



7-22-1847

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 01, No. 01): July 22, 1847

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 01, No. 01): July 22, 1847" (1847). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 1.

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OUND OUT. 'Mr. Simpkins, your wife is
the one, isn't she? Thank fortune, I've
found her out.'
'Yes, beyond a doubt.'
'Good heavens—you don't mean to insinuate
nothing—I called at your house
this morning and found your wife out.'

and That.

A CAPE ANN JOKER.

The last New York *Spirit of the Times* has a long amusing episode from the "Old Un," giving an account of men and things at Cape Ann—from which we clip the following capital story. It is not every day that clients are put through a course of law so expeditiously or cheaply.

There was a certain lawyer on the Cape a long time ago—the only one in those "digging" then, and for aught I know, at present. He was a man well to do in the world, and what was somewhat surprising in a limb of the law, averse to encouraging litigation. One day, a client came to him in a violent rage.

"Look a here, Squire," said he, "that ere blasted shoemaker down to Pigeon Cove has gone and sued me for the money for a pair of boots I owed him."

"Did he the boots, suit you?"

"Oh! yes—I've got 'em on—fust-rate boots."

"Fair price?"

"Oh! yes."

"Then you owe him the money honestly?"

"Course."

"Well, why don't you pay him?"

"Why, 'cause the blasted snob went and sued me, and I want to keep him out of the money if I kin."

"It will cost you something."

"I don't keer a cuss for that. How much do you want to begin with?"

"Oh, ten dollars will do."

"Is that all? Well, here's an X, so go ahead," and the client went off very well satisfied with the beginning.

Our lawyer next called on the shoemaker, and asked him what he meant by commencing legal proceedings against M—

"Why," said he, "I kept on sendin' and sendin' to him for money, till I got tired. I know'd he was able to pay, and I was 'termed to make him. That's the long and short of it."

"Well," said the lawyer, "he's always been a good customer to you, and I think you acted too hastily. There's a trifle to pay on account of you proceeding—but I think you'd better take this five dollars, and call it all square."

"Certin, Squire, if you say so—and danged glad to get it," was the answer.

So the lawyer forked over the five, and kept the other. In a few days his client came along, and asked him how he got on with his case.

"Rapidly!" cried the lawyer—"we've nonsuited him! he'll never trouble you."

"Jersusalem! that's great!" cried the client; "I'd rather a gin fifty dollars than have him get the money for them boots."

A FIERCE CONDUCT. The Indians quote numerous instances of young children having been attacked by condors. That these birds sometimes are extremely fierce is very certain. The following occurrence came within my own knowledge, whilst I was in Lima. I had a condor, which, when he first came into my possession, was very young. To prevent his escape, as soon as he was able to fly he was fastened by the leg to a chain, to which was attached a piece of iron of about six pounds weight. He had a large court to range in, and he dragged the piece of iron about after him all day. When he was a year and a half old he flew away, with the chain and iron attached to his leg, and perched on the spire of the church of Santo Tomas, whence he was scared away by the cannon. On alighting in the street, a negro attempted to catch him for the purpose of bringing him home; upon which he seized the poor creature by the ear, and tore it completely off. He then attacked a child in the street, (a negro boy of three years old), threw him on the ground, and knocked him on the head so severely with his beak that the child died in consequence of the injuries. I hoped to have brought this bird alive to Europe; but, after being at sea two months on our homeward voyage, he died on board the ship in the latitude of Montevideo.—*Von Tschudi's Travels in Peru.*

A SUSPICIOUS CASE.—On the evening of the 15th, some boys were playing on the beach at low water, in front of the Prince's Pier, where they saw a bottle floating, and gaining possession of it, found within a piece of paper, on which was the following inscription in pencil:—"G. H. Waterfall was drowned in the President steamer, when she was lost." They handed it to a policeman, and it was submitted to the keen scrutiny of Mr. Dowling, who does not exactly declare that it is a hoax, but thinks it quite possible that some female, in want of an easy way of getting cash, has hit upon this scheme of raising the wind by endeavoring to have an opportunity of representing that she is the widow or daughter of the person named, and left in a destitute condition by his loss. Mr. Dowling has not been enabled to ascertain whether there was any man of the name of Waterfall amongst the crew of the President. There was no such person on board as a passenger.—*Liverpool Paper, June 16th.*

