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FLORENCE HARDEN.

Mrs. Sinclair, though amiable and handsome, remained single till she was nearly forty, when she received and accepted an offer of marriage from Mr. Sinclair, a bachelor of about her own age. Soon after, she came in possession of a large property, bequeathed by a distant relative. This good fortune was followed by a severe affliction. Her husband—in every respect an amiable man—was taken suddenly ill and died. Having no near relations of her own, and those distant being sufficiently affluent, she came to the determination to adopt one of the pieces of her late husband should either of them please her. She had not as yet seen any of her relatives, all of them residing in distant towns. She had, however, heard him express a great regard for a half brother, whose name was Harden, which had made her desirous to obtain some information relative to his family. As she was revolving the subject in her mind, she recollected that Mr. Sinclair had told her that a poor widow, by the name of Mansfield, who procured a livelihood by sewing, was a sister to Mr. Harden's first wife, on her she resolved to call, in the hope of obtaining the information she desired. She put on her bonnet and shawl, and a few minutes' walk brought her to the door of Mrs. Mansfield's humble dwelling. The widow answered the knock, and conveyed her into a small but neat apartment.

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Mansfield, in answer to Mrs. Sinclair's inquiries, "that I can give you no satisfactory information concerning him. My sister, who was Mr. Harden's first wife, died a little more than a year after her marriage, leaving an infant daughter only a few weeks old. I have never visited them since. His second wife had likewise a daughter, but as to the merits of either, I am entirely in the dark."

At this moment, a little girl belonging to a family that occupied a part of the same house, entered the room holding a letter in her hand.

"I have just been to the post office for Mrs. Norris," said she, "and the postmaster asked me to bring this letter to you. He said the postage was paid."

"This must be from the Hardens," said Mrs. Sinclair, by the postmark. After neglecting her eighteen years, I don't know why they should notice me now."

"I hope it is from one of the young ladies," said Mrs. Sinclair, "for some people say you can judge of a woman's character by her letters."

"Yes, it is from Florence, my niece," replied Mrs. Mansfield, looking at the signature, and she was going to lay the letter aside, but Mrs. Sinclair requested her to read it.

Her niece informed her that the perusal of some letters which she wrote to her mother about the time of her marriage, which she had recently found while overlooking some old papers, had awakened in her so strong a desire to see her, that she had, with her father's concurrence, written to her for the purpose of inviting her to spend several weeks at their house.

"You must certainly accept the invitation," said Mrs. Sinclair, "it will afford you such an excellent opportunity to judge of the young ladies."

"I am afraid I shall be biased in favor of Florence," she replied, "especially if she should resemble her mother. I confess, however, that I have some inclination to make the visit, tho' Florence does not intimate that her mother joins in the invitation."

Before Mrs. Sinclair took leave, Mrs. Mansfield had decided to write an answer to her niece's letter, that she might expect her in two weeks, for having some sewing on hand which she was obliged to finish, it would be impossible for her to go sooner.

Two days before the one Mrs. Mansfield had set for her journey, Mrs. Sinclair again called on her.

"I have been thinking," said she, "of what I should like to accompany you on your visit to the Hardens, if it will be agreeable to yourself."

"It will certainly be," replied Mrs. Mansfield, "but should they not be apprised of your intended visit?"

"It would have been proper, but if I go with you it is now too late; as they are people of wealth and fashion, it can certainly be no inconvenience to them to receive two visitors instead of one."

"I was finally arranged that as Mrs. Mansfield lived entirely alone, and would have no one to prepare her breakfast, she would spend the night previous to her departure with Mrs. Sinclair. Her trunks were therefore conveyed to the splendid mansion of the rich widow and placed in the hall, and after carefully extinguishing the fire and locking the door, she followed.

The next morning, they had just risen from the breakfast table, when Mrs. Mansfield, in running up stairs to procure something she had left in her chamber, slipped and sprained her ankle. At first the injury seemed to be but slight, but the ankle soon became so swollen and grew so painful, that she must give up all idea of the proposed journey. Mrs. Sinclair said that she would also remain, but against this Mrs. Mansfield had urged so many objections, that she concluded to go provided she would promise to remain at her home, where she would receive every attention till she had recovered from the effects of the accident. This point was scarcely settled when the stage coach drove up before the door. In the hurry and bustle of the moment, Mrs. Sinclair did not observe that Mrs. Mansfield's trunk, in the room of hers, was transferred to the back of the coach. It was not until they had arrived at the hotel where she was going to stop for the night, that she discovered the mistake, and she then concluded not to return it, as Mrs. Mansfield might possibly be able to come herself in the course of a few days.

It was about an hour before sunset the following day, that the driver, stopping his horses in front of a large house, half embowered in shrubbery and trees, opened the door and said—

"This is where Mrs. Harden lives."

As soon as Mrs. Sinclair had alighted, she saw a beautiful girl hastening down the gravel walk to welcome her.

"My dear aunt Mansfield," said she, holding out her hand, "how glad I am that you have not disappointed me."

"Shall I set your trunk just inside the gate, ma'am?" said the driver, before she had time to inform Florence that her name was Sinclair.

"If you please," she replied, in answer to the driver, and again turning to Florence, was about to make explanation; but at the moment she was going to commence, Florence again addressed her as Aunt Mansfield, and expressed her regret that her father had been obliged to leave town a few days previous on account of business, and would be detained several days. The information suddenly suggested the plan of suffering the family to take her in as Mrs. Mansfield; as from her they had nothing to hope, she imagined they would not be likely to assume virtues which they did not possess. She did not repent the plan which she had decided upon when she entered the parlor; she received a very cold welcome from Mrs. Harden and her daughter Melissa.

"Have you dined to-day, Aunt?" said Florence, finding that her mother did not seem likely to make any inquiry of the kind.

"I have not," she replied. "On account of being overloaded, we arrived so late at the hotel where passengers usually dine, that it gave us so little time, only a few attempts to eat anything."

"As Aunt Mansfield has not dined," said Florence to her mother, in a low voice, "had I not better put a slice of ham upon the table for her?"

"Certainly, if your aunt wishes," she replied in a voice which she took very little pains to suppress, "but we are not in the habit of putting ham on the tea-table."

"I would not have you depart from your usual custom on my account," said Mrs. Sinclair. "I don't wish for a better meal than I can make on bread and butter and tea."

"Melissa and I keep a very plain table when Mr. Harden is absent, and what we save in that way we appropriate to charitable purposes. Perhaps, however, you are one of those who do not think it proper to give to the poor, lest it should encourage paupers."

"A widow," she replied, "who has nothing but what she earns with her own hands, may often possess the will than the means of relieving the distressed. I have, however, sometimes, in a humble way, been able to impart relief so as to leave smiles on those faces I had found dim with tears."

"A girl now appeared at the door, and requested Mrs. Harden to step into the adjoining apartment, as she wished to speak with her."

"Well, speak," said her mistress; "I am ready to hear what you have to say."

The girl blushed and hesitated, and then approaching her addressed her in a low tone of voice.

"I suppose," she said, "as you have company I must put the tea urn and the gilt china on the table."

"And I suppose you must do no such thing," said Mrs. Harden, in a petulant voice, though so low she imagined it could not reach the ears of her unwelcome guest. "Let a piece be broken and the whole set is spoiled."

"Well, I don't know what to make of your mother, she's so full of whims," said the girl to Florence, who was assisting her; "she told me the other day to put the gilt china on the table whenever any real ladies were here; and if you're not a real lady I am no judge."

When they were seated at the table, Mrs. Harden filled a white china cup, with a broken handle, resting in a blue and white saucer, with tea, and handed it to Mrs. Sinclair. The other cups and saucers were of similar description, being evidently the relics of several demolished tea-sets.

Mrs. Sinclair requested Florence, who accompanied her to her chamber, to furnish her with writing materials; and before she retired to rest, she wrote an explanatory note to Mrs. Mansfield, to prevent her from forwarding her baggage, and to request her leave to make use of any article of clothing contained in her trunk which she might need.

Mrs. Sinclair had been in her room a few minutes, when Mrs. Howell, who lived exactly opposite the Eagle Hotel, was seen approaching the house. Melissa ran and met her at the gate.

