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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 09, No. 39): April 10, 1856

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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I have besides my town residence in Cecil Street—which is confined to a suite of two apartments on the second floor—a very pleasant country-house belonging to a friend of mine in Devonshire; this latter is my favorite seat, and the abode which I prefer to call my home. I like it well when its encircling glens are loud with rooks, and their great nests are being set up high in the roosting branches; I like it when the butterflies, those courtly ushers of the summer, are doing their noiseless mission in its southern garden, or on the shaven lawn before its front; I like it when its balustraded roof looks down upon a sea of golden corn and islands of green orchards flecked with fruit; but most it pleases me when the legs are roaring in its mighty chimneys, and Christmas time is come. Six abreast the witches might ride up them, let their broomsticks crack and curvet as they would. If you entered the hall by the great doors while Robert Chetwood and myself were at our game of billiards at its further end, you could not recognize our features. The galleries are studies of perspective, and the bare shining staircases as broad as carriage ways. The library, set round from the thick carpet to the sculptured ceiling with student books, with brazen clasps, and old-world types, and worn-drilled bindings. The chapel, with its blazoned canopy, with its floor of oak and sides of mahogany, are pictures of the past and teach whole chapters of the book of history; Red Rose and White Rose, Cavalier and Roundhead, Papist and Protestant, Orangeman and Jacobite have each had their day in Old Tremadyn House. When the great doors slam together, as they sometimes will, to the inexpressible terror of the London butler, they awake a series of thunderclaps which roll from basement to garret; and many a warning have they given, in the good old times, to Tremadyns hiding for their lives, and many an arras has been raised and mirror slipped to right and left at that menacing sound. To this day, Robert Chetwood often comes anew upon some hold in which those who ruled before him have skulked—sometimes in his own reception-rooms, but more commonly in the great chambers where he puts his guests. These chambers are colossal, with huge carved pillars bearing up a firmament of needlework, and dressing-closets large enough for dining-rooms. Every person of note who could or could not by possibility of date or circumstance have slept therein had the credit of passing a night within Tremadyn House, from the wandering Jew, Shakspeare, Queen Elizabeth, down to Charles the First, Peter the Great, and the late Emperor Nicholas. There has been more than one murder in the Red room, several suicides in the Blue, and one ghost still haunts those spots in explanation. Tremadyns in lace cuffs and wigs; in scarlet and ermine; in armor from top to toe, line both the galleries—sold by the last Charles Surface of a disolute race for ten pounds ten shillings a head. One great Tremadyn dynasty has passed away; Robert Chetwood, late banker in the city of London, not so long ago banker's clerk, now reigneth in their stead. The Tremadyns came in at the time of the siege of Jericho, or thereabouts, and the Chetwoods about ten years before the siege of Sebastopol; but there the advantage ceases. There is no man kinder to the poor, no man more courteous to all men, no man, what ever his quarters, in all Devonshire with a better heart than Robert Chetwood. Tremadyn House is open to the county, as it ever was, and his old London friends are not forgotten; a hale and hearty gentleman indeed he is, but he has had many troubles; he is as happy as any man bereaved of children can be, and it was the loss of them that made him buy the house and give up his old haunts and busy way—

fish, and I brought with me, besides my rod and basket, a portmanteau full of clothes and about twenty-five pounds in gold, which was the whole amount of my savings. I was junior clerk in a house at that day, with one hundred and twenty pounds a year, and with as much chance of becoming a partner as you, my dear briefless Charles, have of sitting on the woolsack. From the top of the Tremadyn House I could point you out the farmhouse where I lodged, and will some day take you to see it,—a mighty homestead, with a huge portico of stone and flights of stone steps leading to the upper chambers from without. On one side was the farmyard, filled with swine and poultry, with open stalls for cattle, and enormous barns, not so well kept or neat, perhaps, as the present day requires, but a perfect picture of plenty; on the other stood the cider-presses, and beyond, the apple orchards, white with promise, red with fruit, made the air faint with fragrance; half orchard was a garden, too, in fruit, through which, beneath a rustic bridge, my trout stream wandered. Charlotte, you know the place—have I not painted it?