THE MOTHER OF JOHN WESLEY. Of the mother it is difficult to speak without panegyric. Singularly clear and commanding of intellect, she seems to have rivaled her son in her transparent sense of truth. In her power of mind, we may best compare her with our own Mrs. Hutchinson, whose strong intellect raised such unwonted commotion amongst the fathers of New England. Her prudence and equanimity must have been most admirable, for we read that her husband having observed that she did not say Amen at the prayers for King William, questioned her upon the subject, when she admitted that she had never done so, not regarding him as a king. Whereat he was so greatly enraged, that he mounted his horse and rode away, declaring that he would never live with her as husband while she held to that opinion. The good woman busied herself with her household, and betook herself to prayer, but strongly attached to her husband as she was, we read of no imbecile complaints nor misgivings, nor any change of political sentiment. Susan Wesley was not the woman to lightly adopt or yield an opinion—she had known too well the sturdy arrogance of the man she loved, and his steady exercise of family authority, to hazard collisions upon this unessential point, and therefore had for years kept a submissive silence, he at length detected the absence of her voice in the amen of the household, and demanded the cause. She confessed the truth, and the stout advocate for political reform rode away as we have seen. Fortunately, King William died at the end of the year, and Samuel Wesley returned to his noble-minded wife, for the Founder of Methodism as yet was not, and he was to be the first fruits of this re-union.

A GERMAN JOKE. In Germany, the Austrians bear the reputation of being particularly stupid, and those, with the Bavarians, the reputation of being authors of all the foolish remarks current in the country. On one occasion, a party of Austrian hussars being in the city of Cologne, a captain of that regiment

strolled into the cathedral, where, falling into conversation with one of the officiating clergy—a canon of the cathedral—he put to him the following query: "What is the difference between a priest and a donkey?" The clergyman, unwilling to commit himself by any verbal answer, merely shrugged up his shoulders in a negative manner. "Ah, ah!" exclaimed the captain, "I knew you couldn't tell; it is this: the donkey wears the eggs on his shoulder by nature, and the priest by profession." The canon, faintly applauding the joke, asked in return, "The difference between an Austrian officer of hussars and a donkey?" After considering a few minutes, the captain declared his inability to tell, and the priest replied, "Nor can I, for I can perceive no difference whatever!"—*Morris's National Press.*

WORKING ONE'S PASSAGE. The Concordia Intelligencer tells the following story of a Hoosier. He came down on a flat boat, anxious to get back at as cheap a rate as possible, on board one of the wharf boats at Natchez, bundle in hand, and asked the owner when his boat would start for Louisville. Every one who knows anything about a wharf boat knows that it is a fixture, as destitute of any go-ahead principle as a drift log. But the Hoosier was ignorant of this fact, and as the owner of the floating grocery was something of a quizz, he told him that he should be off shortly.

"Well, cap'n, I want to work my passage."

"All right—can you pump?"

"First rate—try me."

"Well, lay to—here 'tis."

The poor fellow lay down his bundle, and went to work in dead earnest. He tugged at the pump unremotely for a couple of hours—the sweat rolling almost in torrents—when, happening to cast his eyes around, he observed that the boat had no machinery.

"Hallo! cap'n," exclaimed the honest Hoosier, "where's yer bilers? where's yer steam fixins?"

The owner, in the mean time, had stepped ashore and collected a crowd to witness the joke. The poor fellow's questions were answered by a loud laugh. Hoosier and pump-handle stood still—but the look that met the laugh, said in pretty plain English,

"Let the man who dares, say I'm a fool!"

THE EASTERN MAIL.

WATERVILLE, JULY 22.

PATRONS:

Our salutation demands but few words. We come to commend ourselves to this community by their own command—as the result of their own generous effort. They want a paper. Their real interests, no less than their very commendable local pride, demand that they should have one. We offer them 'The Eastern Mail' with the strongest conviction: that if it meet this want, they will cheerfully respond to our call. They are aware that something more than an ordinary response is imperatively necessary to us—and their success in this enterprise—they have already encouraged us to hope it will be given.

More than twenty years ago a paper published here was well sustained. At a much later period, another paper, commenced here, met a reception which would more than answer our expectations. Is there less need of a paper here now; or is this community less able or less willing to sustain one? The late experiment of the 'Union,' though an unsuccessful one, has by no means convinced us that there is not in this vicinity the liberality and public spirit necessary to sustain our effort.