"You cannot think how glad mother and I were when we saw you coming," said she, "for soon after tea we saw a beautiful carriage and a pair of elegant chestnut horses drive by, and we expect they went to the hotel. We thought you might possibly know something about them."

"Yes, I have gathered a few particulars," she replied, "which I have come on purpose to tell you."

Mrs. Harden appeared at the door, and welcomed her with great cordiality.

"Mrs. Howell does know something of the people who passed by in that superb carriage," said Melissa.

"I knew so," said Mrs. Harden. "What is their name?"

"Evering."

"A family party, I suppose," said Mrs. Harden.

"Yes, and consisting of Mr. Evering and his wife, and his son and daughter."

"Is Mr. Evering rich?" inquired Melissa.

"As a nabob; and his son, whose name is Willard, and Eliza, their daughter, will probably have at least a million of dollars each."

"Where do they belong?" said Mrs. Harden.

"Ah, that is the very thing I came to tell you. They reside in H—, the very town where Melissa's rich aunt, Mrs. Sinclair, resides."

"As likely as not they are well acquainted with her," replied Mrs. Howell, "and that will, in my opinion, afford a plausible plea for making some advances toward cultivating an acquaintance with them."

"But are they going to stop here long enough for such a step?" asked Mrs. Harden.

"Oh, yes; I am told that they intend to remain ten or twelve days."

"I have hit upon a nice plan," said the daughter.

"What is it?" inquired both ladies at the same time.

"Why, if they should spend the Sabbath in town, they will, of course, like to attend church and they will receive it as a very polite attention should we offer them seats in our pew."

"A better plan could not have been thought of," said Mrs. Howell. "It will mutually pave the way to a better acquaintance."

"It would be, as you say, an excellent plan, were it not for one thing."

"What can that be?" inquired Mrs. Howell.

"Why Florence's evil genius, that is always at her elbow, I believe, must put it into her head to invite her Aunt Mansfield to make us a visit. She accordingly importuned her father till she obtained his leave to send for her."

"Her aunt Mansfield! why that must be the poor widow I have heard you speak about, who obtains her livelihood by sewing."

"The same; and would you believe it, she lives in H—, and I should not be surprised if the Everings knew her by sight, or as far as I know to the contrary, they may be among her employers."

"Has she arrived yet?"

"Yes, she came this afternoon in the stage. You will see at once that it will be impossible to invite the Everings to sit in the same pew with a person of her standing."

"But you forget that we have two pews," said Melissa.

"So we have," replied her mother. "You recollect the pew, Mrs. Howell, where Phoebe, Matty and Patrick sit. Mr. Harden pur-

chased it on purpose for our hired help, and Florence and her aunt can sit there for once. Can you see any impropriety in such an arrangement, Mrs. Howell?"

"Not the least in the world."

"Nor I," said the daughter. "It is true the pew is rather near the door, which would as I should imagine, make it rather agreeable this weather, on account of the air. The only difference beside is that it is not carpeted and cushioned, and lined with crimson and velvet, like the one where we sit."

"Which this troublesome aunt Mansfield not being accustomed to will probably not even notice," said Mrs. Howell. "But sometimes people who have no luxuries at home are the most exacting and consequential of any when they are abroad."

"Luckily this is not the case with her. She appears to be sensible of the inferiority of her station, and is very meek and accommodating to all."

"That will make her a little more endurable, then," said the neighbor. "But I have been thinking that Florence might possibly object to sitting in the pew with the help."

"No—I don't think she will. Were her father at home, she might; but now, as there is no one here to appeal to, she will fall into the arrangement without making any objection."

"Come, let us say no more about aunt Mansfield now," said the daughter. "I want to enquire if this Miss Eliza Evering is an elegant looking girl?"

"Very, as near as I could judge by the slight opportunity I had of observing her; and her brother, so I have been told, ranks among the most graceful and fascinating young men in the United States. I think he would be a match for you, Melissa."

"Thank you—but he is probably engaged," she answered.

"Report says to the contrary; and really, I know of no young lady who would, in my estimation, stand a better chance to make a favorable impression on him than you. But it is growing late,—I must bid you good night."

"I believe, on reflection," said Mrs. Harden to her daughter, as soon as her neighbor had gone, "that I shall sound aunt to-morrow, and ascertain if she has any knowledge of the Everings, and if she has not, perhaps she may as well sit in the pew with us, if she chooses to attend church."

According to this determination, she said to Mrs. Sinclair the next morning, at the breakfast table—

"I understand that one of the richest men in the State resides in the town where you belong."

"You allude to Mr. Evering, I suppose," said Mrs. Sinclair.

"Yes."

"I have seen them," was the reply, "and they have the reputation of being intelligent and amiable."

"Have they ever employed you to do their sewing?" said Mrs. Harden.

"They never have."

"Phoebe told me this morning," said Florence, "that the name of the family that arrived at H—"

She had proceeded thus far when an expressive frown from her mother silenced her.

"Now I have commenced asking questions, I should like to inquire if you know anything about the rich Mrs. Sinclair, who resides in H—, who is my sister-in-law?"

"I am somewhat acquainted with her, though not so thoroughly in every respect, perhaps, as I ought to be."

"I have heard that she is very handsome and very lady-like," said Melissa.

"Some have thought so; the opinion of others may be different."

"We must always expect," said Mrs. Harden, "to find those among the lower classes who can never see anything in persons whom fortune hath exalted above them, either to love or admire."

"You never saw anything so elegant as a collar aunt is working for Mrs. Sinclair," said Florence.

"Then she employs you, if the Everings do not?" said Mrs. Harden.

"Yes, I have done a great deal for her, first and last."

"Does she move in the same circle as the Everings?" said Melissa.

"I believe she does—or rather, I am certain she does."

"How sorry I am that we did not send for aunt Sinclair, as we talked of," said the daughter.

"We must expect our plans to yield to those of your father and Florence," said her mother. "I am sure father said you might send for her if you thought best," said Florence.

"But it so happened that I did not think so; thank my stars that I have a little sense of propriety, and am not, like him, so immersed in business as not to consider that a seamstress or washerwoman would feel ill at ease in the company of the wealthy, or refined," said her mother.

Tears started to the eyes of Florence, and the color in her cheeks deepened to crimson. Even Mrs. Harden thought she might have gone too far, and stole a glance at her guest, that she might observe the effect of her speech, who, far from appearing to resent it, was at the moment sipping her coffee with an air of perfect composure.

"I have no fear of alarm," thought she, "arrows cannot penetrate marble," and from that moment she ceased to have any misgivings respecting the arrangement they had made for the Sabbath.

It was Saturday evening, and Mrs. Sinclair had been in her chamber about fifteen minutes when Florence, having tapped for admission, entered with a flushed cheek and excited countenance.

"Aunt Mansfield," said she, "I wish I had never sent for you, and had I known father was going to be absent I never should. Your feelings must have been daily, and almost hourly wounded; and now my mother and sister have a plan in agitation which is worse than anything they have done yet."

"For certain reasons, my feelings have been less injured than you imagine; so my dear Florence, give yourself no uneasiness. But what is the plan you allude to?"

Florence, in reply, informed her that Mr. Evering, his wife and their son and daughter were at the hotel, and that mother had just told her that she had sent an invitation to them to take seats in their pew, should they wish to attend church, which they had accepted, and that in consequence of which, her aunt and she

would be obliged to remain at home, or sit with the help.

"Don't let that disturb you," said Mrs. Sinclair with a smile; "I mean on my account. I can receive just as much benefit in a plain humble pew as in one ever so splendid."

"But I consider it an insult to you, and I could not bear it."

"I am so fond of reading the characters of people, that I have received more pleasure than pain from those little occurrences which have occasioned you so much annoyance. Upon the whole," said she, as she selected from Mrs. Mansfield's wardrobe her best dress, which was a rusty black silk, "as my garments are rather homely, I should, as the saying is, appear like a speckled bird, beside your mother and sister and the Everings; and I think therefore, that the plan of assigning me a seat with the servants, is rather a judicious one."

