate man!" said he as soon as the servant was gone who brought the message.

Sandford cast his eyes upon him with a look of surprise and contempt.

"A very unfortunate man indeed, Mr. Sandford," replied he, "although you treat my complaint contemptuously."

Sandford made no reply, and seemed above notice.

When he sat down to dinner, Rushbrook ate nothing but drank frequently; Sandford took no notice of either, but had a book which was his custom when he dined with persons whose conversation was not interesting

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to him) laid by the side of his plate, which he occasionally looked into, as the dishes were removing, or other opportunities served.

Rushbrook, just now more hopeless than ever of forming an acquaintance with Lady Matilda, began to give way to symptoms of impatience; and they made their first attack, by urging him to treat on the same level of familiarity that he himself was treated by Mr. Sandford, to whom he had till now, ever behaved with the most profound tokens of respect.

"Come," said he to him as soon as the dinner was removed, "lay aside your book and be good company."

Sandford lifted up his eyes upon him—stared in his face—and cast them on the book again.

"Pardon," continued Rushbrook, "I want a companion; and, as Miss Woodley has disappointed me, I must have your company."

Sandford now laid his book down upon the table; but still holding his fingers in the pages he was reading, said, "And why are you disappointed of Miss Woodley's company?—When people expect what they have no right to hope, their impertinent assurance to complain they are disappointed."

"I had a right to hope she would come," answered Rushbrook, "for she promised she would."

"But what right had you to ask her?"

"The right every one has to make his time pass as agreeably as he can."

"But not at the expense of another."

"I believe, Mr. Sandford, it would be a heavy expense to you, to see me happy; I believe it would cost you even your own happiness."

"That is a price I have not now to give," replied Sandford, and began reading again.

"What, you have already paid it away?"

"No wonder that at your time of life it should be gone. But what do you think of my having already squandered mine?"

"I don't think about you," returned Sandford, without taking his eyes from the book.

"Can you look me in the face and say that, Mr. Sandford? No, you cannot, for you know you do think of me, and you know you hate me." Here he drank two glasses of wine one after another; "And I can tell you why you hate me," continued he: "it is from a cause for which I often hate myself."

Sandford read on.

"It is on my Lady Matilda's account you hate, and use me thus."

Sandford put down his book hastily, and put both his hands by his side.

"Yes," resumed Rushbrook, "you think I am wronging her."

"I think you insult her," exclaimed Sandford, "by this rude mention of her name; and I command you at your peril to desist."

"At my peril! Mr. Sandford? Do you assume the authority of my Lord Elmwood?"

"I do on this occasion; and if you dare to give your tongue a freedom!"

Rushbrook interrupted him—"Why then I boldly say (and as my friend you ought rather to applaud than to resent it) I boldly say, that my heart suffers so much for her situation that I am regardless of my own. I love her father, I loved her mother more—but I love her—beyond either."

"Hold your licentious tongue," cried Sandford, "or quit the room."

"Licentious! Oh! the pure thoughts that dwell in her innocent mind are not less sensual than mine towards her. Do you upbraid me with my respect, my pity for her? They are the sensations which impel me to speak thus undisciplined, even to you, my open—no, even worse—my secret enemy!"

"Insult me as you please, Mr. Rushbrook, but beware how you mention Lord Elmwood's daughter."

"Can it be to her dishonor that I pity her? that I would quit the house this moment never to return so that she supplied the place I now withhold from her?"

"Go then," cried Sandford.

"It would be of no use to her, or I would. But come, Mr. Sandford I will dare as much you. Only second me, and I will treat Lord Elmwood to be reconciled—to see her and own her."

"Your vanity would be equal to your temerity—your entreaty? She must greatly esteem those paternal favors which your entreaties gained her!—Do you forget, young man, how short a time it is since you were estranged from her?"

"I prove that I do not, while this anxiety for Lady Matilda arises from what I feel on that very account."

"Remove your anxiety, then, from her to yourself; for were I to let Lord Elmwood know what has passed—"

"It is for your own sake, not for mine, if you do not."

"You shall not dare me to it, Mr. Rushbrook. And he rose from his seat: "You shall not dare me to do you an injury. But to avoid the temptation, I will never again come into your company, unless my friend, Lord Elmwood, be present, to protect me and his child from your insults."

Rushbrook rose in yet more warmth than Sandford. "Have you the injustice to say that I have insulted Lady Matilda?"

"To speak of her at all, is, in you, an insult. But you have done more—you have dared to visit her—to force into her presence and shock her with your offers of service which she scorns; and with your compassion, which she is above."

"Did she complain to you?"

"She or her friend did."

"I rather suppose, Mr. Sandford, that you have bribed some of the servants to reveal this circumstance."

"The suspicion becomes Lord Elmwood's heir."

"It becomes the man who lives in the house with you."

"I thank you Mr. Rushbrook, for what has passed this day—it has taken a weight off my mind. I thought my disinclination to you might perhaps arise from prejudice—this conversation has relieved me from those fears, and—"

"I thank you," saying this he calmly walked out of the room, and left Rushbrook to reflect on what he had been doing.

Heated with the wine he had drunk (and which Sandford, engaged on his book, had not observed) no cooler was he alone, than he became by degrees cool and repentant. "What had he done?" was the first question to himself—He had offended Sandford. The man whom reason as well as prudence had ever taught him to respect, and even to revere. He had grossly offended the firm friend of his father, and the unreserved friend of Lady Matilda, by the unreserved and wan-

ton use of her name. All the retorts he had uttered came now to his memory; with a total forgetfulness of all that Sandford had said to provoke them.

He once thought to follow him and beg his pardon; but the contempt with which he had been treated, more than all the anger, withheld him.

As he sat forming plans how to retrieve the opinion, ill as it was, which Sandford had formerly entertained of him; he received a letter from Lord Elmwood, kindly enquiring after his health, and saying that he should be down early in the following week. Never were the friendly expressions of his uncle half so welcome to him; for they served to soothe his imagination, racked with Sandford's wrath, and his own displeasure.

When Sandford acted deliberately, he always acted up to his duty; it was his duty to forgive Rushbrook, and he did so—but he had declared he would never be again in his company unless Lord Elmwood was present;—and with all his forgiveness, he found an unforgiving gratification, in the duty of being obliged to keep his word.