We are fully aware of the difficulty of entering the cordial interest of the public for the success of an enterprise which bears no partisan standard; and nothing but the conviction that political disputation is becoming more and more discordant to the sober second thought of the people, would induce us to make the attempt. But having made it, we shall pursue our course with an impartiality to which we invite the closest scrutiny of every party and sect. If we err from this course, it will be the result of inadvertence rather than intention.

The publication of the Mail is commenced with strong confidence of success. If it fail, it shall not be till the experiment is fairly tried—till the insinuations of neighboring papers are proved to be deserved. We shall exert ourselves to the utmost to render our paper interesting and useful, and to make it rival in its mechanical appearance the best in the State; shall work hard, and wait patiently for the reward of our labor. If received, our gratitude will be well deserved—and freely given.

The following from Mr. Hathaway embraces the substance of an arrangement for sending the Eastern Mail to those who recently took the Union, which will be met on our part:—

MAXHAM & DRUMMOND.

To the Subscribers of the late "Waterville Union."

I regret that I have been unexpectedly delayed in making known to you some definite proposal for the settlement of the balance due you for subscriptions paid for the "Union."

By an arrangement with the publishers of the 'Eastern Mail,' those of the above subscribers living out of Waterville may receive this paper instead of the 'Union,' for the length of time for which the subscriptions remaining due to them will pay, at the rate of \$1.00 a year. Or, if they prefer, the subscriber will return them the money due when called for.

Those who do not return this number will be considered as accepting it on the above conditions.

CHAS. F. HATHAWAY.

THE PRICE OF OUR PAPER.

The practicability of publishing a paper of the size of the Eastern Mail, at prices much below those ordinarily charged, has been sufficiently tried, without success. We have thought it a better security for the permanency of our paper, in a liberal community like this, to put it at such prices as will afford us an equivalent for our best efforts to meet their wants. They will, we have no doubt, prefer that we should do so. If a paper like this could by any means be sustained at a lower price, the strong competition among printers would already have established the fact. But in every instance

where it has been tried, the contrary has been proved. We, at least, are convinced, and we think most of our present subscribers are.

The inducements we offer for advance payment, are the result of some fifteen years' experience. We have found that most of those who do not pay within the year, put us to an expense amounting to all we ask for the delay, in presenting and collecting their bills. We intend to live strictly to our published terms—serving all men alike—accommodating, where we can, by exchanging with our brother mechanics and others, and receiving of the farmers most kinds of produce. If this mode of doing business shall commend itself to this community, we feel confident they will sustain our present effort.

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS.

It was long ago settled by philosophers in pugilism, that it requires but little courage to pull an opponent's nose when his hands are tied: nor a very large pigmy to put out the eyes of a giant, if he can catch him asleep. Some of our neighbors must have seen this truth verified in history; and thus we account for the boldness with which they seize the opportunity afforded by the decease of the 'Waterville Union,' to hurl their missiles at the fair fame of our venerable town, when they thought her deprived of the means of speaking in her own defence. They may not have read, but we have, of the wise Milesian, who gave his eyes so exclusively to the heavenly bodies that he forgot the direction of his feet, and tumbled into a ditch; whereupon he was told by an old woman, that he had better first learn to watch his own movements before he pretended to study those of the planets. Something may be learned from such ancient incidents, and we commend this one to such as have heretofore been ignorant of its use.

But let us see what they think of us. The *Leviathan Falls Journal*, whom our railroad is soon to make our next-door neighbor, shall be heard first. He is very good-natured, in his way, and hands us a pepper-and-salt sugar kiss in this shape:

What is the matter with Waterville that a paper cannot live in it? It is one of the best looking sheets in the State, and was filled with interesting and instructive matter, and if the *Waterfallionians* would not support such a paper, they are clearly beyond the 'healing influence' of all newspaper publishers and editors, for at least the present generation. The town boasts of a College, a Liberal Institute, an Academy, High Schools and Common Schools in abundance, and contains above forty stores, and nearly 3000 inhabitants; but it clearly lacks in public spirit and good taste, or it never would have permitted such an excellent paper as the *Union* to suffer for the want of proper patronage. What a commentary upon the estimation in which intelligence and home industry are held in that generous town! Brother Hathaway, keep cool! Waterville will be large enough for a pair of us soon, and when you get ready to turn editor again, abandon that self-forsaking tone of thing, and come to us, where we promise you a cordial welcome, from a community that will appreciate your merit. No good enterprise ever lacked encouragement at *Leviathan Falls*.