Mrs. Sinclair, as has already been observed, was a handsome woman, and the next morning, when all was ready for church, it is possible that a stranger would have discerned glimpses of the lady through her humble apparel as readily as through the sumptuous garments of Mrs. Harden. As for Melissa, she had decorated her person as elaborately as if she had been going to a ball-room. Florence, partly from the influence of her just taste, which made ornaments to her out of place in a temple dedicated to the Most High, and partly on account of the humble garb of her companion, appeared in a plainer dress. She and her aunt had been quietly seated in the pew assigned them about fifteen minutes, when her mother and her daughter, accompanied by the Everings, swept up the broad aisle. She had predestinated not to like them, not excepting even Willard, though his good qualities, in a particular manner, had been the almost constant theme of Melissa's conversation, whenever they had been alone; being influenced, no doubt, by the humiliation and grief which they had caused her to suffer. The benevolent and dignified countenance of Mr. Evering, however, and the still finer one of his son, at once gave wing to those prejudices which she had been nursing with all diligence; she did not obtain sight of the lady's face, but the daughter's she thought one of the sweetest she had ever seen. When the services were over, Mrs. Evering, just as she was leaving church, happened to notice Mrs. Sinclair. She pointed her out to her husband, and hastened forward. They greeted her with a warmth equal to the surprise they felt at meeting her.

"Only see," said Mrs. Harden to Melissa, with a scornful toss of the head, "how sociable Mr. Evering and his wife are with Florence's aunt. If they saw her in their own town they would not have thought of speaking to her, unless they wished her to do some sewing for them; but because they meet with her a hundred miles from home, a person would think she was the governor's lady by their appearance."

"I must introduce you to Mrs. Harden and her daughter," said Mrs. Evering to Mrs. Sinclair. "They were very polite, inviting us to take seats in their pew. We did not expect to receive so much attention from strangers."

"Excuse me now, if you please," said Mrs. Evering to Mrs. Sinclair, who did not feel quite ready for the denouement which the promised introduction would occasion. "I will give you my reasons some other time, and in the meantime take the opportunity to introduce you to my young friend, Miss Florence Harden."

Florence went through the introduction like one in a dream, for she was completely bewildered by hearing her aunt, as she supposed her to be, addressed as Mrs. Sinclair.

When, on their return home, Mrs. Sinclair made no allusion to the manner in which the Everings had addressed her, she began to imagine that they might have inadvertently mis-called her name, and soon dismissed the subject from her thoughts.

Monday morning found Mrs. Harden and Melissa closeted together, endeavoring to decide whether it would be best to invite the Everings to tea, together with two or three families of the first class, or to muster all their forces, and make a tremendous effort for an entertainment on a grand scale, and invite all the elite of the town and its environs. Finally, so vacillating were their minds respecting it that they summoned Phoebe, a very stout and worthy person, that they might receive the benefit of her opinion.

"What is done in a hurry is seldom done well," said she, in winding up her remarks; and this sage maxim, introduced in so timely a manner, turned the scale in favor of a small select party. But what was to be done with aunt Mansfield was a question far more difficult to settle than the one relative to the seats in the church. She might, it was true, if she only thought so, remain quietly in her own chamber, or stay in the kitchen with Phoebe and Patrick, and render them some assistance, as there would be plenty to do; but they did not like to propose to her either of those methods of spending the evening. As to the cordial manner in which the Everings greeted her, it was, Mrs. Harden said, nothing at all; and she doubted not but they would be highly offended should they find her enjoying all the privileges of a guest at a party made expressly in honor of themselves. Accordingly at the dinner-table, by way of experiment, the subject of the party was introduced, and the impropriety of persons in the humbler walks of life, seeking to thrust themselves into the society of those above them, was dwelt upon at large. The understanding of their guest seemed to be uncommonly obtuse, and their minds remained unrelieved by any intimation on her part that she should prefer to remain in her own room, or make herself useful by assisting in the kitchen.

The evening appointed for the party arrived. At an early hour, before any of the guests began to assemble, Mrs. Sinclair entered the drawing-room, and took a seat in the most obscure corner. Her black silk dress looked very well by candle light, and her dark glossy hair, smoothly parted on her forehead, corresponded admirably with her style of beauty. Mrs. Harden bit her lip, and exchanged a meaning glance with her daughter; but they felt constrained to bear the intrusion, as they considered it.

"I hope, for your sake," said Eliza Evering to her brother, as they were on their way to Mrs. Harden's, "that the maid with the raven locks," whom we met yesterday, will be there."

"I hope she will," he replied; "I thought her the most beautiful girl I ever saw."

"Our mother thinks, by the description I gave of her, that she must be the same young

lady she saw with Mrs. Sinclair, whom she introduced as Florence Harden; if so, she is doubtless a connection of Mrs. Harden's, and we shall probably see her this evening."

Florence, who had been required by her mother to superintend a variety of arrangements, had not time to complete her toilet till most of the company had assembled. Mrs. Sinclair continued to retain her situation in the corner, which, Melissa had very adroitly managed to screen, by placing before it a luxurious chair for an exceedingly corpulent gentleman, who, moreover, being afflicted with the gout, would not be likely to speedily change his position. The screen, both amiable and inanimate, was adjusted just in time, the Everings being immediately announced. The bustle occasioned by their arrival had pretty well subsided when Florence, simply, yet elegantly attired, entered the apartment; the expedition she had been obliged to use in arranging her dress had given a fine glow to her cheeks, and made her dark eyes look more lustrous.

"How beautiful!" was the involuntary exclamation of Willard Evering. Having exchanged salutations with those near her, she contrived to accomplish the somewhat difficult passage between the chair of the corpulent gentleman and the waistcoat, and took a seat beside the neglected guest. The eyes of Willard Evering and his sister followed her, and they then perceived Mrs. Harden, who saw that Melissa's care had been in vain, approached Eliza Evering for the purpose of apologizing.

"I can assure you," said she, "that I never had anything cause me more mortification and chagrin than being obliged to permit a person of her standing to mingle upon terms of equality with persons whose presence I esteem an honor."

"Do you allude to that beautiful girl?" said Miss Evering, looking at Florence.

"I alluded to the widow Mansfield," she replied, "who lives in H—, and whom Mrs. Sinclair, whose late husband was Mr. Harden's half-brother, employs as her seamstress."

"I know Mrs. Mansfield perfectly well and should be gratified to meet her on the present occasion. You must pardon me, however, for being unable to discover her among your present guests."

"But you can certainly see the woman who sits behind Mr. Quimby, that large gentleman yonder?" "Yes, I can partly see her."

"Well, then, you see the widow Mansfield, do you not?"

"No, indeed, it is Mrs. Sinclair, the same lady my father and mother met with last Sunday, soon after leaving church."

"What you say is impossible," said Mrs. H., turning pale.

"By no means; and to convince you that I am not laboring under a hallucination, we will appeal to my mother, who opportunely is coming this way. Is not that Mrs. Sinclair, mother, whose face is just perceptible above the shoulder of yonder fat gentleman?"

Certainly, do you doubt the evidence of your eyes? I am on my way to speak to her, to persuade her and that charming Miss Harden—who is, I presume, a connection of yours, Mrs. Harden,—to emerge from that obscure corner, where it appears as if they had gone on purpose to hide themselves."

Mrs. Harden wanted to hear no more, but going up to Melissa, and taking her by the arm, they left the apartment together. In a few minutes a note was handed to Mrs. Sinclair from Mrs. Harden, requesting an interview with her.

"Excuse me for a short time," said she to Mrs. Evering, "and if you please, introduce my young friend to your son and daughter, who are now coming this way; I dare say, to request the favor of me."

It would require too much space to state all the conversation that passed between her and Mrs. Harden and her daughter. She, however, voluntarily promised not to expose the manner in which they had treated her to the Everings.

"I have accomplished my object," said she, "and have no feelings of revenge to gratify. You have all of you appeared in your true characters, and I am so well pleased with that of Florence, that, with the concurrence of her father, I shall adopt her as my daughter. You perhaps, have learned a lesson which will profit you more than my own; we will now, if you please, rejoin the company."

As may be imagined, the desire of Mrs. Sinclair to adopt Florence as her daughter was readily conceded by her father. Florence accompanied her when she returned to H—, where they found Mrs. Mansfield entirely recovered from the effect of the accident. It was Mrs. Sinclair's first care to settle upon her an income which would make her easy for life.