The next day Rushbrook dined alone, while Sandford gave his company to the ladies.—Rushbrook was too proud to seek to conciliate Sandford by abject concessions, but he endeavored to meet him as by accident, and meant to try that, in such a case, a submissive apology might effect. For two days all the schemes he formed on that head had proved fruitless; he could never procure even a sight of him. But on the evening of the third day, taking a lonely walk, he turned the corner of a grove, and saw in the very path he was going, Sandford accompanied by Miss Woodley; and what agitated him infinitely more, Lady Matilda was with them. He knew not whether to proceed, or to quit the path and palpably shun them—to one, who seemed to put an unkind construction upon all he said and did, he knew that to do either would be to do wrong. In spite of the propensity he felt to pass so near to Matilda, could he have known what conduct would have been deemed the most respectful, to that he would have submitted, whatever painful denial it had cost him. But undetermined whether to go forward or to cross to another path, he still walked on till he came too nigh to recede; he then, with a diffidence not affected, but most powerfully felt, pulled off his hat; and without bowing, stood respectfully silent while the company passed. Sandford walked on some paces before, and took no further notice as he went by him, than just touching the fore part of his hat with his finger. Miss Woodley curtsied as she followed. But Lady Matilda made a full stop and said, in the gentlest accents, "I hope, Mr. Rushbrook, you are perfectly recovered."

It was the sweetest music he had ever listened to; and he replied with the most reverential bow, "I am better a great deal, ma'am. Then instantly pursued his way as if he did not dare to utter, or wait, for another syllable.

Sandford seldom found fault with Lady Matilda; not because he loved her, but because she seldom did wrong—upon this occasion, however, he was half inclined to reprimand her; but yet he did not know what to say; the subsequent humility of Rushbrook had taken from the indiscretion of her speaking to him, and the event could by no means justify his censure. On hearing her begin to speak, Sandford had stopped; and as Rushbrook called to her, he crossed, and said, "Come, come along; but at the same time he put out his elbow, for her to take hold of his arm.

She hastened her steps, and did so, then turning to Miss Woodley, she said, "I expected you would have spoken to Mr. Rushbrook; it might have prevented me."

Miss Woodley replied, "I was at a loss what to do; when we met formerly, he always spoke first."

"And he ought now," cried Sandford angrily—and then, added, with a sarcastic smile, "It is certainly proper that the superior should be the first to speak, as if he thought himself our superior," replied Matilda.

"No," returned Sandford, "some people can put on what looks like piety."

"Then while he looks so pale," replied Matilda, "and so dejected, I can never forbear speaking to him, when we meet, whatever he may think of it."

"And were he and I to meet a hundred, nay a thousand times, would I not gain?"

"Bless me! what for, Mr. Sandford?" cried Matilda; for Sandford was not a man that repeated little incidents, had never mentioned the circumstance of their quarrel.

"I have taken such a resolution," answered he, "yet I bear him no enmity."

As this short reply indicated that he meant to say no more, no more was asked; and the subject was dropped.

In the mean time, Rushbrook, happier than he had been for months, intoxicated with delight at that voluntary mark of civility he had received from Lady Matilda, felt his heart so joyful, and so free from every particle of malice, that he resolved, in the humblest manner, to make atonement for the violation of decorum he had lately committed against Mr. Sandford.

Too happy, at this time, to suffer a mortification from any indignities he might receive, he sent his servant to him into his study, as soon as he was returned home, to beg to know, if he might be permitted to wait upon him, with a message he had to deliver from Lord Elmwood.

The servant returned—"Mr. Sandford desired he would send the message by him, or the house steward." This was highly affronting; but Rushbrook was not in a humor to be offended, and he sent again, begging he would admit him; but the answer was, "He was busy."

Thus wholly defeated in his hopes of reconciliation, his new transports felt an alloy, and the few days that remained before Lord Elmwood came, he passed in solitary musing, and ineffectual walks and looks towards that path in which he had met Matilda—she came that way no more, indeed scarce quitted her apartment, in the practice of that confinement she was to experience on the arrival of her father.

All her former agitation now returned. On the day he arrived she wept—all the night she did not sleep—and the name of Rushbrook again became hateful to her. The earl came in extremely good health and spirits, but appeared concerned to find Rushbrook less well than when he went from town. Sandford was now under the necessity of being in Rushbrook's company, yet he would never speak to

him but when he was absolutely compelled; or look at him, but when he could not help it. Lord Elmwood observed this conduct, yet he neither wondered nor was offended by it; he had perceived what little esteem Sandford had showed his nephew from his first return; but he forgave, in Sandford's humor, a thousand faults he would not forgive in any other; nor did he deem this one of his greatest faults, knowing the demand upon his partiality from another object.

Miss Woodley waited on Lord Elmwood as formerly; dined with him, and related as heretofore, to the attentive Matilda, all that passed.

About this time Lord Margrave, deprived by the season of all the sports of the field, felt his love for Matilda (which had been violent, even though divided with the love of hunting) now too strong to be subdued; and he resolved, though reluctantly, to apply to her father for his consent to their union; but writing to Sandford this resolution, he was once more repulsed, and charged as a man of honor, to forbear to disturb the tranquility of the family by any application of the kind. To this, Sandford received no answer; for the peer, highly incensed at his mistress's repugnance to him, determined more firmly than ever to consult his own happiness alone; and as that depended merely upon his obtaining her, he cared not by what method it was effected.

About a fortnight after Lord Elmwood came into the country, as he was riding one morning, his horse fell with him, and crushed his leg in so unfortunate a manner, as to be at first pronounced of dangerous consequence. He was brought home in a postchaise, and Matilda heard of the accident with more grief than would, perhaps, on such an occasion, have appertained to the most fondled child.

In consequence of the pain he suffered, his fever was one night very high; and Sandford, who seldom quitted his apartment, went frequently to his bedside, every time with the secret hope he should ask him to see his daughter—he was every time disappointed—yet he saw him shake, with a cordial friendship, the hand of Rushbrook, as if he delighted in seeing those he loved.

The danger in which Lord Elmwood was supposed to be was but of short duration, and his sudden recovery succeeded. Matilda, who had wept, moaned, and watched during the crisis of his illness, when she heard he was amending, exclaimed (with a kind of surprise at the novelty of the sensation), "And this is joy that I feel! Oh! I never till now knew, what those persons felt who experienced joy."

Nor did she repine, like Mr. Sandford and Miss Woodley, at her father's inattention to her during his malady, for she did not hope like them—she did not hope that he would behold her, even in dying.

But notwithstanding his seeming indifference, while his indisposition continued, no sooner was he recovered so as to receive the congratulations of his friends, than there was no one person he evidently showed so much satisfaction at seeing as Miss Woodley. She waited upon him timorously, and with more than ordinary distaste at his late conduct, when he put out his hand with the utmost eagerness to receive her; drew her to him; saluted her (an honor he had never in his life conferred before) and with signs of the sincerest friendship and affection. Sandford was present; and ever associating the idea of Matilda with Miss Woodley, felt his heart bound with a triumph it had not enjoyed for many a day.