Next, the *Bangor Gazette*. He evidently has a catarrh, and therefore talks with his finger pressed to the side of his nose. As we become more familiar with his complaint his articulation will doubtless become a little more distinct:

What can the people of Waterville mean not to sustain so valuable a paper? Where is that pride of enterprise which is to raise Waterville to a city of high interior rank, the great central crossing of numerous railroads, and one of the most important manufacturing villages in the world? The *Union* deserved support. It was got up in the best style, conducted with no small editorial ability; it abounded in judicious and interesting selections, well calculated to make a people happy, enterprising and virtuous. We hope Mr. Hathaway will find a more congenial people, or that he may succeed in something more congenial to the genius of the people of Waterville—something they can comprehend the value of. This is the third experiment of the kind, which has been banished from that village.

The *Bath Tribune* shall be heard—and we lead him forward with our right hand:

It is not our business to decide on what the citizens of Waterville ought to have done, but we are sorry that the *Union* could not have been sustained, as its publisher certainly made it worthy of patronage. The trouble, however, we apprehend, was that the community was already overstocked with papers from a distance, that made it hard work to introduce a paper of their own, and therefore required a longer time to get up a circulation than has been the case with the *Union*. The editor of Mr. Hathaway having sent several hundred dollars in the attempt, cannot be faulted with for not continuing it.

To these we might add similar paragraphs from as many sources as there were items in the basket of leaves and fishes; but we can only append a single 'whittling' from the *Yankee Blade*. His want of filial affection is attributable to a short memory. He has evidently forgotten that Waterville was the nursing mother whose milk gave strength to the very legs with which he ran away. Now that he is out of her reach, he does wrong to snip his fingers at her. Let him beware, or she may contribute her portion towards a *huddle* in which he will 'shut up.'

The trouble is, though a beautiful and thriving village, Waterville has, as yet, little local importance, and nobody wants a newspaper from it, except a few Fairfielders, Schoolteachers, and here and there an absent-minded native. The up-river people, among whom a paper, in their view, is their chief support, have no special interest in Waterville. They wish for either a home paper, of their own country, or else from the capital of the State or of New England. They care no more for a 'Ticonic' newspaper than the citizens of W. would care for one printed in Sidney, Vassalboro', or Belgrade.

But, kind gentlemen, one and all, we pronounce your acquittal. We are not yet driven to the expedient of 'whittling' to keep our courage up; and that you choose to do so, is no business of ours. We trust your readers will receive your hints in season, and exert themselves for the safety of your several subscription lists; and thus defer our painful duty of devoting to each of you a paragraph commencing, 'In memory,' &c.

SERIOUS RIOTS IN N. BRUNSWICK.

The 12th of July was the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, at which the Popish dynasty of the Stuarts, in England, was overthrown by the Protestants, headed by the Prince of Orange. The day is now celebrated by the Orangemen, or Protestant Irish, generally to the great offence of the Ribbonmen, or Catholics. Riots are very common on this anniversary. The following facts are from the *St. John Morning News*:

"At Frederickton, the Orangemen, in assembling for a private lunch, were drawn into a fight with the Ribbonmen, which resulted in a few broken heads, disfigured faces, one broken leg, and the somewhat serious wounding of one man by slugs, shot into his body."

"At Woodstock there was a much more serious affray. There the Orangemen, to the number of 250, assembled, and marched in procession, to have an address or sermon on the

occasion. Apprehending an attack from the Ribbonmen, they provided themselves with fire-arms, which were carried, ready loaded, in a wagon along with them. On its return, the Ribbonmen attacked the procession with firearms. The Orangemen immediately ran to their wagon, and seizing their arms, returned the fire with deadly effect. The fight now became general, and was continued until the Ribbonmen yielded, and were driven out of the town, leaving five dead and several wounded."

At a recent meeting of the Boston Board of Aldermen, the Committee on Finance submitted a report of their doings in reference to the loan for the Cochituate Water Works; of which report the Traveller gives the following abstract:

The Committee at first were of opinion that the money could be procured at a low rate of interest in Europe, and they accordingly authorized the negotiation of the whole loan there, payable at any time not beyond forty years from the date of the certificate, provided it could be obtained at four per cent. per annum. The attempt was made through the agency of William Rogers, Esq., in France, England and Holland, but without success. The stain that reputation had cast upon American stocks, the recent railway speculations, and the beginning of the pressure in the money market, made the bankers unwilling to offer for the loan. This failure precluded any further attempts to obtain the loan upon this side until early this Spring, when a loan of one million dollars was advertised for in six daily papers, and also forwarded to the principal bankers in Europe. On the 8th of July the proposals were opened and apporportioned to the highest bidder. It was taken at about an average of 94 cents per 100, and the money obtained at something less than simple interest, and is more favorable than the terms received by the United States for their recent loan.