Willard Evering did not fail to cultivate the acquaintance with Florence, already commenced, and finding her as rich in moral and mental endowment as in personal beauty, soon yielded his heart, which was speedily followed by the offer of his hand.

METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.—One of the questions brought before the Methodist General Conference at Indianapolis, was that concerning the time which a preacher may remain in one place. As their discipline now stands, two years is the longest time allowed. There was a proposition to extend the time to three years. This was favored by the delegates from the East, and opposed by most of those from the South and West. After much discussion, the proposition was defeated,—there being 88 for it to 122 against it. One of the members who spoke against it, is mentioned as "Father Finlay." His speech was queer and laughable. Among other things he said "There were two classes of preachers now-a-days—one kind had rubbed their backs against the walls of colleges, and learned to conjugate *amo, amatur, amari amore*—(laughter) and another called from the plow. If he ever was a Methodist preacher, God made him one. He had left his plow and started with as little knowledge of Methodism or anything else, as any other man. God sent him out with all his simplicity and his ignorance to preach salvation to everybody. If this extension prevailed, it would keep young men called from the plow field and the work bench, out of the ministry."

He would rather ride a circuit of two hundred miles round than to be stationed in one of your little country towns to die like a frog in Autumn. Why, there they had nothing to do but to lay in bed and eat sugar. He could tell them that if they rode circuits they would hear nothing of the diseases that were so fashionable now among preachers, dyspepsia and bronchitis."

From the Milwaukee Sentinel.
M E M O R Y.

[The late JAMES G. PERCIVAL was a son of Mrs. Scholastic, a talented, and in early years of most attractive social qualities. As a linguist he had few equals, and as a poet, hardly a superior in America. But the sunshine which glided and gladdened the morning of his life, became overcast as he approached manhood, and darkness and despondency gloomed his years were numbered. A disappointment in an affair where all his heart and hopes were centered, embittered his life, impaired his usefulness, and sent him, weary and not unwilling to a premature grave. We annex some stanzas written by him many years ago, in which the love which then filled his heart and animated his being, gushed out into melody, and has embalmed, in never-dying verse, the memory of one, who unhappy for both, failed to appreciate his worth or return his affection.]

There are moments in life which are never forgot,
Which brighten and brighten as time steals away;
They give a fresh charm to the happiest lot,
And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day.
These moments are loved by smiles and by tears;
The first look of love and the last parting given;
As the sun in the dawn of his glory appears,
And the cloud weeps and glows with the rainbow in heaven.

There are hours, there are minutes, which memory brings
Like blossoms of Eden, to twine round the heart;
And time rushes by on the night of his wings,
They may darken awhile, but they never depart,
O, these hallowed remembrances cannot decay.
But they come on the soul with a magical thrill,
And in days that are darkest they kindle a fire,
And the heart in its last throbs will beat with them still.

They come like the dawn in its loveliness now;
The same look of beauty that shot to my soul;
The snows of the mountains are bleached on her brow,
And her eyes in the blue of the firmament roll;
The roses are dim by her cheek's living bloom.
Her coral lips part, like the opening of flowers;
She moves through the air in a cloud of perfume,
Like the wind from the blossoms of jessamine bow'rs.

From her eyes' melting azure there sparkles a flame,
That kindled my young blood to ecstasy's glow;
She speaks—and the tones of her voice are the same,
As would once, like the wind-harp, in melody flow;
That touch, as her heart meets and mingles with mine,
Shoots along to my heart with electrical thrill;
'Twas a moment for earth too supremely divine,
And while life lasts, its sweetness shall cling to me still.

We met—and we drank from the crystal wine well,
That flows from the fountain of science above;
On the beauties of thought we would silently dwell,
Till we looked at the new heaven talking above;
We parted—the tear glistened bright in her eye,
And her trembling hand shook, as I dropped it—forever!

O, that moment will always be hovering by,—
Life may frown, but its light shall abandon me—never.

[From the N. Y. Evangelist.]
THE DEAR OLD GRANDMOTHERS.
BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Who doesn't love them? Next to the own dear mother, they are the dearest as well as the kindest beings on earth!

This world would not seem half so pleasant as it now does, were it not for the grandmothers that are in it. Certainly I would rather that almost any class of people should depart from my reach than the small remnant of "the race of yore" which still tarries on the shores of time.

Ah, the dear old ladies! in those dark garments, their white caps, and their silver hair; how beautiful they seem to every affectionate heart.

Go visit them in their homes. You will not find them living in choked up cities, where the air is one half smoke and the other half dust, and where a sweet odor is something to be wondered at. Oh, no, the grandmothers (at least they of whom we are now thinking) are to be found in no such places as those.

They have broad, low houses, shady and cool, over whose sides creep country-born vines, and on whose roofs fall shadows from giant oaks, which have not the least idea of how a city looks, and don't want to have! They have houses in the midst of green fields, near clear springs and quiet rivers.

In at their windows come fragrances from the ripe strawberry and the sweet new cut hay, while on the wings of the air they breathe some healing, health, long life, and happiness. Their houses have painted floors, and quaint, old fashioned belongings, such as it were in vain to look for elsewhere.

Who ever drank such milk; who ever dipped adventurous skimmer into such luscious cream as is found in those large, brown puns at grandmother's home. None ever did!

No where else in this world are there such pleasant sights and sounds as there are around the grandmother's dwelling.

What measureless mountains are those which look you in the face as you slip out of the door into the morning sunshine.

What strange, fantastic and charming attitudes do the trees assume, as you gaze admiringly on the forest behind your grandmother's home. Was there ever anything like that? Surely not; you know there never was.—Every tree about you seems a living creature, glad to welcome you once more, reaching out its leafy hands toward you with a voiceless blessing.

Those dear old trees! Your mother's eyes gazed on them long before yours ever saw light; and now, when your heart is swelling, and your eyes are ready to overflow, while you stand gazing about you at the scenes of her childhood, in the places that knew her for so many years, you remember, with a sob and a pang, that her eyes are closed, and "pressed down by the sods of the grave."

Oh, no wonder those grandmother's homes are dear. Through those rooms went the feet of our mothers in their childhood, and the place where the childhood of the mother passed must ever be sacredly dear to the heart of the child.

What splendid sunsets one sees, ay, and enjoys too, sitting on the steps of grandmother's door; and the fair, round moon never seems so fair nor so round as when she rolls up her shining sides from behind yonder mountains, and sends her mild light down upon us as we listen to the song of the night birds and broad breasted crickets under the shadow of the homestead trees.

Go, ask your grandmother to take a walk with you. See how the cheerful old face lights up, and the eyes that ought to be dim, for their years are many, brighten till they outline your own, as she says cheerfully, "Yes, I can go with you as well as not, for my churning is done, and grandpa has gone to town, and his four hours to milking time. Give me my cane, and we will go through the pasture and over the hill."

Through the pasture and over the hill!—You, with your strong, young limbs and romping habits, had not thought of that. Why, there are two fences to climb, two pairs of bars to let down, innumerable ledges to scramble over, and an untold length of the roughest sort of land to cross, and your grandmother is seventy-nine years' old. You hesitate a moment, and say, "I'm afraid you will be too tired, grandma."

"Oh, no, I shant, child, the walk is just what I need; 'twill do me good."

So off you set, and ten to one you can hardly keep up with the nimble feet that trudge along before you, just as "sprit" as if they belonged to eighteen instead of (almost) eighty.

Such strength and vigor belong to old age, when the whole life has been passed in obedience to the laws of nature and of nature's God.

You offer to help your grandmother up the hill; but she tells you she don't need your aid, for her stick is help enough, and she shall leave that behind her pretty soon. So in loving admiration you follow her, musing sadly on the time, which you feel cannot be very far off, when the kindest of human hearts, and the most useful of human limbs, will be laid away to the rest which must needs be deep.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, MAY 29, 1856.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this Paper and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. corner Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. corner North and Fayette streets, Baltimore; S. M. Patterson & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

Lookings-round at Kendall's Mills.