Matilda listened with delight to the recital Miss Woodley gave on her return, and many times while it lasted exclaimed, "She was happy!" But poor Matilda's sudden transports of joy, which she termed happiness, were not made for long continuance; and, if she ever found cause for gladness, she far oftener had motives for grief.

As Mr. Sandford was sitting with her and Miss Woodley, one evening about a week after, a person rang at the bell and inquired for him; a being told of it by the servant, he went to the door of the apartment, and cried, "Oh! is it you? Come in." An elderly man entered who had been for several years the head gardener at Elmwood house; a man of honesty and sobriety, and with an indigent family of aged parents, children, and other relations, who subsisted wholly on the income arising from his place. The ladies, as well as Sandford, knew him well, and they all, almost at once, asked, "What was the matter?" for his looks told them something distressful had befallen him.

"Oh, Sir!" said he to Sandford, "I come to entreat your intercession."

"In what, Edwards?" said Sandford with a mild voice; for when his assistance was supplicated in distress, his rough tones always took a plaintive key.

"My lord has discharged me from his service!" (returned Edwards trembling, and the tears starting in his eyes) "I am undone, Mr. Sandford, unless you plead for me!"

"I will," said Sandford, "I will."

"And yet I am almost afraid of your success," replied the man, "for my lord has ordered me out of his house this moment; and though I knelt down to be heard, he had no pity."

Matilda sighed from the bottom of her heart, and yet she envied this poor man who had been kneeling to her father.

"What was your offence?" cried Sandford. The man hesitated; then looking at Matilda, said, "I'll tell you, sir, some other time."

"Did you name me, before Lord Elmwood?" cried she eagerly, and terrified.

"No, madam," replied he, "but I unthinkingly spoke of my poor lady who is dead and gone."

Matilda burst into tears.

"How came you to do so sad a thing?" cried Sandford; and the encouragement which his looks had once given him now flew from his face.

"It was unthinkingly," repeated Edwards; "I was showing my lord some plans for the new walks, and told him, among other things, that her ladyship had many years ago approved of them. 'Who?' cried he—'Still I did not call to mind, but said, 'Lady Elmwood, sir, while you were abroad—' As soon as these words were delivered, I saw my doom in his looks, and he commanded me to quit his house and service that instant."

"I am afraid," said Sandford, shaking his head, "I can do nothing for you."

"Yes, sir, you know you have more power over my lord than anybody—and perhaps you may be able to save me and all mine from misery."

"I would if I could," replied Sandford quickly.

"You can but try, sir."

Matilda was all this while bathed in tears; nor was Miss Woodley much less affected.—Lady Elmwood was before her eyes—Matilda beheld her in her dying moments; Miss Woodley saw her as the gay ward of Dorchester.

"Ask Mr. Rushbrook," said Sandford, "prevail on him to speak for you; he has more power than I have."

"He has not enough, then," replied Edwards; "for he was in the room with my lord when what I have told you happened."

"And did he say nothing?" asked Sandford.

"Yes, sir; he offered to speak in my behalf, but my lord interrupted him, and ordered him out of the room—he instantly went."

Sandford, now observing the effect which this narration had on the two ladies, led the man to his own apartments, and there assured him he dared not undertake his cause; but that if time or chance should happily make an alteration in his lord's disposition, he would be the first who would endeavor to replace him.

Edwards was obliged to submit; and before the next day at noon, his pleasant house by the side of the park, his garden, and his orchard, which he had occupied above twenty years, were cleared of their old inhabitant, and all his wretched family.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Carlyle.

The last number of Blackwood's Magazine contains an admirably characteristic article on Carlyle, which though drawn out by his last work—the History of Frederick—reviews the whole of his teachings, and criticises with equal severity the philosophy of this master mind of the age and the fantastic language in which it is presented. The article will prove acceptable, doubtless, to all but Carlyle's devoted admirers; for although sufficiently caustic at times, yet it is marked by candid and magnanimous admissions, and is pervaded by a grim humor which we nowhere find in such perfection as in the pages of "Maga." We cannot resist the temptation to make a few extracts.

Poor little Prince Arthur knew young gentlemen in England who would sometimes be sad only for wantonness. There are young gentlemen of that complexion in England still, who, as they once adopted Byronism, or the despairing romantic, now fall into Carlylism, or the despairing prophet.

If this way of looking at life is true, then it would be good that all the youth of England should be trained in it. But what kind of men shall we rear upon such vapourish diet? Is it desirable that the public generally, or the thinking portion of it, shall look on the material world as clothes for a central life; on themselves and their fellow-men as apparitions, or difficulties as Jotuns; on the great mass of mankind, including most of their friends and acquaintances, as ineptitudes and insanities; and on the great majority of public and private proceedings as universal Stygian quagmires? We shall be told that this is a very disrespectful way of speaking of the fantasies of a genius; that when the poet's eye rolls in a fine frenzy, we should stand aloof in silent reverence. But it is one thing for the magician to be attended by an Ariel or even a Puck, and another for him to be dogged by such a witch-rabble as hunted Tam O'Shanter, or cheered old ladies with their fascinating company in the days of Matthew Hopkins.

We sometimes wonder whether Thomas carries his principles into the ordinary affairs of life; whether, when he wants to descend from the upper story of his habitation, he avails himself of the Vesture or Appearance of the stairs or places himself in relation to the Laws of the Universe, and precipitates himself over the banisters, confiding in the underlying fact of gravitation? Does he read his evening paper by the light of the eternal stars? When he leaves his haunted study, and drops his pen, does he abjure his rough magic, bury his staff in the back garden, drown his book of spells in the water-butt, and hang up on a peg in the hall, along with his wizard gown, covered with weird images like a San-Bonito garment, all doubtful vaticinations, and appear as a man of the world; or does he walk abroad accompanied by the spectral crew that minister to him during the terrific period of composition? If so, he must be a cheerful and convivial associate, especially desirable about a sick-bed where the doctor wishes the depressed and badly hypochochondriac patient to enjoy some exhilarating conversation. It must be extremely agreeable for a friend, conscious of possessing only an average intellect, and very little power of philosophic remark, to know that the sage with whom he is conversing regards him as a Doleful Creature, or for another who accuses him to feel that the sagacious thinker recognises in his speech nothing but "windy babble." In his cheerfulness and most gallant moods young ladies may perhaps rather plume themselves on appearing to him as "snow and rose-bloom maidens"; but it must be less flattering for the greater part of his intimates to enjoy his society in the certainty that he sees in them Dilettantes and Windbags, doomed to be swept away into the flame, their congenial element, by a speedy righteous decree, which he will himself have the pleasure of announcing to them; and that he is constantly from the bosom of his family looking forward to the day when they all be happily got rid of, together with the majority of the human race, and make room for a grand Wittengsmote of Abbot Samsoog, Teufelsdröckhe, heroes, and German mystagogues, who will, by virtue of their variety and power of seeing the thing that is, at once distinguish their *Gewinn, Kon-nig, Cunning* or able-man, and by universal acclamation, and amid grand disquisitions of the Sphere-Harmonies, elect Thomas to rule this fortunate planet as Chief Nebulosity or Absolute Nightmarer.