We are informed that a whale made a short visit to Oldtown, on Saturday last, and was an object of much interest to his friends on the shore. Some of the old whalers proposed to give him a public welcome on Sunday, but as his whaleship 'knew' better than they the respect due to the Sabbath, he bade them a polite farewell on Saturday evening. Probably he preferred a congregation of 'sea green monsters' to the services of an assembly of land-sharks. It is thought he bore despatches from his majesty the Sea Serpent, who recently condescended to uncover his royal head before the people of Lynn.

A riotous scene recently occurred at Niagara Falls. Twenty or thirty colored persons made an attempt to rescue a female slave, after she was seated in the cars with her master and mistress. They seem to have been resisted by the hands connected with the cars. The train was finally got under way, after several of the assailants had been severely injured. In the evening a house occupied by the blacks was torn down over their heads by their white fellow citizens! Most magnanimous!

DICKINSON'S TYPE.—The 'Hand-Book Specimen' of type cast at the Dickinson Foundry exhibits a variety of original and very neat fancy type. The almost astonishing success of Mr. Dickinson, in securing the approbation of printers for his improvements in the manufacture of type, is the most conclusive evidence of his merits. Of the decided superiority of the Scotch Faces, no printer can doubt, and we predict their ultimate adoption over those heretofore used. Indeed, Mr. Dickinson will excel in whatever he undertakes—and his well known success as a printer peculiarly qualifies him for excellence as a type-founder.

The Maine Convention of Universalists held its annual session in Portland on Wednesday and Thursday of week before last. The meeting is said to have been one of great harmony. Three new ministers were admitted to fellowship, and considerable business of importance transacted. The Annual Convention Sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Gardner, of this place.

Gen. Taylor writes to Dr. Clarke, secretary of a late Whig Convention, at Trenton, N.J., that he accepts the nomination for the Presidency, tendered him by that convention.

Private despatches were received at Washington, from the squadron at Vera Cruz, on the evening of the 19th, brought by Lieut. Rogers, of the navy. Contents not yet known.

The people of Wisconsin are moving in relation to the admission of that Territory into the Union, at the ensuing session of Congress.

Commencement at the University of Vermont will take place on the 4th of August. Address before the Society of Religious Inquiry, by Rev. Edward Beecher, Boston. Address before the Literary Society, by H. Vose, Augusta, Me.

At the State Convention, held in Augusta, on Wednesday last, Hon. David Bronson, was nominated as the Whig candidate for Governor, at the ensuing election.

Commencement, at Waterville College, second Wednesday in August. Further notice hereafter.

The Milwaukee Sentinel, in announcing that a Norwegian newspaper is about to be established in the town of Norway, Racine county, Wisconsin, appends the following information:

The Norwegian settlements in the West are already numerous and growing rapidly. There are now, in Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa, twenty such settlements, and sixteen of them within the limits of this territory. They embrace a population of from fifteen to twenty thousand; frugal, industrious, honest, law-loving and law-abiding citizens. The principal settlement is on the Koskonong prairie, where there are nearly a thousand Norwegian families.

Boston papers say the farmers in that section have suffered from a squall on Tuesday of last week. What of that? Some farmers in this section suffer from squalls every day in the week.

Correspondence.

Thank you most heartily, friend 'Buz,' for bearing us in your kind memory. Let us hear from you at the Falls, in your excellent vein for the descriptive; and as you proceed westward, remember us still.

ALBANY, July 2.