Our travels so far have been over that small part of the village on which the principal stores, the depots and the two hotels are situated. We propose now to take you, if you please, to the more interesting part, which is, next to our churches, the pride and backbone of the place—our Mills. The southern point of Mill Island, as it is called, is about opposite the Post Office on Main Street, and the Island stands up the river about one hundred rods, containing about twenty acres. At its head a dam is built from the island to the eastern shore of the river, which, running not directly across but inclining up the river toward the east, is about thirteen hundred feet in length, and serves to throw the water to the west side of the island. At the southern point another dam is built to the western shore or to the block of mills.—This last dam is made so high that the water seldom runs over it. The pond above this dam, between the island and the western shore, makes an excellent place to secure logs against the dangers of a freshet. The Fairfield Boom, one mile above here, extending entirely across the river in the form of an old-fashioned lar-row, with its point up stream, in the middle of the river, serves to catch the logs, which are afterwards rafted and run into this pond for sawing. At the lower end of the pond is a block of saw mills running parallel with the shore, two hundred and sixty feet in length.—There was a block of mills here before this one hundred feet longer, which was burned on the morning of the ninth of October, 1853, together with a Pail Factory, and Door, Sash and Blind Factory, situated below.

That was a great fire; and it has required all the nerve and perseverance which our people could command to rebuild it with the present structure. They have however got a noble block of mills. Let us walk in on the North bridge. You will see that there are seven bridges crossing from Water street to the mills—and on each bridge one or more railroad tracks. They have little trucks or carriages which are run up by the side of each saw for the purpose of taking away the lumber as fast as manufactured. The shares in these mills are divided into twenty feet of space, that being the width that was originally calculated for a saw. The first three spaces, or sixty feet, belong to the Messrs E. & N. Totman. As we enter the mill at the North end, we shall see immediately at our left, one of Chapman's filing machines, which is something of a curiosity in this region. It saves a great amount of elbow grease in filing the saws for the gang just before us. This gang is calculated to saw a log by one passage through, and is furnished with different guages so as to saw any desirable thickness. The log is fed up by rollers, and as fast as one gets nearly through another is rolled on, and so they continue to pass one after another. Near the backs of these saws is a circular saw, with a casing worked on rollers for the purpose of edging the boards as they leave the gang. Besides these the Messrs. Totman have a single 'up and down' saw, a clapboard machine and sapper, a shingle machine, lath machine and 'nigger' wheel for hauling logs up from the pond.

Messrs. Samuel Taylor & Co. own sixty feet below, and have two single saws, lath machine, two cutting-off saws, clapboard machine and sapper, shingle machine and haul-up wheel. The next below this, Messrs. Newhall & Fogg have forty feet, in which they have one single saw, cutting-off saw, shingle machine and lath machine; each up and down saw has haul-up works throughout the mills. Mr. Calvin Atwood's space of twenty feet comes next. He has one single saw, lath saw and cutting-off saw. Next to him, Messrs. J. A. & S. G. Bradbury have twenty feet space, with one single saw. These are industrious men who do not lumber on their own account, but saw by the thousand. Messrs. Connor, Hall & Co. own all of the block below, and have two single saws, a clapboard, a lath and shingle machine. They have also a force pump constructed with a cast iron pipe running ashore, but owing to some misconstruction it is of very little or no service as yet. These mills are now in full operation, and give employment to about seventy men. The block, as now furnished, cost probably about twenty-five thousand dollars. The lumber manufactured here is trucked from the bridges to piling places, where it is stuck up until a chance offers for its sale. Much of it is sent to Portland, Lewiston, &c., by A. & K. Railroad, and to Gardner, Lowell and Augusta by Somerset & Kennebec Railroad. The demand for lumber is not large at present, but as the new supply of logs will not be equal to previous years, the signs of the times would seem to indicate an active market later in the season. Our lumbermen are all supposed to be able to keep their boards or sticks until a remunerating demand.

From the lower end of the block a dam is made extending to the shore. Logs are run down the pond and under the mill bridge, to the slips at the head of each mill to be hauled up and sawed. A sluiceway is made at the lower end of the block, and is closed by a gate. If any logs belonging farther down river chance to get into the pond, this gate is hoisted and they are sluiced by. This is, however, not often the case, as a boom is hung across the head of the pond for the purpose of keeping them out. Much care is required in each owner in getting his logs to his mill, that he does not clog the passage or interfere with the rights of his neighbor, otherwise it might possibly give occasion for hard thoughts, perchance to bad dreams.

THE NORTH EAST CHAMBER.

A SUMMER RECORD.

This is a glorious morning, and seems the most like spring of any we have had for the season. The rain is over, and although the sun is not yet up, the silver light of day is in full glory and splendor, and extends in one grand, triumphant line, just above the horizon; as far as I can see from my east window. The rain drops hang like crystals from the branches of the trees, and all nature in silent though unmistakable language, returns thanks for the beautiful rain, and now for the clear light of this pretty morning.

Dr. Blair in his lectures in speaking of the Beautiful, says: 'The calmness of a fine morning is beautiful; the universal stillness of the evening is highly sublime; and it seems to me that this is the most beautiful as well as the most favorable time of the day. Sir Walter Scott placed great dependence upon the morning, and in his journal there is a passage that tells us that when he had any writing to do, it was in the morning that the desired objects crowded upon his mind; when he had a passage to fill out in any of his poems, he would say, 'I can do it at seven-to-morrow morning'; but I think it makes some difference as to the theme you are engaged upon. In the morning my thoughts are more pure and holy, and I look forward on the day before me with hope; at evening my mind is languid, my body weary, and my thoughts pleasant though melancholy. How beautiful and poetical is that expression of King David, when he speaks of taking to himself the 'wings of morning,' and Webster has truly said that the 'wings of the morning are the beams of the rising sun.' Shakespeare and Milton have both beautiful descriptions of the morning in their works; and Dr. Franklin while in Paris, wrote a humorous and pleasant essay to show the inhabitants of that dissipated city, that the sun gave light as soon as it rose! But whilst I have been writing, silently and almost unnoticed he has assumed his position; and as he commences his daily course, I must also commence my own.

This forenoon I went over to talk with my neighbor, and observing a few sticks stuck up by the potato hills, I asked him what it was for.

'Well,' said he, 'I've been trying experiments. We had a little time left after white-washing, and so I put it into the hills, here, and then put in ashes by the side of them, and am going to see which does best.'

I then asked him which hills he put the lime in and which the ashes, but he had forgotten; and so after talking with him a while I came away thinking how natural it was for practical (?) farmers to try experiments!—Coming along by my next neighbors potato field, I observed a stake at the end of one of the rows, and so I inquired of him what it was for.

'Come into the house,' said he, 'and I will let you know.'

I followed him in, and he took up a large blank book and commenced reading as follows: 'Sixteen rows on the west side of the piece, commencing at the fence and running north to the dead furrow on the hill, or five rods; they are all planted on heap manure thus: commencing west, the first two rows are planted on manure alone; the next two have ashes; the next two have lime; the next two have plaster; the next two have plaster and are planted with seed-ends; the next two, with plaster and but-ends; the next two, with plaster and the potatoes cut in the middle, with two pieces in a hill; the next two on plaster and the potatoes planted whole. In the fall these must be dug separately, weighed, and then I can tell the result.'

That is the difference; and the different ways farmers try experiments.

This afternoon I have been planting carrots, and will tell you what I have done. I hauled out one and a half cords of manure, to one eighth of an acre, harrowed it in, sowed the seed and covered them in six hours! Now on one fourth of an acre to do the same work it would be twelve hours, or one day; so the cost of planting one eighth of an acre at that rate would be two dollars; now I can weed the same in one day, and harvest them in two more, which would be five dollars.—Well then if I should raise one hundred bushel, at thirty cents per bushel, it would amount to thirty dollars, and that would leave me twenty-five dollars clear gain, from one eighth of an acre, or one hundred dollars from an acre. These are plain facts, although I never count chickens before they hatch.

After planting the carrots, Dawes and myself took a tramp over Bear Hill to see to the fences, and staid until the black flies fairly drove us off. The little torments have come in good earnest, and show no mercy whatever to human beings. Give me mosquitoes, bed bugs, sheep ticks even, but save me from black flies!

Returning from our work, and when most home, we came to a little brook, and I lay down to drink and whilst sitting on the bank a few moments to rest before starting again, Dawes spoke to me and said, 'That tastes good, doesn't it?'

'Yes,' I answered; 'I have been thinking of this ever since we started, and thought if I could only get to here I could drink; and water never tasted so good to me before.'