Or is it not so, but far otherwise? Shall we rather believe him to be at heart jovially inclined, nourishing no such reasonable designs either on the throne of this realm or the liberties of the world in general; nay, that there might be found in him on occasion, in some comfortable cosy assembly, considerable faculty of enjoyment, even some dim sense of jocosity and hilarity, by no means inharmonious, expressing itself, if not in voluntary solo-comic ditties, yet in stentorian choruses to such, at sound of which the fiends that habitually haunt Poor Tom, crying for ever hungrily in his belly for two white herrings, would vanish like ghosts at cock-crow, leaving him to finish the evening, cheerful of the revelers, with red herrings in his belly instead of white, together with roast-

ed oysters, anchovy toasts, and brandy puffets. And though we should very much like to form one of that party, yet what we should most like to see would be a quiet meeting between Thomas and that other master-spirit Ruskin. After grim interchange of salutation, they would at first eye each other doubtfully—Thomas askance, Ruskin with a high snifing air—"till, after a few preliminary formalities, each would mount his hobby, and settling down in the saddle and ramming in the spurs, begin his eccentric, nebulous, and highly aggressive career. A solitary sage of pugnacious temper upon a hobby is a formidable spectacle; but think of two converging! There would be a collision before they had gone ten yards—hobbies and riders sent sprawling—and then—heavens! did ever philosophers and master-spirits use such language before? The meeting ought to take place somewhere in the neighborhood of Kilkenny.

Let any one after a diligent perusal of Carlyle's works first realise the impression of life and society they have left on him. There he will see depicted, in the darkest and most lurid colors, the spectacle of a world sinking to ruin, inhabited by nations of men living a life of habitual hopeless business and untruth amid the tattered mockeries of governments and religions. Then let him clear his brain of that image, and look abroad on England. He will see laws as equitably administered, government as honest and enlightened, charities as active, and a clergy of as pure exemplary life and quick religion as in any age he can point to. He will look on much misery, but also on as large a proportion of happiness as has fallen to the lot of any generation. He will find wrong and evil receiving a publicity which, while it renders them unduly conspicuous over what is right and good, gives them also a far better chance of being remedied. He will see daily evidence of appalling crime, and also of widespread benevolence. He will see a thriving people, whose senses are as strong as ever, their minds no less quick and energetic and far more cultivated than those of their ancestors, and who, with much self-seeking and haste to be rich, display also much conscientiousness and regard for duty. When he has considered all this, he may, perhaps, catch a glimpse of a philosopher, whose eyes are suffused with maddening tears, surveying the scene through spectacles tinted with the hues of jaundice.

His remedial doctrines are urged with imagination, eloquence, earnestness. Their want is the fatal want of feasibility. If we are fainting with thirst, whom shall we listen to? To him who tells us in eloquent but general terms to drink, assuring us that liquid is all we want, or to him who shows us water even in the muddest puddle? The difficulty is not to be a philosopher, but to be a practical philosopher. Grant that we may dispense with possibilities in our conclusions, and we will devise you systems of philosophy as fast as the Abbe Siyee devised constitutions. Carlyle dwells habitually in the endless

The Eastern Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... MAR. 31, 1859.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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BREAD.—A very interesting article will be found in the last *London Quarterly*, under this title, in which many novel ideas are presented, illustrating the truth of the adage, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and teaching that the old time practices of the world are not to be changed except upon well considered grounds, the reasons for them often lying beyond the surface prying of our shallow philosophy. In regard to the senseless cry of 'mad dog,' so often needlessly raised at the present day by charlatan alarmists, the writer says:—

Bread is still pronounced to be a 'deleterious paste,' and such accusations of wholesale poisoning have been brought against the purveyors of the principal article of food of nine-tenths of the population of our towns as startled even our phlegmatic islanders from their habitual composure. As it is enough to cry 'fire!' to make the whole of an audience rush to the doors, without waiting to ascertain whether there is any fire or not, so the public are easily alarmed by the charge of adulteration, and are ready to accept without inquiry the evidence for the prosecution. When a pestilence arose in the middle ages, the Jews were often accused of poisoning the wells, and were put to death in good faith for the imaginary crime. Many persons in our day are nearly as credulous. Mr. Campbell stated at the 'Society of Arts' that he had been consulted three times in six months by individuals who had been frightened by the assurance of their medical attendants, that to live in rooms papered with green paper was to subject themselves to a slow poison, because the green contained arsenic, the fumes of which were perpetually given off. The notion was altogether fanciful; and Mr. Campbell found that even at a temperature of 140 degrees no fumes of arsenic were emitted. In fact it does not require the aid of science to raise some skepticism in any reflecting mind. Fontenelle was told that coffee, like a green-painted room, was a slow poison. 'Very slow indeed,' he replied, 'for it has been sixty years in killing me.' So, when a medical man tells us that we have been all our lives swallowing poison every day at breakfast, dinner, and tea, we are apt to ask ourselves whether our experience is in accordance with his assertions.

Here is something for the consideration of the bread brain philosophers:

Vegetable substances which contain a more than usual proportion of nitrogen, approach in their nutritive qualities to animal food. The nitrogen of wheat is, as we have seen, chiefly comprised in the outer coats, which form the bran or coarser parts of the flour. Very naturally, therefore, it has been asserted of late years that the habits of this country are highly wasteful, and contrary alike to scientific principles and the dictates of economy, when we persist in eating white bread, and refusing the brown descriptions of wheat-meal. This both causes a higher price to be paid for the bread, since less flour is extracted from the wheat, and involves the rejection of the very portion which contains the highest percentage of nitrogenous matter. A sound basis, however, very often lies beneath widely spread habits, and it is not safe to neglect the practical sense of large sections of mankind. Is it a fact that bread made from flour from which the inferior products of 'dressing' have been separated is less nutritious? This is a question which has been raised lately by competent inquirers, and the further question is certainly yet unsettled, whether there may not be some peculiarities in the coarser meals which render it more advantageous to reject them for human food, and use them only for feeding the animals which supply us with meat. As far as common experience affords evidence, white bread should be more serviceable than brown, since it is invariably preferred by the working classes, of whose food it forms so large a proportion. Still it is possible that this may be merely a preference for the taste and appearance of white bread. Whatever may ultimately turn out to be the truth on this point, the corn which contains the largest amount of starch or white flour has a higher market value than that which contains the largest amount of gluten.