An incident occurred on board the boat, in my trip from N. York to this place yesterday, which I thought peculiarly touching. It drew tears from other eyes than mine. On approaching the wharf at Hudson, we saw a small family coach, containing some half dozen ladies and gentlemen, apparently waiting the arrival of the steamer. As the boat fastened to the wharf, a lady and gentleman alighted, after taking leave of their friends in the carriage, and came on board. I am always in luck, in everything that relates to the ladies—and so this lady was led by her attendant to the only settee that offered two vacant seats, and your fortunate friend became her left hand neighbor. I need not tell you that she was beautiful; all women are so—but she was one of those sweet, angel-looking creatures, that every man has a right, from sheer necessity, to love, regardless of the rights of others. I waited to 'take an observation.' She looked sad, and I thought her eyes a little red; and though her companion had located himself at an 'affectionate nearness' to her, neither seemed inclined to conversation. I am a true Yankee, and was not long in guessing there had been a recent wedding, and that the fortunate fellow at her right hand had secured what I had so long been looking for. Happening at this moment, to cast my eye to a distant part of the boat, it rested upon a tall and manly, though bloated and sun-burnt fellow, who stood leaning against the railing. He was one of the hands of the boat, as indicated by his red shirt and tarpaulin, and his red and bloated face told at once what I need not write. At first I thought he was looking at me, but in a moment saw my mistake. His gaze was steadily fixed upon the beautiful face at my side. I watched him—not a muscle moved; but that sad and earnest gaze continued. I looked at the lady—she saw him not. She was thinking of the home she had left, and of the hopeful but uncertain future. I watched them both. I knew there was meaning in that earnest look, and had a vague apprehension of something, when their eyes should meet. They did meet—I saw her start convulsively as her eyes fixed upon his—and with a half-choked utterance that I did not understand, she sprang from her seat and rushed towards him. He saw her approach, but not a muscle moved till she stood before him and threw her arms about his neck! Then the strong feelings of the man overpowered him—he clasped her convulsively in his arms, and wept audibly! How strange an embrace!—that bloated drunkard with that lovely woman! Why was it?

The story was soon understood. He was her brother, whom intemperance had long rendered a stranger to those who so deeply loved him. For years he had chosen to be counted as lost, till the sight of his only sister as she stepped upon the boat, under circumstances which told him that she, too, had left the little circle where they had played together in the innocence of childhood, so strongly chained his attention that he had no power to tear himself from her sight.

I know not the result. Their first affecting interview, as above described, was only interrupted by the young husband taking the wandering boatman by the hand and addressing him as brother; when the three withdrew to a retired seat on the upper deck, where they sat when the boat fastened to the wharf at this place. I was told the family is one of the first in Ulster county; and whether this incident will result in bringing happiness once more to that family hearth, by restoring that prodigal son to sobriety and virtue, God alone can decide.

To-morrow I shall be at Saratoga, thence to Rochester, and westward by way of Niagara Falls. Of course you will occasionally hear from Your friend, Buz.

For the Eastern Mail.

Mr. Edmon:—The following article is the substance of a little sketch, entitled 'The Trial Sermon,' with alteration and addition, and put in the dialogue form to lighten the effect. Should it, in your opinion, be entitled to interest, you are at liberty to give it to your readers.

CHURCH CRITICS.

SCENE.—Twist, Squint, Ungacious, Lofty, Goodwin, Twist, and others, standing around the church door, after meeting.

Twist. Well, Mr. Squint, what do you think of the new preacher?

Squint. Why, Mr. Twist, I can't say that he pleased me; that is, he wan't what might have been expected. Indeed, I don't know but I might say I was disappointed a little!

Twist. That's just what I should have said, myself, Mr. Squint, but you took the words out of my mouth. But, Mr. Lofty, what is your opinion? will he do?

Lofty. Will he do? Why, I must say that I have my doubts. He wore, as you all must have been pained to observe, a black cravat, and even wiped his face in the pulpit with a red handkerchief. All out of taste! decidedly unclerical! To suit me, a minister may wear black gloves, but white is the only suitable color for his neckcloth and pocket handkerchief. Besides, I should have been better pleased if his hair had been a shade lighter, and his eyes a little more animated.

Goodwin. Rather particular, friend Lofty; but, neighbor Ungacious, how was *you* suited?

Ungacious. Not so well as I might have been. He preached up too much piety and religion for me. For one, I don't want to be twitted of my sins every Sunday.

Goodwin. [In a low tone.] It is a guilty conscience that speaks.

Ungacious. What's that you observe?

Goodwin. I was going to say that it would take more than an angel to suit every body.

Lofty. But, Deacon, there is no disguising

the fact, I think, that his sermons lack depth. They are so plain and simple that anybody may understand every word of them.

Goodwin. All the better, in my opinion, for being easily understood.

Lofty. It is well, I know, to have plain preaching, but then it must not be so plain as not to have some learning in it.