'It must,' I should think,' said he, and giving a sly look up stream, continued, 'didn't you taste the soakings of those old sheep?'

Oh my sorrows! I looked up, and there, about three rods above, were the rotten carcasses of

three old sheep! Was I ever so provoked before? The water did me no good, and I shall hereafter be careful about drinking from a brook with dead sheep in it, at any rate I should prefer the water above, rather than below them.

'Tis night; the quiet stillness of evening is slowly assuming its sway, and the noise and bustle of the day is hushed. It was so pleasant this morning that I fancied it would always last, but the wind came in at the north-west, and it now blows quite hard. Let me try my hand at versing, and see if I can make poetry of it:

The north wind howls as it surges past,
And night on his car of cloud sweeps by,
But a blast from the west has driven it in at a crevice in the window, and blown out my candle. The light is going—going—gone!

LAMUS.

The Assault upon Charles Sumner.

The details of this brutal and outrageous act, by which the indignation of the whole North has been so deeply excited, has doubtless already reached most of our readers. It took place in the Senate chamber, immediately after adjournment on Thursday last. Mr. Sumner had recently made a speech in which Slavery and the South were roughly handled, and in which Senator Butler of South Carolina was rebuked with the severity so well deserved; and as he sat writing at his desk, he was approached by Messrs. Brooks and Keitt, members of the House from South Carolina, the former of whom struck him over the head with a club or stick and felled him to the floor, repeating the blows till he was helpless and senseless. Through the tardy interference of those present he was rescued and taken to his boarding house, where he remains in the care of physicians.

Brooks was arrested and taken before one of the justices of the city, who bound him in the paltry sum of \$500, which on further examination on the following day was increased to \$1,000.

This cowardly and unprecedented outrage has produced the most intense excitement in Massachusetts, as it has, indeed, through the whole country. Public meetings have already been held in Boston, Worcester and other places, which have shown by their speeches and resolutions that the old Bay State is at last thoroughly aroused to the defence of her rights against the insupportable insults of slavery.

Committees were appointed in both Houses of Congress to investigate the outrage—though more than one-third of the members of the House voted against the measure, and the Senate Committee is composed entirely of slavery or pro-slavery men.

A Correspondent of the N. Y. Post says:

'In the House committee the minority urged the admission of evidence from Brooks and Keitt, made upon their honor, but the opinion of the majority prevailed, and those gentlemen will be subjected to a strict examination, under oath. It is expected to prove a deliberate premeditation on the part of Brooks, and that Edmondson of Va., and Keitt, as well as others, were acquainted at least two days beforehand with the designs of their friends. I understand that it is admitted by one of them that Brooks announced in their presence two nights in advance of its accomplishment, his purpose to take the redress of Senator Butler's alleged grievances with his own hands. The public sentiment of the city is almost united in condemnation of the assault, and especially of the manner in which it was perpetrated. One result of this occurrence is to bring big canes and revolvers into more general use. Many of the Northern representatives go provided with revolvers, and Congress is now filled with armed men! Mr. Sumner continues comfortable, though he is somewhat weak and feverish. The calls upon him have been innumerable. Every member of the diplomatic corps has tendered his attention.'

READ AND FINDER.—The following are the comments of the Richmond, Va., Whig upon the late outrage in the Senate Chamber:

A Good Deed.—As will be seen by telegraph, Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, after the adjournment of the Senate on yesterday, administered to Senator Sumner, the notorious and foul-mouthed Abolitionist from Massachusetts, an elegant and effective caning. We are rejoiced at this. The only regret we feel is, that Mr. Brooks did not employ a horse-whip or a cowhide upon his slanderous back, instead of a cane. We trust the ball may be kept in motion. Seward and others should catch it next.

Of the same piece with the above, only more shameful, is the fact, established beyond question that the Massachusetts delegation to the national convention at Cincinnati, gave an entertainment in Washington on Saturday evening, at which the perpetrators of this foul deed, Brooks and Keitt, were among the guests!

A telegraphic report says: Contributions are being made in Charleston and Columbia for the purpose of getting up a testimonial for presentation to Preston S. Brooks, whose course is very generally approved in that locality.

But in honorable opposition to both is the following fact, stated by a correspondent of the N. Y. Post:

This morning the Rev. Dr. Pyne, the leading Episcopal clergyman of this city, denounced in his sermon the assault in the strongest terms;—and although Mr. Aiken, a representative from South Carolina, one of his leading preachers was present, urged as a remedy for such deeds of violence, a total exclusion of the perpetrators from decent society.

It is also stated that Rev. Dr. Sunderland, of the congregational church, boldly and forcibly rebuked the outrage, on the same day, though president Pierce was one of his congregation.

LOOK HERE!—Cast steel scythes, so called, are no new thing; but a real cast steel scythe, all cast steel, from heel to point and from back to edge, is one of the extras. One of these now hangs near our table, fresh from the manufactory of Messrs. Mathews, Hubbard & Co. It is for the farmers to decide its merits; but of its finish and beauty anybody can judge. We are assured that no other manufactory in the country makes a similar article. This enterprising firm are destined to cut a wide swath and a smooth one. Success to their industry!

OUR TABLE.

THE FARNHAM MEMOIR: Sketch of the Life and Labors of Adinram Judson. By Mrs. H. C. Conant. 12 mo., pp. 498. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

An extract from the author's preface will best give the history of the present memoir of this eminently good man and faithful disciple: 'While Dr. Wayland's Memoir of Dr. Judson was yet in preparation, a brief history of his life and labors, to meet the wants of a large class of readers, was planned by Mrs. Judson. This work, which, from her graceful and vigorous pen, would have had a double value to the Christian public, her declining health did not allow her to execute, nor, so far as I know, even to commence. Near the close of her life, application was made to the writer, by her executors, to perform the task in her stead, with the assurance that it was with her entire concurrence and approval. The present volume, prepared in accordance with this request, is the property of Dr. Judson's orphan children; to whom the publishers generously relinquish, as in the case of the Memoir, the larger share of the profits.'

Mrs. Conant, (daughter of the first president of Waterville College) has performed her labor of love in a manner alike creditable to her head and heart, and has produced a book which will not fail to commend itself to all the friends and admirers of this eminent missionary, while its cheapness brings it within the reach of many to whom the elaborate and more expensive work of Dr. Wayland would forever remain a sealed book.

A portrait of Dr. Judson is prefixed to the volume which is for sale at Mathews's.

FOREST AND SHORE, or Legends of the Pine-Tree State. By Charles P. Hillyer. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

A short time since we noticed this work as being in press, and a copy is now before us. With good reason it is dedicated 'to the sons and daughters of Maine'; for it is truly a Maine book—being written by a Maine man, and made up of scenes and incidents in the early history of our State. In view of the fact that most novels have a-days are written to 'prove something'—to advance some cause—the author, with quaint honesty, says he is not aware that his volume incites any particular lesson, though it contains nothing offensive to the purest morality. It is simply a collection of tales and legends—mostly with a broad foundation in truth, whatever the imagination may have done for the graceful superstructure—good stories, in fact, which, while they interest and amuse, subserve a higher purpose by illustrating the habits, customs, manners, and history of the pioneers of Maine. That they for whom this book was prepared will see the author rewarded, we have no doubt; and we have great confidence that it will be warmly welcomed by every son and daughter of the good old Pine-Tree State, no matter in what remote corner of the world it may find them.

For sale at the bookstores everywhere.

VOICES OF HEART AND HOME: An Offering of Love from Many Hearts. Portland: F. W. Bailey.

This is an elegant little gift volume, filled with choice gems of poetry, the character of which is indicated by the title, and embellished with colored pictures. Many an old favorite will be found in the collection, with new pieces of rare merit; and we are glad to notice that no small share of the volume is the work of our Maine poets. It is full of beautiful thoughts and sentiments, and is nicely adapted for a present between friends. It will probably be found at all bookstores.

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE.—The publishers say truly: 'Every number of this work contains articles of leading interest; grave and earnest, yet not heavy; popular yet of abiding value. To these are added, in profuse abundance and variety, Tales, Poetry, Voyages, Travels, and whatever—within the bounds of sound taste and good principles—may be included under the large head of Light Reading. But mere light reading soon becomes wearisome, unless there breathe from it a spirit and heart-life and soul. We promise a magazine that shall be more and better than mere amusement; a book suited to the leisure of the old and wise—and yet abundantly attractive to the young and ardent. It will freely provide for the imagination, as well as for the Reason and Memory.'