‘You have, Robert,’ she said. The tears were in her eyes, ready to fall, I saw. ‘There, then, I met Katie. The good man of the house was childless, and she, his cousin, was well cared for as his child. It was no wonder, George: the dark oak parlor seemed to need no light when she shone in it. Like a sunbeam gliding over common places, whatever household matters busied her she graced. Some sweet art seemed to lie in her, superior to mere neatness, as high-heartedness excelled pride. I put on salmon flies to catch trout. I often fished without any hook at all. I strove to imitate her fair face and form in the clear waters, by the side of that hapless similitude of myself—the reflex of a forlorn youth in his first love. I did my best at hay-making to please her. I took eternal lessons in the art of making Devon cheese. I got at last so far as to kiss her hand. I drew a little, and she sat to me for her portrait. We sallied out on a mushrooming and getting wild flowers, and on our way sang pleasant songs together, and interchanged our little stores of reading. On the eve before my long put-off departure we were thus roaming: we had to cross a hundred stiles—the choicest blessings of the country I used to think them—and once, instead of offering my hand to help her over, I held out both my arms, and upon my life, George, the dear girl jumped right into them; and that was how I got to kiss her cheek.’

‘What shocking stories you are telling, Robert,’ said Mrs. Chetwood, and certainly she was then blushing up under her lace cap to her white hair. ‘Well, my dear, nobody was there except Kate and myself, and I think I must know what happened, at least as well as you do: so,’ he continued, ‘after one more visit to the farmhouse, Kate and I were married; she gave up all her healthy ways and country pleasures to come and live with me in the busy town; studios of others’ happiness, careful for others’ pain; at all times forgetful of herself; active and diligent, she had ever leisure for a pleasant word and kind action; and for beauty, no maid nor wife in the world was fit, I believe, to compare with her; to you, George, who knew and loved our dearest Gertrude, I need not describe her mother. She was not long with me, but it soon seemed as if it must have cost my life to have parted with her; yet the girlish glory faded and the sparkling spirit fled, and the day has been forgiven, though forgotten never, which took my darling Katie from my side.’

The old man paused a little here. Mrs. Chetwood kissed him softly upon the cheek. ‘My second wife,’ he resumed, ‘was not so young, and certainly had not the outward graces of my first. She was beautiful, too, in the flower as Kate was in the bud; her face had not the vivacity, nor her eyes the dancing light of Katie’s; but there sat such a serenity upon her features, as we sometimes see upon a lovely landscape when the sun is near its setting; a look which no man ever tires of; and Mary bore me children, and then, much as I had loved the sapling, it seemed to me that the full-fruited tree was dearer yet. She was no country girl from the Devon dales, but a town lady, bred. I had a great house by that time, with all things fitted about me, and my sphere was hers. The pearls suited her pleasant brow, and crowned her still raven hair as becomingly as the single rose in her tress had adorned simple Kate. I think, if I may say so without ingratitude for my present grief, that the happiest hours of my life were spent during those days, when our two children’s voices rang cheerily over the house, and some little scheme of pleasure for them was my every-day desire and Mary’s. Even at the terrible time when boy and girl were being taken from us at once, never did their patient mother seem more dear to me; from when the bush of sickness stole upon us at first, to the day when that white procession left our doors, what a healing spirit was she! When we thought that the thickly folded yell of sorrow had fallen over us forever, how tenderly she put it aside!’

‘It must needs have happened that my speech has been melancholy, but indeed I should not speak of Mary so. She was the blithest, cheerfulest, most comfortable middle-aged wife that man ever had; behind our very darkest trouble a smile was always lying ready to struggle through it, and what a light it shed! One of your resigned immovable females, who accept every blessing as a temptation, and submit with precisely the same feelings to what they call every chastening, would have killed me in a week. George, my Mary acted at all times according to her nature, and that nature was as beautiful and blessed as ever fell to the lot of womankind. You might well think that Kate and Mary were two prizes great enough for one man to draw out of the marriage lottery, and yet I drew another. When I lost my beloved Mary, my third wife took her place in my inmost heart.’

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. IX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1856.