Twist. I agree with you there, 'zactly; I've heard preachers in my day, and not a few, neither. The fact is, now we are going to have a rail-road, our village must begin to look up. His discourses had no large words in them. He did not as much as mention Jeroboam the son of Nebat, nor any of the old Patriarchs. Now the Rev. Mr. Novelty, down river, preaches crack discourses, such as take his hearers, with their dictionaries, a whole week to find out his meaning.

Twaddle. I'm of your opinion. You have hit it, neighbor, 'zactly. Besides, I guess you will be a little surprised when I tell you that he has gone and got engaged to a young miss out of town.

Goodwin. He has, indeed! Why, wife picked our Jerusha for him.

Twaddle. But he seems to have picked for himself, and slighted all our daughters.

Goodwin. Well, well, he's no go here, now—take my word for it.

Squint. Come; let us go and express our minds to the parish committee. [All go off.]

Foreign.

From the Boston Journal of Saturday.

LATER FROM ENGLAND! ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

This forenoon, the steam ship *Britannia*, Captain Harrison, arrived in our harbor from Liverpool and Halifax, after a short and pleasant passage.

The political intelligence by this arrival is exceedingly meagre, but the commercial news is of importance. Trade in England has assumed a more healthy appearance, and a greater degree of confidence exists among the commercial circles. In the manufacturing districts most of the cotton mills are beginning to work the full ten hours' time, and spinners and manufacturers are firm in their demand for an advance in prices to cover the rise in cotton.

The great number of arrivals at British ports, with breadstuffs, and a prospect of a glorious harvest, has produced a further fall in wheat, from the highest point of not less than 36s. per quarter. American flour may now be had in London for 35s.; and a corresponding or even greater reduction has taken place in the provincial markets. The supplies of Indian corn continue so large, that it has fallen more rapidly than almost any other kind of grain. In April it commanded 75s. per quarter; at present it brings little more than 40s.

There appears to be some appearance of the potato disease, but to what extent this cause will affect the prices of breadstuffs, cannot be now ascertained.

Ireland. We are glad to find that, generally, the accounts are much less unfavorable as to the extent of fever and destitution. Food is becoming plentiful and cheaper, and the fine prospects of the harvest are giving confidence to all classes. Even in Skibbereen there is a most decided improvement. In some districts, however, Sligo in particular, fever and destitution still prevail to a lamentable extent.

France. The Ministry of M. Guizot have sustained a defeat in the Chamber of Deputies, on a motion for the reduction of the duty on salt from 3d. to 1d. per kilogramme, (2 lbs.) which was carried, though opposed by the Cabinet, by a majority of 264 to 14; it is said, however, that they intend to throw out the bill in the Chamber of Peers.

Spain. The efforts of the Pope's Nuncio and others, to effect a reconciliation between the Queen and her consort, have failed, and it is feared that by dint of French influence, the determination of the Queen to obtain a divorce will be rendered nugatory, and the favorite project of an Orleans dynasty on the throne of Spain accomplished, in the persons or descendants of the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier.

Switzerland continues to be agitated by the question of the toleration or exclusion of

The Eastern Mail.

A SNAPPER-UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

GHOST STORIES.

Strange, that Whittier should have forgotten to apply to us for a contribution to his recent compilation of ghost stories. We could have given him a gem, in the following, which we have heard so often from the veritable mouth of 'Uncle Bill,' that we can relate it word for word.

Uncle Bill lived a mile out of the village, and the burying-ground was half a mile nearer. He had three maiden sisters living in his family, whose ideas of ghosts and witches indicated an ancestry familiar with the history of Salem. With them, 'the last lingering fiction of the brain' was as much a verity as the doctrine of 'apostolic succession' is with the Puritan. They never passed the burying-ground after sunset without peering into the dark after 'something white'; indeed, not one of them dared pass, except in broad daylight, without at least one veritable live man to protect them against the dead ones. Uncle Bill was not a partaker in these 'Yankee notions,' and of course did all he could to ridicule them in his sisters.