In pursuing the examination of the structure of wheat it is found that the nitrogenous constituents do not consist simply of gluten, the form insoluble in water, but that there exists, especially in the outer layers, which form the mass of the bran, an albuminous substance soluble in water, called by M. Mege-Mouries, who first pointed out its peculiarities, *cerealine*. It is found that its presence causes increased fermentation, and under particular circumstances renders bread soft, heavy, sour, and of bad quality. Nor is this all. Owing to its own decomposition and the influence it exerts in altering the accompanying gluten, it may leave even less nitrogenous matter in the finished loaf than when the bread is made with flour.

And now a few words for those who are fearful of being poisoned with alum, unmindful of the chemical changes substances undergo by combination:

The cheaper, or, in other words, the inferior, flours are apt to ferment too much, and lose their tenacity, their lightness, and their white colour. In this circumstance we have the key to the use of alum, which is a compound of sulphuric acid with potash and alumina.

Good white and porous bread may certainly, says Mr. Accum, 'be manufactured from good wheaten flour alone, but to produce the degree of whiteness rendered indispensable by the caprice of the consumers in London it is necessary that the dough should be bleached.

The smallest quantity of alum that can be employed with effect to produce a white, light, and porous kind of bread, from an inferior kind of flour, is from three to four ounces to a sack of flour, weighing 220 pounds. The cry against what is called adulteration by alum is thus in substance a cry against converting heavy bread into light bread—unpalatable food into palatable. Nevertheless an unsavory diet is better than a poisonous diet, and the clamour would be reasonable if the charges were true. Nothing, however, could be more unfounded than most of the statements which were put forth, and which Miss Aeton has adopted. Dr. Olling, an able investigator, and a man of true science, has so completely exposed them in a paper which he read before the Society of Arts, that it would be superfluous to do more than refer to his refutation. No argument can be drawn from the ordinary effects of alum, inasmuch as it is decomposed in the bread and converted into phosphate of alumina, which is an insoluble substance, and in fact nothing more than so much earth. That it is hurtful in the small quantities in which it is usually employed is very improbable, and certainly it has never yet been proved to be injurious. Lime-water is another efficient agent for improving inferior flours, and has been recommended by Professor Liebig in the proportion of 26 to 27 points to 100lbs. of flour. Since there is only 1 lb. of lime in 600 parts of lime-water, the amount introduced is insignificant. It is less, for instance, than exists in the meal of beans, which is often mixed with damaged flours to restore their bread-making qualities.

TANNING WITH A NEW MATERIAL.—Rev. A. Deering, of West Waterville, in a communication to the Maine Farmer, gives an interesting account of a visit to the tannery of Messrs. Russell & Harrington at South China, where sweet fern is used instead of hemlock bark.

It is claimed for this new process of manufacturing leather that a better article can be produced at a much cheaper rate, than by the old method. The leather is better, because tougher, more durable, and impervious to water: and the fact that it sells for 25 per cent more in the market than other leather shows the estimation in which it is held. It can be produced cheaper, because it takes only half the time needed by the old method, calls for an investment of only half the capital for machinery, and substitutes a comparatively worthless article for the high priced bark which is daily becoming scarce. One ton of sweet fern is said to be equal to about four cords of hemlock bark, and costs only about ten dollars a ton, while the average price of bark in this State is about five dollars a cord. Tanneries, too, can be operated at various points where bark could scarcely be had at any price. If all that is claimed for this new process is true, it will be of great advantage to the community.

MISS LYFORD'S CONCERT.—The truly charitable, among our citizens, have an opportunity this evening to enjoy a pleasant entertainment in a profitable way. Miss Louisa S. Lyford, well known as a charming singer, proposes to give a concert, with the aid of a few friends, to enable her invalid mother to try the medical effect of Water Cure treatment of disease. There is no need of comment, where both mother and daughter are so well known—the former for persevering energy against adverse circumstances, and the latter for her successful efforts in acquiring accomplishments and position, in spite of obstacles before which most young ladies would despair. Both have been eminently useful to our church-choirs, and are deserving an expression of gratitude, such as may now be given. This effort of a worthy daughter meets everybody's commendation; and we cannot doubt that a full house will manifest the readiness of our community to join heartily in aiding this truly neighborly work of kindness.

CONCERT at the Congregational church, which has been generously tendered; Thursday (this evening); doors open at 6½, to commence at 7½ o'clock. Tickets 15 cts.

R. R. ACCIDENT. The engine and tender of the evening train of the S. & K. Railroad, yesterday, fell into a culvert near Lang's Mills; but as they were going only about 5 miles an hour, the damage was small. The engineer and fireman jumped off safely. The conductor, in the express car, was thrown out and considerable injured.

The train has not yet (8 o'clock Thursday morning) arrived at Waterville.

MIKE WALSH.—Of this man, and the class of politicians to which he belonged, so powerful and dangerous in New York city, the correspondent of the Boston Journal says:—

Walsh had some native talent, but he was among the count of all the slow coat hole and power mug politicians of New York—ignorant, vulgar, brutal, profligate, quarrelsome, and drunken. He came up as a politician from the locality of the 'Five Points' of New York, and a good illustration he was of the constituency who sent him first to the Assembly at Albany, and then to the halls of the National Congress. He did not improve by his elevation. He remained the same man to the last, but so generally drunk that he could find but few associates. He will stand as a type of that class of men and politicians who have long ruled New York, who have not one cent of property, and yet have the power to tax the estate of New York; who come up from the low dram shops and resorts of the brutal, and yet have the whole keeping of the order of the city; who can first nominate and elect our Judiciary, and then when arrested for the breach of the peace, for rows, or acts of violence and crime, can find an accommodating magistrate to leave his bed at midnight, go down to the Tombs, open his Court, admit the arrested to bail, and send them out to commit other and more grievous wrongs before the light of heaven shall send the vile ones back to their dens and places of resort. It is little wonder that men and women are misled, that life is insecure, that men go armed. As a representation of the authority they have over us, and the security it offered, if Mike Walsh was robbed and murdered, it will be a singular instance of retributive justice, by which he fell under the 'reign of terror' that he and his associates have done so much to create.

CORRECTION.—An error occurred in the advertisement of Dr. Langley's Bitters, last week. Instead of 50 cents per bottle, it now reads 'only 25 cents for a pint; 37 1-2 cents for a large bottle.'

OUR TABLE.