NO. 39.

dame in one, to whom I have been wedded this half-century,—for I have had no other wife, George,—God bless you, dear old heart! We have had a merry Christmas as we ever had, and I trust it may be permitted to us to have, still together, one more happy New Year. Hip! hip! hurrah! and the echoes of our three times three seemed cheerily to roam all night about Tremadyn House.

Popular Lies.

Rev. E. H. Clapin, in his lecture before the Mercantile Library Association, upon ‘Practical Life,’ hit off one of the popular vices of society—lying—in a very effective manner, as appears from the report in the Traveller, from which we copy a couple of paragraphs: ‘Lies of action are blood relations to lies of speech, and oral lies constitute a small share of the falsehoods in the world. There are lies of custom and lies of fashion; lies of padding and lies of whalebone; lies of first water in diamonds of paste, and unblushing blushes of lies, to which a shower would give quite a different complexion; the politician’s lies, who like a circus rider, strides two horses at once; the coquette’s lies, who, like a professor of legerdemain, keeps six plates dancing at a time; lies sandwiched between bargains; lies in lively behind republican coaches, in all the pomp of gold band and buttons; lies of red tape and sealing wax; lies from the canon’s mouth; lies in the name of glorious principles that might make dead heroes clatter in their graves; Malakoff lies, standing upon sacred dust, and lifting their audacious pinnacles in the light of the eternal heaven.’

Small Matters Worth Knowing.

By PROF. A. A. NASH.

Corn planted three feet apart each way, gives 30 1/4 hills to the rod, 4540 to the acre, and 48,400 to a ten-acre field. Allowing 5 1/4 hills to the rod for the worms and crows, it would leave 25 hills to the rod, 4000 to the acre, and 40,000 to a ten-acre field. Planting four feet apart each way, gives 19 3/4 hills to the rod, 3062 1/2 to the acre, and 30,625 to a ten-acre field. Whether the crows and worms would find as many hills four feet apart, is not a matter of mathematical calculation, but supposing they should destroy 62 1/2 hills to the acre, there would be left 19 hills to the rod, 3000 to the acre, and 30,000 to a ten-acre field. It is manifest that about 4000 hills are to be expected from 3 feet planting, and about 3000 from 4 feet. A pint to a hill on the 3 feet planting, will give 62 1/2 bushels to the acre. A quart to the hill, (and I would quite as soon undertake to get a quart from 4 feet planting as a pint from 3 feet.) will give 93 3/4 bushels, allowing 4000 hills to have escaped all accidents in one case, and 3000 in the other.—The corn plant seems to have no objection to two or three very near neighbors; but it wants all others to be remote—as if it would say to anything within less than four feet, except its bosom companion of the same hill, as Diogenes in his tub said to King Philip—‘out of my sunlight!’

‘Need we say what an uneasy, slavish vanity it is that which won’t let a man appear as he really is, but makes him afraid of the world and himself, and so keeps him perpetually at work with subterfuges and shams. He is dissatisfied with nature’s charter, and so issues false stock. Oh, how much better for himself and the world for man to be brave and true, what God and unavoidable circumstances have made him—to come out and dare say, I am poor, of humble birth, of humble occupation, or don’t know much! What a cure this ingenuousness would be for social rottenness and financial earthquakes. How much sweeter and purer these actual virtues of capacity and possession than this great brackish river of pretension, blown with bubbles and evaporating with gas—how much better than this splendid misery, these racks and thumb-screws that belong to the acquisition of fashion, and thousands of shabby things, the shabbiest of all being those too proud to seem just what they are.’

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longed to Mr. John Macgregor, member of Parliament for Glasgow, and is presented by him, through Mr. Buchanan, to the Congress of the United States. It is said to be one of the only two original portraits of Hampden now in existence.—[N. Y. Tribune.

A Serious Error.