The June number has just reached us, of which it is enough to say that it is as good as its predecessors. Each number contains 144 pages of sterling reading, and it is furnished at \$3 a year and sent free of postage. A new volume will commence with the next number. Address Littlell, Son & Co., Boston.

GRANITE MAGAZINE.—The June number has a good engraving of Landseer's famous picture, 'War,' a handsome fashion plate, and numerous wood cuts, including many patterns and ornamental designs for the special benefit of the ladies. The reading matter, also, will be found of the usual excellence. A new volume will commence with the next number, and the new proprietors now propose to introduce certain improvements, which will extend to all departments of the work, and render it still more desirable visitor. We shall look for the July number with interest. Published by Watson & Co., Philadelphia, at \$3 a year, with a liberal discount to clubs.

LITTLELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 627 contains—George Caudwell; Louis David, the French Painter; Treatment of Love in Novels; part 5 of Fortunes of Glencore; A Defence of Ovis; An Ordinal; The Peace; The Peace Malcontents; True Optimism; Condition and Prospects of Italy—with some choice poetry and numerous short articles. Published weekly by Littlell, Son & Co., Boston, at \$6 a year and sent free of postage.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL.—The June number completes Vol. 3 of this unique work, and now is the time to renew or commence subscriptions. Three interesting stories, illustrated, are in course of publication in its pages, and an almost infinite variety of other reading will be found, with numerous embellishments. Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$2 a year.

THE NEW MAP of Kennebec county is rapidly approaching completion, but has been delayed, as the publishers say, by greater efforts for accuracy than were at first contemplated. Only a limited number will be published; and those who wish to secure copies, and have not done so, may leave their names at this office, and they will be sent to the publishers.

ONCE FOR ALL.—We are positively tired of seeing our naturally quiet and easy friend of the Farmer make such a strain for big eggs. Bigger and bigger, from week to week, he seems determined the Winthrop hens shall win or die;—and a friend of our requests us to warn him that 'This making hens lay goose-eggs is going to raise Ned!' So we think, Doctor; and therefore we shall give you but one more job, which if you beat, then we agree that the Waterville hens shall surrender. But, mind ye, you must either beat this in two weeks, or give up and let 'em hens rest. Mr. Nathaniel Mayo, of this village, has left at our office two eggs, of about equal weight and size, both the product of the same hen, the longest circumference of which is over thirteen inches, and the shortest eleven inches! Now let's see!

Our friend D. L. Wyman, who sends the dimensions of an egg seven and three-quarters by six and a quarter, weighing a quarter of a pound, will see that 'taint no use.'

'THE AMERICAN HOUSE,' WINSLOW.—Our friend Richards, so long and so well known, in days gone by, as the landlord of the 'Hall-fax House,' has built an exceedingly neat little hotel, a short distance from his old residence, and given it the above name. It has been done so quietly that we learned the fact only by noticing the sign a few days ago. On passing through its rooms, we found it one of the snugest, neatest and prettiest little homes, either for travellers, boarders, or a family residence, that could be imagined. Everything being perfectly new, and in good taste, gives it an aspect of comfort and health peculiarly inviting in a stormy day. We heartily wish the

landlord of the American House the prosperity that his long experience and good name seem to warrant.

The Pretext for the Cowardly Attack on Mr. Sumner.

The following are the allusions to Mr. Butler of South Carolina, in Senator Sumner's speech, which we presume were made the pretext for the cowardly attack upon him in the Senate Chamber.

In one part of his speech he remarked:— 'As the Senator from South Carolina is the Don Quixote, the Senator from Illinois (Mr. Douglas) is the squire of Slavery, its very Sancho Panza, ready to do all its humiliating offices.'

In another portion of it he spoke as follows: 'As the tyranny of the British King is all renewed in the President, so on this floor have the old indignities been renewed, which embittered and fomented the trouble of our fathers. The early petition of the American Congress to Parliament, long before any suggestion of Independence, was opposed—like the petitions of Kansas—because that body was 'assembled without any requisition on the part of the Supreme Power.' Another petition presented by Edmund Burke, was flatly rejected, as claiming rights derogatory to Parliament. And still another petition from Massachusetts Bay was dismissed as 'vexatious and scandalous,' while the patriot and philosopher who bore it was exposed to peculiar contumely. Throughout the debates, our fathers were made the butt of sorry jests and supercilious assumptions. And now these scenes, with these precise objections, have been renewed in the American Senate. With regret, I come again upon the Senator from South Carolina, (Mr. Butler,) who, omnipresent in this debate, overflowed with rage at the simple suggestion that Kansas had applied for admission as a State; and with incoherent phrases discharged the loose expectation of his speech, now upon her Representative and then upon her people. There was no extravaganza of the ancient Parliamentary debate which he did not repeat; nor was there any possible deviation from truth which he did not make, with so much passion, I am glad to add, as to save him from the suspicion of intentional aberration. But the Senator touches nothing which he does not disfigure—with error, sometimes of principle, sometimes of fact. He shows an incapacity of accuracy, whether in stating the Constitution or in stating the law, whether in the details of statistics or the diversions of scholarship. He cannot open his mouth but out there flies a blunder. Surely he ought to be familiar with the life of Franklin; and yet he referred to this household character, while acting as agent of our fathers in England, as above suspicion; and this was done that he might give point to a false contrast with the agent of Kansas—not knowing that, however they may differ in genius and fame, in this they are alike—that Franklin, when intrusted with the petition of Massachusetts Bay, was assaulted by a foul-mouthed speaker, where he could not be heard in defence, and denounced as a 'thief,' even as the agent of Kansas has been assaulted on the floor, and denounced as a 'forger.' And let not the vanity of the Senator be inspired by the parallel of the British Statesmen of that day; for it is only in hostility to Freedom that any parallel can be recognized. But it is against the people of Kansas that the sensibilities of the Senator are particularly aroused. Coming, as he announces, 'from a State,'—aye, sir, from South Carolina—he turns with lordly disgust from this newly formed community, which he will not recognize even as a 'body politic.' Pray, sir, by what does he indulge in this egotism? Has he read the history of 'the State' which he represents? He cannot surely have forgotten its shameful imbecility, from slavery, confessed throughout the Revolution, followed by its more shameful assumptions for slavery since. He cannot have forgotten its wretched persistence in the slave trade, as the very apple of its eye, and the condition of its participation in the Union. He cannot have forgotten its Constitution, which is republican only in name, confining power in the hands of the few, and founding the qualifications of voters on a 'settled freehold estate and ten negroes.' And yet the Senator, to whom that 'State' has in part committed the guardianship of its good name, instead of moving, with backward treading steps, to cover its nakedness, rushes forward in the very ecstasy of madness, to expose it by provoking a comparison with Kansas. South Carolina is old; Kansas is young. South Carolina counts by centuries where Kansas counts by years. But a beneficent example may be born in a day; and I venture to say that against the two centuries of the older 'State,' may be already set the two years of trial, evolving corresponding virtue in the younger community. In the one is the long wail of Slavery; in the other the hymns of Freedom. And if, in glance at special achievements, it will be difficult to find anything in the history of South Carolina which presents so much of heroic spirit in a heroic cause as appears in that republic of the Missouri invaders by the beleaguered town of Lawrence, where even the women gave their effective efforts to Freedom. The matrons of Rome, who poured their jewels into the treasury for the public defence—the wives of Prussia, who, with delicate fingers, clothed their defenders against French invasion—the mothers of our own Revolution, who sent forth their sons, covered over with prayers and blessings, to combat for human rights, did nothing of self-sacrifice truer than did these women on this occasion. Were the whole history of South Carolina blotted out of existence, from its very beginning down to the day of the late election of the Senator to his present seat on this floor, civilization might lose—I do not say how little; but surely less than it has already gained by the example of Kansas, in its valiant struggle against oppression, and in the development of a new science of emigration. Already, in Lawrence alone, there are newspapers and schools, including a High School, and throughout the territory there is more academic education than in all Missouri outside of St. Louis; and more, far, in proportion to its inhabitants, than in all South Carolina. Ah, sir, I tell the Senator that Kansas, welcomed as a Free State, will be a 'ministering angel' to the Republic, when South Carolina, in the cloak of darkness which she bugs, 'flies howling.'