NORTH BRITAIN REVIEW.—The February number of this able work has the following table of contents:—The Algerian Literature of France, Carlyle's Frederick the Great, Fiji and the Fijians, The Philosophy of Language, Sir Thomas More and the Reformation, Intuitionism and the Limits of Religious Thought, De La Rue's Electricity in Theory and Practice, Scottish Home Missions, Reform, Recent Publications. The article on More is charitable, discriminating and just; and the sad story of his condemnation and execution is told in a simple way that will not fail to draw tears from all gentle hearts.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 54 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription.—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum; any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discounts to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage on any part of the U. States will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.—The April number of this magazine is a rich one. The illustrated articles are—Lakes of the Wilderness, Napoleon III., The Firemen of New York, The Tomb, The Ruins of Pompeii, The Lamp of Fate, William and Mary College, Seven Years in the Western Land. The engravings are numerous and spirited, and the articles we have enumerated, long as is the list, comprise but a small portion of the contents of the number. The Great Republic is published by Oaksmith & Co., New York, at \$3 a year, and is for sale by all periodical dealers.

WEATHER & CO.—Under the combined action of sun and rain the snow is rapidly wasting away, and patches of brown earth, here and there, gladden our snow-blinded eyes. The air is mild and Spring like, and troops of children gambolling like young lambs in the warm sunshine, are occasionally charmed into silence by the sharp chirp of the robin and the sweet song of the Spring sparrow. Loafers, too, swarm out from their snug berths and cumber the sidewalk, waiting for something to turn up instead of going to work and turning up something.

The ice in the Sebasticook left on Tuesday, and happily without doing any damage, it having been much softened by the sun; and the Kennebec is now probably all clear below. Navigation will soon be resumed, and even now the click of preparation is heard on our solitary boat at the Bay, where we could once boast a fleet. Alas for the good old times, are railroads and telegraphs had driven out for longboats and turned our village end for end—when commerce and navigation flourished at South end and a Sabbath stillness reigned throughout the year on Pious Hill.

THE SICKLES CASE.—A true bill for murder has been returned against Hon. Daniel E. Sickles, and his trial will commence on the 4th of April. The friends of Mr. Key are understood to be active in procuring evidence with the determination to do all they can to effect a conviction. The trial will no doubt disclose a black chapter in high life, and the sickening details will be sought for with avidity in the columns of those papers that are ready to cater for the public taste, however depraved.

A NEW WORK BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH.—T. B. Peterson & Co., of Philadelphia, have just published a new novel by Mrs. Southworth, entitled 'The Lady of the Isle,' which they furnish in one large volume, neatly bound in cloth, for \$1.25; or in two volumes, paper cover, for \$1. It is said to be the most attractive of the numerous works of this popular authoress. We shall make further notice when we receive it.

THE DECORATIONS OF THE NEW CAPITOL.—A Washington correspondent of the Boston Advertiser criticises severely the ornamentation of the new structure added to the Capitol. He says:

The encrusting tiles, for instance, are bespangled with heads of Augustus and Tiberius Cæsar, and of Nero, and with pictures of mermaids and Cupids, utterly incongruous to the national idea which ought to pervade the entire embellishment. The chandeliers, also, are adorned with griffin's heads, and figures of knights in armor. The windows are surmounted with shells and scrolls cast in iron, whose precise design it would puzzle a spectator to unravel. The committee-rooms and the corridors, which are painted in fresco, it is well known are covered all over with figures from the Grecian mythology. In every one of these instances, however, it is possible to introduce something peculiarly American in the way of design, with equal grace and far superior effect. If there are to be portraits at all on the tiles, let them be of persons famous in American, not in Roman history, and instead of the Cupids and mermaids insert Indian figures. In the same way with the chandeliers; and over the windows the American eagle or the national coat of arms would constitute a much more appropriate decoration than any of those in use. Our great national products of maize, tobacco, and cotton surely furnish material for most graceful imagery, which has been entirely neglected. If there is a single object in the old Capitol which attracts instantly the notice of a foreign visitor, it is the design of the capitals of the columns in some of the corridors, in which the leaves of these peculiarly American productions are introduced with charming effect. But in this instance there is no example of improvement of the hints thereby afforded. I cannot now remember a single instance in which there is anything nationally symbolic there, with the exception of the glass panes in the roof of the two chambers, which in the House, are painted with the coat of arms of the various states, and in the Senate are stacks of agricultural and mechanical implements, etc.; and with the exception, also, of the tiers of desks in the reporter's gallery of the Senate, on each one of which the national coat of arms is blazoned as gaudily as if it were intended to compensate for its absence from all the rest of the building.

NEW MEXICO.—A Santa Fe correspondent of the New York Herald, in forwarding the recent slave code of New Mexico, remarks as follows:—

'Thus, our Legislature denies to Congress the right to legislate on slavery in our Territory. The amount of property in slaves owned at present by our citizens does not exceed one hundred thousand dollars, and this consists chiefly in domestic servants. Whether slavery be practicable in New Mexico or not time will have to develop. The population of the territory is increasing rapidly, especially by the emigration of large numbers of families, who select this country for their permanent home. I doubt not but what the census of 1860 will show the number of inhabitants in New Mexico to exceed 100,000 souls. With a little more protection from the federal government, we would soon seek admission into the Union as a State, with a policy favorable to Southern rights.'

Legislature of Maine.—On Tuesday, March 22, in Senate, the bill relating to Supervisors of Schools was indefinitely postponed. Bill authorizing the removal of prisoners and debtors from the Somerset to the Kennebec jail passed to be engrossed.

In the House, the resolves providing for biennial sessions were negatived, 66 to 61.—Bill to encourage manufacturers was considered and tabled. Bill designed to regulate the change of text books in public schools was reported, twice read and assigned. Resolve in favor of Maine Medical School was refused a passage, 78 to 40.

On Wednesday, in Senate, Resolves in favor of biennial sessions coming from the House, a passage refused, the Senate refused to concur; and they were read a second time and passed to be engrossed.

In the House, the Railroad resolves were considered and an amendment offered by Mr. Smart, was adopted, and the resolves tabled. The act for the encouragement of manufactures was considered and finally passed to be engrossed, 75 to 41. Bill an act to incorporate Benton Bridge Co. was reported, twice read and assigned. The Aroostook Railroad bill was considered and tabled.

On Thursday, in Senate, bill assessing a State tax of \$200,000, came up from the House amended so as to repeal the restriction imposed last year, withholding the school money from towns which are delinquent in meeting their State tax, and after debate the Senate receded and concurred.

In the House the Aroostook Railroad bill was taken up, and an amendment offered by Mr. Pike was rejected. Mr. Smart's substitute, amended, was then adopted, and the House refused to indefinitely postpone, 67 to 63. Tabled.

On Friday, in Senate, bill to set off Whitefield to Kennebec passed to be engrossed; also one providing for removal of prisoners and debtors of Somerset. Resolve in favor of Abel D. Tyler and Albion Jones was finally passed.