The experience of many years has confirmed us strongly in a view taken by us in an early day, of a defect among farmers in regard to their own profession. We refer to the practice of placing their surplus capital in the hands of non-producing classes. It is now the common practice everywhere, when a farmer has a surplus, to place it in banks, loan it to merchants or speculators, or invest it in railroad or other stocks. By this means, the capital which has been raised out of the land is not used for the benefit, principally, of the producer, or to increase the productive power of the farm, but is withdrawn entirely from the reach of those who could use it advantageously in agricultural pursuits. The result is a want of means among a great majority of farmers to make those improvements that would materially increase their crops, and also the permanent value of their farms, and as the improvement of one farm always enhances the value of those in the neighborhood, a public benefit must be the consequence. It is not unfrequently happens that farmers, instead of employing their capital to improve their own farms, put it at a small rate of interest in some savings bank, the most sterile of all banks.

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DISCOVERY OF THE BODY OF JOHN B. KILBOURN.

—The body of Mr. Josiah B. Kilbourn, of Boston, who has been missing since Nov. 21, 1854, has been discovered in the water near Cambridge bridge. A man standing upon Chamberlain’s wharf, about two o’clock in the afternoon, discovered a body floating in the water, to which he made a rope fast, and called coroner Pratt, who took it in charge. It was taken to the dead house, and by the clothes identified as the body of Mr. Kilbourn, late a director of the Grocer’s Bank. Mr. Kilbourn’s bank book was in his coat pocket, and drafts on the Grocer’s Bank to the amount of \$10,000, were found.

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DOES THE WORLD HATE PIETY?

—In answer to this question, the celebrated Sydney Smith says:—‘It is not true that the world hates piety. That modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate cant and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altars which should only be a sanctuary for the righteous and the good.’

PROHIBITION DECLARED UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

—The Court of Appeals in New York has decided against the Liquor Law of that State, declaring not only the search and seizure clause, but even the principle of prohibition itself unconstitutional. It remains for the people of New York to do as was recommended by a speaker at one of the anniversary last year—‘to constitutionalize the constitution.’ It appears by a fuller statement of the decision that points in which the law is declared unconstitutional, that it does not discriminate between liquors in the hands of citizens before it went into effect and those obtained afterwards, and that some of the proceedings authorized by the law deprive the accused of the right of trial by jury.

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WATCH-MAKING IN THE UNITED STATES.

—We have hitherto been dependent on Europe for the ‘works’ of our watches, though the cases have been manufactured in this country. Now, Messrs. Hunison, Howard & Davis, of Waltham, Mass., have commenced the manufacture of these works with new and ingenious machinery, by which the teeth of the wheels are accurately cut and finished at once, requiring no other touches by the workmen. So true is this work that the watches may not only be made to keep correct time, but what has been hitherto considered an impossibility, may all be made to keep the same time. Should machinery cut ‘works,’ as there is no reason why they should not, we shall probably in time be able to supply the old world with cheap watches as well as clocks. Why not?—[Washington Star.

KANSAS MOVEMENTS IN THE SOUTH.

—A correspondent of the Albany Journal writes under date of 16th March:—‘I have just come from Tennessee, and let me assure you the South are now moving in earnest in sending settlers to Kansas. I heard a letter from a gentleman in Memphis, read at a Kansas meeting, in which the South were urged to send their men as immediately. ‘The only hope,’ the writer stated, ‘was in sending on enough to whip the dead.’ Abolitionists, before the 1st of July, or the Territory would be lost.’ The writer says: ‘There are now at least three Abolitionists to one friend of the South, and if anything is to be done it must be done quickly.’ On the last now there are 27 from South Carolina bound for Kansas. Send on friends of freedom faster and faster, or all is lost. 300 from Alabama are to come up next week.’

AS SEEN THROUGH ITALIAN SPECTACLES.

—An Italian gentleman who recently made the tour of the United States, said on his return, that he would not live here to be owner of them; adding:—‘What an unhappy people, if their faces express their feelings! I never saw a man in the street that didn’t seem uneasy, and walk as if driven; nor scarcely a woman whose face without a care-worn and fidgety air. If I went into an office or a counting-room, the man of business handed me the morning papers, and looked himself; if I dined with him, his abstract looks and hurried eating made me feel as uncomfortable as he appeared.’

INTERESTING PICTURE FOR CONGRESS.