New York, May 26. (Tribune correspondence.)—Mr. Crampton, the British Minister, will receive his dismissal to-morrow, also the Consuls. Dispatches will go by the next steamer to Mr. Dallas, announcing that the President, upon the international questions, would perhaps have been satisfied with Lord Clarendon's last dispatch, but on other points he is so decided that Marcy's dispatch will be likely to cause a sensation in England. It is believed that Crampton has authority to give, and will give, immediately on his dismissal such orders to the British squadron in the West Indies as will most likely lead to a sudden collision. The President contemplates sending a message to Congress on this subject to-morrow.

after so many years of labor. Your heart sinks as you think of it, and you step hastily forward and commence conversation, striving, in speaking of the plans and purposes of life, to forget death.

Perhaps you call at the house of some other grandmother, and then how pleasant it is to listen to the conversation of those whose memory reaches so far backward in the (to you) mysterious past.

But the sun runs low, and visions of copper, and cows and milk pails, begin to haunt the old ladies, and soon you and your grandmother are homeward bound.

We might as well leave down these pasture bars, and the cows will come along when they get ready,' says your grandmother, as you go out into the road.

After supper, you seat yourself in some inviting spot, lazily to watch and enjoy the milking operations, wondering all the while at the tireless perseverance of the cricket's song. It seems as if that one great voiced fellow, the bass singer of cricketdom, whose home is, and always has been, (at least ever since you can remember,) under that flat door stone, must certainly be a descendant, in a direct line, from Jubal, an able manufacturer of his own musical instruments. His voice is never silent, never worn out; but when you come, and when you go, and all the years you are away, he continues his wordless song, pausing only for his winter slumber.

Little, brown, modest and humble ground sparrows hop noiselessly about you, as you sit motionless upon the fence, or the stones. They tip their tiny heads, and curiously look at you as if saying, 'I wonder who you are, and what you are doing, perched up there among the gray shadows.'

Then the gentle cows, their evening duty over, step slowly and gravely toward you, seeming to consider your personal appearance with minute and serious attention. You grow superstitious, gazing into their clear deep eyes, and suddenly springing from your seat into the house, leaving among the creatures in your path, signs and sounds of great astonishment and confusion.

Then what a pleasant place in which to rest and muse is the great deep cushioned 'rolling chair,' still standing in the self-same corner which for years has been its own. You roll yourself up into its wide spread arms, and there you lie and listen to the voice of the tall eight day clock,

'Ancient, worn, but still as stately
As in your former glory.'

until the hour for retiring comes, when, having spoken in due season for her company, you nestle to your grandmother's side, and are soon dreaming that you are once more a careless, happy child, and that the arms, which even in your slumber you know are about you, are those of the mother who has long been in the grave.

Oh, how hard a thing it is to say 'good bye' to grandmother, and to grandmother's home! Slowly and sadly you go down the road, turning often with lingering looks and 'many a long-drawn sigh,' towards the window where stands your mother's mother, looking after you, and waving another and another 'good bye' to the departing one her old hand whispers she will hardly try again to welcome to her home. The trees swing their long branches between the house and you, and you turn a corner of the road and can see your grandmother's dwelling no more.

As you move onward all things seem bidding you farewell. The sun has departed, and the night birds sing mournfully; the trees wave kindly adieus; and the giant hills, the stern, dark mountains, grand and stately as they are in their rocky pride, bend benignly toward you, through the fast closing twilight, saying, in mute but touching language, 'Farewell! Farewell!'

Wiscasset, Maine.

Foreign Items.

The Pope's Government at Rome is, it appears, in a terrible fright regarding the Sardinian programme of Italian reform. It is said that the sudden departure for Paris of Monsignor Berardi, the Pope's Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is connected with this apprehension. The affairs of Italy will occupy the attention of the Allies for some time to come. Perhaps in the end Austria will be required to evacuate a portion of the territory which she holds, and thus Russia will get her revenge.

A treaty has been laid before the British Parliament, in which England, France and Austria jointly guarantee the independence of Turkey, and make any infraction of its stipulations a *casus belli*, which, in plain English, means *cause for war*.

A few English and French troops will be left in Constantinople after the evacuation of the Crimea, to assist in repressing any rising that may be attempted against the Christians.

Denmark refuses to accept the proposals made by England to capitalise the Sound dues and to extinguish the capital by gradual payments. The Conference on this question will shortly resume its sittings.

It is said that already forty thousand pass ports have been issued at St. Petersburg and Moscow, three-fourths of which will take the bearers to Paris. The Russians are just now in high favor with the French.

The emigration from Germany to this country, which had fallen off considerably for the last year or so, owing to the exaggerated reports which had been received of the proceedings of the Know Nothings and the persecutions which the foreigners had to suffer at their hands, is again on the increase, and it is probable that it will equal if not exceed, the proportions of former years. Upwards of a thousand emigrants passed through Berlin a few weeks since, chiefly agriculturists, bound to Wisconsin. Altogether, the returns of the last census bear witness that the continued emigration is beginning to tell on the population of Germany, and account for the efforts of the various German powers to put a stop to it.

AN EXECUTIVE REASON.—A singular case of executive clemency took place in Mississippi, a short time since, in the pardon of one Hassly, a foreigner. He had been convicted and sentenced for selling liquor to negroes. Application was made to Gov. McRea for his pardon, and the argument used in his favor was, that he was 'a foreigner, a short time in this country, and unacquainted with the law.' The wife of said Hassly was, two years previously, indicted for the same offence, still it was pleaded that he was ignorant of the law, and had been in the country too short a time to know anything of it. Hassly came to this country in 1850, was naturalized in 1856, was convicted and sentenced to prison the very next day, and pardoned three months after, on the ground of his being 'a foreigner, a short time in the country, and unacquainted with the law.' This is rather a telling commentary upon the present naturalization system. He was long enough here to be made a 'good citizen,' but not sufficiently long to entitle him to just punishment for an infringement of our laws—at least, so thought the humane Democratic Gov. McRea. What are we coming to?

Poetry.

PLATO'S PRAYER.

All men do pray; and everywhere
The calm and listening air,
Familiarly some human prayer,
On sea and land, in fields and streets,
Its endless prayers the weary world repeats.

Oh! make all things below the skies,
Before my longing eyes,
Like those of gold and silver rise;
That I may pluck their fruit to day,
And go in gladness on my way.

O! seat me on the throne of power—
The world's most princely dower—
That I may rule, though one brief hour,
And clad in kingly purple, see
Submissive millions bow the servile knee.

Oh! give me some enchanted name,
Such as a god might use to name—
The darling of immortal fame;
And place an angel on each star,
With trumpet voice to herald me afar.

Such prayers of men we ever hear,
Renowned from year to year,
The voice of God the Father hears,
And still the glowing thrones proclaim
The world's mistakes, low and empty aims.

Now hear a voice from ages old,
Down listening years rolled,
That asks no faith, nor power, nor gold;
But over the world's metallic din
It comes, "O! make me beautiful within."

The equanimity of vast estates,
Which the empty mind o'er-gates—
The gilded wains and golden gates,
Are but the noise of the world's din;
Beneath the stars of Virtue's high desires.

And Youth, adorned with many a gem,
And flashing diadem,
Expects to charm the world by them;
And barters, for her gauds and lace,
A jeweled soul with its immortal grace.

And nations in their struggles pray
For wider realms to sway,
And marshal on their bloody way
Mourning armies, to obtain
The tempting tinsel of the vanquished land.

But shall the nations never turn
To loathe the nations' sin,
And nobler impulses discern
Exterior glitter, and the show
Of grand material—downward in its flow?

A good it is to grade the hill,
Or build the wandering mill,
To labor's wheel; but nobler still,
With truth and virtue, to control
Discordant states, and beautify the soul.

Let men and nations everywhere
Still batten heaven's sweet air,
With the sublime, angelic prayer,
Against the selfishness of sin—
"Oh! make me mortal beautiful within."

APRIL 24th, 1856.

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