In the House, Resolve in favor of A. D. Tyler and Albion Jones, which had been indefinitely postponed, came back, the Senate insisting on its vote passing it to be engrossed. The Aroostook Railroad bill was taken up, and, as amended, was ordered to be printed. Act to incorporate Benton bridge Co. was read a third time and passed to be engrossed. The bill to compel Augusta Dam Co. to build a fish way, was indefinitely postponed—so the fish we get will come to us by the land route. Resolve in favor of Portland Natural History Society was debated and indefinitely postponed, but a reconsideration was immediately moved and Wednesday next assigned.

On Saturday, in Senate, the vote on the tax act was reconsidered and it was recommitted with instructions, in concurrence with the other branch. Resolve in favor of Medical School of Maine was read a second time and laid on the table. Bill to incorporate the Benton Bridge Co. was read and assigned. Bill to incorporate the town of Presque Isle passed to be engrossed.

In the House, bill relating to Kennebec Dam Co. coming from the Senate adhered, the House non-concurred and adhered to its former vote indefinitely postponing the bill. State Prison Resolves were debated and tabled. An act to set off the town of Whitefield from the county of Lincoln to Kennebec was twice read and assigned.

Resolves relating to Biennial Sessions passed to be engrossed.

On Monday, in Senate, bill in relation to distribution of money among the smaller districts (passed to be engrossed in the Senate) came from the House indefinitely postponed. Senate voted to adhere. Bill for repeal of charter of Kennebec Dam Co., coming from the House indefinitely postponed, was laid on the table. Bill regulating changes of school books was read and assigned. Bill to incorporate Benton Bridge Co. passed to be engrossed. Bill to encourage manufactures by exemption from taxation was taken up, and the amendment giving towns liberty to exempt for five years was rejected and the bill passed to be engrossed in concurrence.

In the House, an order was introduced fixing on the 31st inst. as the day of adjournment, which was laid on the table. Petitioners for removal of shire town in Somerset Co. had leave to withdraw.

Metropolitan Bank Note Reporter and Counterfeit Detector.—See advertisement of this publication in another column. From an examination of one number, we should judge that it was safe and reliable. It is full of information of value to the business man, and contains the latest items of information in its line. The arrangement, too, is admirable, and makes it one of the most convenient manuals of the kind we have ever seen.

ROBBERY AT NEWPORT.—On Sunday evening the ticket box was taken from the depot in Newport, and three stores were also broken into, but we do not learn that the loss was great.

A BARON MUNCHHAUSEN AT PIKE'S PEAK.—About the tallest specimen of lying that has lately come under our observation, we copy from an exchange. It is as follows:

'Young gentlemen afflicted with the Pike's Peak fever will be interested in the following statement from a reliable gentleman in the new El Dorado, of the manner of gathering gold in the diggings. A man takes a frame work of heavy timber, built like a stone boat, the bottom of which is composed of heavy iron raps. The frame-work is hoisted up to the top of the Peak, and a man gets on and slides down the side of the mountain. As he goes swiftly down, the raps on the bottom of the frame work scrape off the gold in immense shavings, which

curl up on to the machine, and by the time the man gets to the bottom, nearly a ton of gold is following him. This is the common manner of gathering it.'

FOREIGN.—There will and there wont be—war in Europe—is the burden of about all the foreign news, which is made up principally of guess work and surmises. In the meantime, in the midst of peaceful protestations the notes of warlike preparation are heard all over the land, and if peace is to reign undisturbed it must be as expensive as a state of war. We annex a few items of general news.

The American ship David Stuart, which recently sailed from Cadiz to New York, with the sixty Neapolitan Exiles, arrived at Queens-town, Ireland, on the sixth of March; the Exiles having, it is stated, when in the Bay of Biscay, insisted on the Captain's bearing direct for Queenstown. They explain that their shattered health and desire to be as near their native land as possible were their reasons for not going to such a fine, free, and civilized country as America; and conclude by asking generous hospitality from Great Britain. The Exiles were meeting with warm welcome and their wants were liberally provided for. The Times recommends a public subscription in their favor.

A chess match is progressing in Paris between Morphy and Mongredian, President of the London Chess Club. The latest score was, four games played, all won by Morphy. The winner of the first seven games is to be the victor.

LITERARY.—The following notice, which we find in the Boston Traveller, will doubtless have an interest for book buyers:—

Messrs. Brown, Taggard & Chase, one of first publishing houses, have entered into such arrangements with publishers throughout the country as enable them to furnish works of all kinds promptly, and at the lowest possible prices. They are also about to publish many valuable books, several of which are now in press. We learn that Geo. L. Dix, Esq., so long and so favorably known during his connection with Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., has become associated with Messrs. Brown, Taggard & Chase. He will prove a valuable accession to the firm, as he is a gentleman who unites an extensive and a critical knowledge of books to great industry and thorough acquaintance with and capacity for business.

INCENDIARY FIRE.—A store in Athens, belonging to Hon. John Ware, of Waterville, was burned on Saturday night last, doubtless the work of an incendiary. The loss in goods, papers, and other property, was large, but is not yet fully ascertained. There was evidently an attempt at the same time to burn the mill, belonging also to Mr. Ware. The store was some distance from the other buildings, and used only for storing property. Mr. Ware offers a reward of \$500 for the conviction of the incendiary.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—They are driving work on the monster steamer, and it is now confidently asserted that she will be in Portland during the month of August.

Wounded honor—how can it best be healed? and how shall an unfaithful wife and her paramour be punished? We have lately had an example of one method of doing it, and below we present another. Which is the better way for a Christian and a gentleman, and who is the most to be commended, the Yankee or the Genoese?

A gentleman of high social consideration, in Genoa, lately made the discovery that his wife was unfaithful to him. Waiting his opportunity, he found the guilty pair together, and politely showed them the way to the street door, which he closed after them. He then sent a servant for an undertaker, ordered the arrangements for a funeral, sent out cards of invitation to his friends, and, over the empty coffin, performed the ceremony for a departed wife. This over, he delivered the light burden to the hearse, and, once more addressing his friends, called for their congratulations upon the fact that he was now a widower—upon which, opening the folding doors, he introduced them to a splendidly prepared feast. The gayeties which thus introduced his happy return to single life were prolonged till morning.

Charles C. Gould, of Norridgewock, has last week convicted of assisting John Merrill in his escape from the Jail in that place, a little time ago. Exceptions were filed and his case goes up to the Law term, but in the meantime, for lack of bail, Gould occupies the same cell from which he assisted Merrill to escape.

The tailor shop of Mr. John A. Hersey, at Skowhegan, took fire on Thursday morning, but water was applied so promptly that the damage done was of no account.

Senator Hamlin has accepted the invitation of the Republicans of Connecticut, and has gone to that State to address the people preparatory to the approaching election.