—The Philadelphia papers state that Mr. Buchanan, the American Minister, has sent home from London an original portrait of John Hampden, the celebrated English patriot, who was one of the first to resist the encroachments of the Stuarts, and to assail the prerogatives of the Crown in the great struggle for popular rights which led to the establishment of the English Commonwealth. This portrait be-

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, APRIL 10, 1856.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL. V. P. FARRAR, 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 office is at Soley's Building, Court street, Boston. Tribune Building, New York. N. W. Corner Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia. B. M. FERRAZZOLI & 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.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

Matters at Kendall's Mills.

In the villages of our country which are springing up to considerable importance we can find the evidence of prosperity and progress as well as in the expansion of our commercial cities. What changes everywhere since your earliest recollections! In the growth of the mighty west we are hastening on to greatness, and here at home where hill and valley, forest and flood witness our steady work, may be found substantial proof of progress in those things which make the difference between a poor and rude existence and the conveniences and refined enjoyments of intelligent and advancing communities. Your friendly quill has occasionally reminded your readers that your neighbors at Kendall's Mills were manfully responding to the demands of the times.— Within a few months our oldest citizen died, the widow of the late Gen. Kendall, a first settler and mill owner; within the life time of that lady, Gen. Arnold and Col. Burr and the army of invasion made their way as best they could by the rapids from Waterville to this place; since that event the admiration of the few settlers has been excited by the fact that a road was cleared and an ox-cart had actually arrived; and after the lapse of years a tremendous excitement was occasioned by the arrival of a horse and chaise. That old lady lived to see two railroads built across the lawn in front of her mansion, and that large and substantial brick house converted into a first rate hotel.

My object is not to tell what a smart place this is soon to be nor what progress has already been made, but to say how pleased we are to hear the music of the bells, not little bells nor bells, but church bells that speak out in a voice not to be mistaken, when they call us to a fire, or to church or to dine. The oldest Society in this village have endeavored to sustain public religious services for twenty-five years. Their house of worship has been built sixteen years, and they now have occasion to acknowledge their obligation to Mr. Samuel Judkins, of this place, for a church bell; a highly finished and fine toned bell having been furnished at the expense of this successful business citizen. This most generous and unsolicited benefaction is well calculated to improve the society with that spirit of improvement which is necessary to make any good cause attractive, and from the pleasant impulse which our considerate donor has given the Methodist Society of Kendall's Mills it is believed that a renovation of their house will be effected which shall give an exodus to stove pipe high singing galleys and box pews, so that the beauty of their temple shall comport with the moral beauty which is circulated within her consecrated walls.

Yours, truly, Buzz.

WHAT ABOUT THE TREES?

Some of our public-spirited friends are making zalous suggestions towards an increase of our village stock of trees. We give them our hearty Amen, and pray them to persevere. Let us have a "Tree Association" and claim membership of every man who owns a foot of land or pretends an iota of public spirit. If we can't get the practical, let's secure the ornamental. Why would not the ladies move in this matter? A tea-party for this object would be one of the most popular movements they ever made. It would make its mark upon the permanent beauty of our village, and sanctify a whole page of its history. And why should not those who profess their veneration for the old cemetery, take hold and adorn it with trees? We venture to assert that if that holy spot were covered with graceful elms and maples, the head of town legislation could never touch it. Lay out walks, and shade them with verdure, and in a few years the neglected old cemetery would rival the new one; and an improved religious sentiment would adorn poor human nature by social communion among the graves of the departed. The sculptured stones would then become a part of the hallowed beauty of the place, instead of standing as witnesses of the selfishness and neglect of the living towards the dead.

WATERVILLE VS. WINTHROP.

Dr. Holmes has crowned enough over Winthrop eggs—so think the Waterville hens. One of them has at length resolved to stop his mouth, and for this purpose produces an egg that measures 7-8 by 6-8 inches in circumference! Her owner, Mr. Isaac B. Clifford, brings this whopper to us in a peck basket—and we invite the editor of the Farmer to breakfast with us on boiled eggs, at such time as he may find convenient. Postscript—bring a dozen Winthrop eggs to "top off" with.

DRAMATIC.

Our Bangor neighbors are luxuriating in a rare feast from Addams' Dramatic Troupe. The papers commend the performances in high terms; the Democrat announcing an expected addition to the company, of Mrs. Addams and Wiseman Marshall. Mrs. A. is one of the most popular actresses now on the American stage, and is filling an engagement at the West, after which she expects to join her husband at Bangor. With such a company, under the management of the intamable Addams, Bangor has promise of a brilliant dramatic season.

OUR TABLE.

THE WAR IN KANZAS. A Rough Trip to the Border, through New Homes and a Strange People. By G. D. Overton, author of "A Ride with Kit Carson," "Incidents of Travel in New Mexico," "Lioning it in the Buffalo Country," "Camp-Fire Yarns," etc. New York: Derby & Jackson.

The author of this work went to Kansas, as special correspondent of the New York Herald, and his letters from the border country last winter were given to the public through the medium of that print. Since his return he has written out an account of his journey, what he saw and heard, adding all the documentary evidence he could collect, and it appears in the volume before us. It probably furnishes the most complete account of the troubles in Kansas, and the present state of things in that country, that is attainable anywhere; and though in his anxiety to make a big book the author spins a good many long yarns that might as well have been omitted, and indulges in a good deal of ill-timed levity, yet he has made an interesting book and furnished abundant materials for forming correct opinions of the origin and progress of the troubles in that country. The first work step, it is easy to see, was the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and this was taken by the slavery propagandists. Was it wrong, then, that those opposed to the extension of slavery, to do all they could to encourage the right kind of emigration, and thus secure the territory for freedom? We think not; and if we had been fairly treated in that contest we should probably have been admitted with the best grace possible. But it was left for the friends of slavery to take the second wrong step; for finding a large majority of the bona fide settlers in favor of free institutions, they organized an armed invasion of Kansas and perpetrated an outrage at the ballot box, to which if the inhabitants of the territory had tamely submitted, they would have shown themselves unworthy the name of freemen. Thus the whole question lies in a nutshell; and it is useless to make a long talk about the unfortunate persons who are held to have occurred, though the friends of freedom have nothing to fear from the most searching investigation. But the wrong lies away back of all this, as we trust the better part of the people plainly see.

The author, while in Kansas, mingled freely with both parties and all classes, and evidently aims to give an impartial history. He certainly does not lean in favor of the Free State party, and yet facts are continually leaking out in the course of the narrative which tell powerfully against the peculiar institution. Witness the following:—

"I can tell," said a Pro-Slavery man to us, during our sojourn in Kansas, "I can tell a Pro-Slavery man to us, during our sojourn in Kansas, particularly if the latter were negroes, as far as a white man is concerned, for while the slave owner's dwelling is, as a general thing, in a happy and comfortable position, the freeholder's is in a miserable one, and his children are in a wretched condition, and his property is in a state of ruin."

"We must confess that this very candid admission, on the part of the Pro-Slavery man, is a strong evidence of the truth of our personal observations, both in Kansas and elsewhere.— There is a difference, and a most unmistakable one, between the freeholder's and the slave owner's dwellings, which are not only in a miserable condition, but in a state of ruin, and his children are in a wretched condition, and his property is in a state of ruin."

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of contents: Religious Freedom in America; To the Rev. Mr. — lines composed in sermon time; How I courted Lulu;—in seven tableaux; The Sky is a Drinking Cup; Have Animals Souls? The Rain; Robert Browning; Scampavias; part I: The Ocean Depths, A Diver's Tale; About Pear Trees; What the Voice said to the Student; The Sculptor of Albany; A Talk about Popular Songs; Some Ornamental Acquaintance; Parson Field's Experiences; April; The Real Question; Editorial Notes, Critical Reviews, &c.

FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHIONS for April is a superb number. The embellishments are of great beauty, and the fashion reports and miscellaneous readings are of unusual interest. This magazine is a long way ahead of any work of similar character. Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3 a year.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—For embellishments in the April number, will be found a fine engraving of Lincoln's celebrated picture entitled Peace, numerous illustrations of The Mill and Studio of Rembrandt, a great variety of patterns for embroidery, small fashion cuts, &c., and a leaf from Punch. Its literary contents are excellent, as usual. Published by Abraham H. See, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The April number is fresh and sparkling, and the Editor's Table is loaded with dainties; but the crowning glory of the month is another long 'Pome,' by Mr. K. N. Pepper, Esq., entitled 'Tinkle,' which is tremendous, likewise quite good. The Knickerbocker is published by Samuel Houston, New York, at \$3 a year.

PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE.—The April number contains 114 closely packed pages of the best kind of reading, carefully selected for the most part from foreign reviews, magazines and periodicals. This varies from grave to gay, and includes reviews, tales, essays, poetry, voyages, travels, &c. We enumerate a few leading articles in this number:—Brougham's View of New-World Principles, Life and works of Goethe, Scrooby, 'The Snow Storm,' Philosophy, 'The World in the Sky,' Mrs. Dabery on the War, Dr. Kean, Kate Coventry, Youth of a Philosopher, The Madonna del Lighthouse, A trio of American Sallor Authors, Table Talk, How I grew into an Old Maid. These are but a tithe of the good things to be found in this number, which is only a fair sample of the monthly issues of this excellent work—the cheapest and best in the country. Published by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year, and sent free of postage. [Will the publishers be kind enough to forward the March number, which failed to reach us.]

FORESTER'S BOYS AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE.—This little work, which has always been a great favorite with the few folk, has recently been much improved, and is now a model of elegance, beauty and usefulness. It is filled with good stories, interesting anecdotes, charming poetry, pleasant gossip, curious puzzles, &c., the whole presented in a handsome dress and illustrated with a profusion of handsome pictures. Published by F. & G. C. Rand, Boston, at \$1 a year.

THE HORTICULTURIST.—The winter is over and gone, and the opening spring awakens a new interest in rural matters. Seasonable articles, full of valuable hints and useful information in relation to the management of orchards and gardens, and other subjects, will be found in this work. Rural architecture also receives attention, and plans of cottages and villas, which gratify the love of the beautiful while ministering to comfort and convenience, appear monthly. The New York Horticultural Review has been lately merged in this publication, and it is now without a rival. Published by Robert Pearl Street, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year; colored edition \$5. Joseph Brock & Co., 51 North Market st., Boston, is agent for New England.

"POOR BESSIE." INSCRIBED TO MESSRS. TICKNOR & FIELDS.

CONCLUDED.
Ah! welcome one, some slave!
No hurtful mill of the live,
But fair in foot and clean in face,
And looking up the street not me,
With virtuous fame attaching fast,
That certain came, some came to last—
And at a wide design
Till brought a soldier's semblance in:
It was a still, unconscious face,
And soon content its spirit survey;
And more than a soldier's semblance,
She seems, of a happy passing time,
Some thought without has called her all—
Some that retains some Mallock
To follow for the soldier's of all—
Tis not the time of day for game,
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To follow for the soldier's of all—
Tis not the time of day for game,
And dinner wait; why wait that too?
And looking up the street not me,
But checking 'er that gross appeal,
That makes the soldier's of all—
And at a wide design
Till brought a soldier's semblance in:
It was a still, unconscious face,
And soon content its spirit survey;
And more than a soldier's semblance,
She seems, of a happy passing time,
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And

J. H. PLAISTED & CO. Dealers in Drugs and Medicines, PAINTS, OILS & BYE STUFFS, WATERVILLE.

ELMWOOD HOTEL, Corner of Main and College Streets, (near the Depot.) WATERVILLE.

PAINTING, Graining, Glazing and Papering. GEORGE H. ESTY

WILLIAM DYER, Apothecary and Druggist, WATERVILLE, MAINE.

BENJAMIN KIMBALL, Attorney and Counselor at Law, AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND, Counselor at Law, and Notary Public, WATERVILLE.

CALL AND SEE! The largest Stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, ever offered in Waterville, at the Old Stand of WM. L. MAXWELL.

Wm. A. Smith & Co.—Harness Makers, WATERVILLE, MAINE.

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Portland Advertisements. F. W. BAILEY'S BOOK BINDERY.

ALBION WITHAM, Wholesale and Retail Paper Warehouse.

STEEL & HAYES, Importers and Wholesale Dealers in CHINA, GLASS & EARTHEN WARE.