TICONIC DIVISION, S. of T.—The following officers were elected at the last meeting:—Simeon Keith, W. P.; Everett R. Drummond, W. A.; G. Collins Eaton, R. S.; Charles H. Alden, A. R. S.; D. R. Wing, F. S.; J. B. Condel, T. C.; Nelson McCullis, C.; Daniel Paine, A. C.; C. G. Tozier, I. S.; Franklin Flint, O. S.

During the last quarter 37 members have been initiated and 29 lady visitors. The Division now numbers 130 members and 150 lady visitors.

CLOSED.—The Waterville Farmers' Club held its last meeting for the season, on Thursday evening last, at the house of Mr. Johnson Williams 2d; Mr. Henry Morrill presiding. The weather was stormy, and the number present small; but a pleasant discussion, followed by a cheerful social interview, gave promise of good times next winter. A committee was appointed to arrange and call future meetings at their option, and a vote of thanks tendered to the ladies whose presence has contributed so much to the interest of the meetings during the winter. To this resolution a lady present responded, with a pledge that there should be no falling off in this respect when the club resumes its meetings.

Charles M. Willich of London has published a simple rule for computing the probable value of property in life at any age from five to sixty. His formula stands thus:— $E = 2.3 (60 - A)$

or, in plain words, the expectation of life is equal to two-thirds of the difference between the age of the party and eighty. Thus, say a man is now twenty years old. Between that age and eighty there are sixty years. Two thirds of sixty is forty; and this is the sum of his expectation of life. If a man be now sixty he will have an expectation of nearly fourteen years more. By the same rule a child of five has a contingent lien on life of fifty years. Every one can apply the rule to his own age. Mr. Willich's hypothesis may be as easily remembered as that by De Moivre in the last century, which has now become obsolete from the greater accuracy of mortality tables. The results obtained by the new law correspond very closely with those from Dr. Farr's English Life Table, constructed with great care from an immense mass of returns.

JUDSON HUTCHINSON.—The sad end of Judson, one of the famed Hutchinson family, is well known. He is said to have been the wit of the family. He had an exquisitely fine brain, but was unable to sustain all the trials to which it was called; and for some time, it had been subject to much aberration. His gentle and childlike nature, his loving and delicate sensibility, made him the object of affection, and shed no small interest over him in his wildness. We copy from a Milwaukee paper the following, which will be read with interest:

'We visited the town of Hutchinson, Minnesota, a little more than a year ago, in company with Judson and his wife, and it was wonderful as well as beautiful, to see the affection with which he was received, especially by the poor, throughout all that region. They came to him with all their troubles and sorrows, as well as joys, and we were witness of many a little act of charity, whose recipients showered upon him in return, the most grateful love. One morning we stepped with him outside the door into the woods, by which his house was surrounded; all was still and silent in the dreamy hush of an Indian Summer; not a bird was chirping in the branches. He said, 'now we will have a concert'; and he poured forth such a flood of melodious sound as we never deemed it in the power of mortal to produce. Then there was a rushing of wings overhead, and answering gush of song from the throats of a thousand birds. From whence they came, we could not discern. His bird-like, beautiful nature was in unison with their, and their little hearts beat responsive to his gentle heart, and recognizing their lover they welcomed him with a flood of rapturous melody, wonderful as divine.

The Indian summer shall come again, and the little birds will listen among the rustling branches, and cry out, with a painful twitter, but the song of their beloved will come not to them in the wail of the murmuring wind; yet in the gush of the morning's gladness they shall descend upon them from out the aerial silence the spirit of his inspiration, whose song mingling with theirs, went up through the hush of the Indian Summer to gladden the souls of the angels.

A DISCOURAGING STATE OF AFFAIRS.—The Wisconsin Chief has a correspondent who takes a doleful view of affairs:

'He avers that all confidence is lost between man and man. The bottom has fallen out of everything. Shrewd business managers are cheating God in their professions, and the devil in their bargains. Ginger is made out of mustard, and coffee of chicory. Young Hyson is raised in the cow-pasture, and Young America in the dram shop. Pure wines are made of poor whiskey, and Haystacks of herbs. Brevity has become a virtue, and rot gut turned to vinegar. Legislators are marked as merchants mark goods, and the people's funds absorbed by charitable purposes. Governors are knocked off for \$50,000; legislatures for \$5,000 to \$20,000. Railroad stock is down below zero. Cautious are 'pocked' and young men electioneered on the Sabbath. Fairbanks scales have taken to swindling, and old rats selling their tails to spike cannon. Jewshapers are palmed off as barps of a thousand strings, and Democrats as 'genuine Republicans'—spirits of just men made perfect. Sausages are adulterated, and tempting links seem to wag in the most dogged manner. Our territory, as well as crinoline, is indefinitely expanding. Bright rows of pearls are made at the dentist's, and ambrosial curls at the hair dresser's. In fine, there are none truthful save horse-jockeys; none patriotic save politicians; none talented but those who make 'on change' of a grocery-corner and cheat out of the needy what they give to the Lord.

While so much is heard of the Hog Cholera, so fatal to that animal in Ohio, said to originate in the swill on which they are fed, being so strongly impregnated with strychnine, in order to make a more remarkable kind of whiskey, the Ohio Legislature contemplates inflicting a law, visiting, with very severe penalties, those who thus kill their darling hogs; but as long as men only perished by drinking bad whiskey, such a law was not considered specially needed. The best whiskey in the world was made in the secluded locality where we were 'born and raised; because it was made of corn and rye only; and we remember many persons who drank Old Bourbon daily, and survived their threescore years and ten. But it is comparatively a rare thing now, to see a regular liquor-drinker beyond fifty years of age. Chemists know the reason to be, that liquors are so drugged with poisonous medicines in order to save time and material, and give them taste, that the intestines are rapidly eaten away, and the most iron constitution is able to resist their destructive agency but for a few short years. Another fact, not less suggestive, not only of Ohio law makers, but of others, is that of six thousand persons tried last year before the New York Court of Sessions, more than ninety-four were shot when arrested.—[Hall's Journal of Health.

A ROCKLAND SEAVER.—Captain Lind of brig Tyrant is under arrest at Key West for procuring and landing a cargo of slaves at Havana. The crew were also arrested, but subsequently discharged. The Tyrant belongs at Rockland, Me.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, to be used, must be used; and after it has been used it is sure to be appreciated.

A Philadelphia correspondent of the National Era writes to that paper that Mr. Piers Butler, a report of the sale of whose slaves we recently published, is a prominent member of the Episcopal Church in Philadelphia. He is, in fact, the late Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, rector, and is very active in the Sunday-School, Choir, Bible Classes, and other associations of this parish. Mr. Butler is likewise a vestryman, and held this office during the rectorate of the late Mr. Tyng. He voted for the expulsion of Mr. Tyng; and after the latter was ejected from the pulpit, Mr. B. had his place supplied by a clerical slaveholder from South Carolina, who became the rector.