NOYES, WESTON & CO., General Commission Merchants, AND DEALERS IN FLOUR, CORN, PROVISIONS &c.

E. GAMMON & CO., BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, 190 Fore-st., Portland.

The Best Assortment MILLINERY GOODS, in Town, 147 Commercial Street, Portland.

STOVES, FURNACES, ETC., AT KENDALL'S MILLS.

Parlor, Office, Shop and Cooking Stoves.

CELEBRATED SCALES, GREENLEAF & BROWN, AGENTS.

The Parisian Style OF CUTTING DRESSES, BARKUS, BOYD COATS, &c.

BLACKSMITHING, Waterville, Feb. 21, 1856.

REMOVAL, Waterville, March 25, 1856.

MAIN TOWN MAN, Waterville, March 25, 1856.

To Farmers and Gardeners. YOUR attention is called to the Manure manufactured by the...

Life Insurance, Annuity and Trust Company OF PENNSYLVANIA.

RUSSELL S. BOULDER, WOULD inform his old friends, and the public generally...

STOVES! STOVES!! A YER'S Cherry Peetoral and Citharic Pills, for sale by...

EDWIN COFFIN, Dealer in Hardware, Stoves, Sheet Iron and Tin-Ware.

Kennebec County Map, THIS survey for this valuable work are completed and being...

United States Land Office, Looking and Leasing Lands in the Menasha and Stephen's...

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Dr. E. F. WHITMAN, Oculist and Aurist, No. 116 Court Street, Boston.

PAIN KILLER! DR. HENRY HUNT was cured of NEURALGIA or Sciatica...

Thirty Years Experience of an Old Nurse. MRS. WINSLOW.

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING, IT will immediately relieve them from pain, allay allappetite...

Custom Made Tin Ware, MANUFACTURED BY L. DUNBAR, JR., for sale at...

SHIRLEY'S FURNITURE POLISH, FOR Housekeepers, Furniture Dealers, &c. for sale by...

BARRETT'S DYE HOUSE, LADIES' DRESSES, Cloaks, Shawls, and other articles...

EUREKA SOAPS, MANUFACTURED BY THE New England Eureka Soap Co., Boston, Mass.

THE EUREKA TOILET SOAP, Superior to everything before prepared for removing...

Ladies' Life Preserver, IRONING made easy and economical by the SELF HEATING PLATIRON...

Patent Folding Umbrella, A NEW and convenient invention for the traveler. It can...

GARDNER FLOUR MILLS, DOUBLE EXTRA AND EXTRA FLOUR, MANUFACTURED from the best selected WHEAT...

DR. PULSIFER, HAS removed his residence from the Elmwood Hotel, to Temple...

New York, Portland, Montreal & Quebec STEAMSHIP LINE.

Penobscot & Kennebec Railroad, Full Arrangement for October 1, 1855.

Season Arrangement, On and after Monday the 21st inst., the Steam Ship...

GREAT CENTRAL ROUTE, From Waterville to Niagara Falls, Buffalo, and the GREAT WEST!

GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD, for Hamilton, Detroit, Chicago, Galena, La Salle, St. Louis, and all points West...

FURNITURE WARE-ROOM, J. P. CAFFEY & CO., At their Old Stand, Corner of Temple and Main Streets.

LOOKING GLASSES, Enamelled, Plain, and Ornamented CHAMBER SUITS.

Blacksmithing, THE subscriber having purchased the Blacksmith Shop in Winslow, near the Depot...

Building Materials, SELLING cheap for cash at E. Coffin's Hardware and Store...

Stoves! Stoves! DUNN, ELDEN & CO. offer the following great bargains:

Land Warrants, THE subscriber, having made arrangements in Boston, New York...

Dr. Langley's Root and Herb Bitters, THE GREAT Spring and Summer Medicine, composed of the...

Dr. Langley's Root and Herb Bitters, THE GREAT Spring and Summer Medicine, composed of the...

INHALATION FOR THE CURE OF Asthma and Consumption. NEW AND VERY WONDERFUL!!

Dr. CURTIS' Hygeana is a medicine of a new and original character...

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