One evening during the 'Indian summer,' when the earth was dry and the atmosphere smoky, he was returning from the village at a late hour alone. It was too-totally dark—and as he approached the spot where his sisters had seen so many 'figures in white,' it must be confessed he was a little troubled to waive the inquiry whether his nerves did or did not maintain their usual quiet; and once or twice he caught himself trying to walk as slowly and steadily as he did at the commencement of his walk. Suddenly he thought he heard an 'indistinct thump-thump-thumping,' apparently behind him. He stopped short. Was it—no—it was his heart beating a little louder in the unnatural stillness. 'Twas very still, and his heart did beat a little stronger than usual. Could it be? He started on—there was a thump-thump-thumping—he, surely heard it now! 'Shall I run?' thought Uncle Bill. 'What would the girls say?—no—I'm not afraid—ahem!—I don't walk any faster than—let's see again!—and he stopped and strained his eyes to see something through the thick darkness. The thumping stopped too. He strained his eyes still more—there certainly was a faint and indistinct light, suspended in the air, nearly on a level with his own face. Was it a 'Jack-o'-lantern?' 'Ahem!' said Uncle Bill, loud enough to frighten the ghost of Hamlet's father. He started on; the mysterious thumping pursued; he looked over his shoulder; there was the light! 'I will run—no—the girls'—he walked on, with his eyes turned over his shoulder. The thumping pursued—and the Jack-o'-lantern after—nearer, nearer, nearer! 'Shall I run?' almost howled Uncle Bill; 'no!—ghost or no ghost—there 'tis—here!—by the great!' He whirled on his heel and gave a desperate blow with his fist at the light.

'And what do you think I hit?' asked Uncle Bill, when he told the story to the girls. 'The ghost!' they all exclaimed at once. 'No!—I struck our old white-faced horse right in the head!' The solution was easy; the old horse followed his master—stopping when he stopped, and starting again, with the thump-thumping of his hoofs on the ground, and his white face (the only thing visible in the dark) keeping the up-and-down motion of his head. Uncle Bill always protested that 'old white-face' was the only ghost the burying-ground had ever produced, and the one which came nearest to establishing his faith in 'hobgoblins of the dim gray night.'

We have forgotten where or when we learned the facts—but many years ago, in the days of old-fashioned federal and republican parties, the famous Tristram Burgess, of Rhode Island, and ex-senator Hillhouse, of Connecticut, were frequent opponents, as counsel in important suits, at the bar of different New England courts. On one occasion, which drew a crowded audience, Mr. Hillhouse made the opening plea, and, in his usual keen and sarcastic manner, had 'cut up' his opponent, to the great amusement of the federal portion of the audience. Burgess writhed under the lash as well as he could, till his opponent gave way for a reply; when he proceeded to repay his creditor—as he was able—with compound interest. Hillhouse writhed in his turn—when suddenly thinking to divert attention from his own sufferings, he took Burgess's hat from the bar table, and pulling a piece of chalk from his pocket, proceeded slowly to write the word *Rascal* upon the crown—being careful to keep it in full view of the audience. The federalists tittered, and the republicans hissed. Burgess saw the cause—when turning quickly from the jury to the bench, he said, 'May it please your honors, I ask the protection of the Court!' The judge inquired the cause of the appeal, and was answered—'May it please you, my opponent has written his name on my hat, and I have reason to think intends to keep it.' The 'tude was' upon Hillhouse, and he was compelled to join in the roar of laughter against himself.

At the conclusion of an address before the Typographical Society at Washington, Mr. Wallace related, that when tramping as a journeyman printer, he arrived at a Dutch tavern, the host of which undertook to guess his occupation. 'You ain't no dentist, nor kermagons, nor pook aint, nor cheentel shoemaker: vel, den, vat in der tref are you?' 'A humble disciple of Faust—a professor of the art preservative of all arts—the typographical art; that is, the black art, sir.' 'Vell, now, vat ish all dat?' 'A printer, sir; a man that prints books and newspapers.' 'A brinter!' echoed the German, reaching out his hand; 'a man vat brints pooks and

nooselaper, hey? Charob, take de cheentle-man's pack off! Hans, make a coot fire; valk in, sit, valk in. Sally, poot de tea keddle on, and vell all take tea. (Laughter.) A printer, hey?—I thought you vas not moosh of anything.'

The joke of the above must have lain in the manner of relating it; for if our story is true, the printer is the last man to 'get credit for what he has not got—whether reference is had to his head or his pocket. The oldest journeyman printer in Vermont, known in all New-England as 'Uncle John, of Vermont,' used to relate, that in his more promising days he indulged himself with a trip on foot from Vermont to Boston. On the evening of the last day's travel, as he was trudging wearily along between Concord and Boston, he was suddenly arrested by a foot-pad, with the frank salutation, coming apparently from the muzzle of a pistol.

'Your money or your life!' 'Ahem!' says Uncle John, as he took time to collect together the number of ideas necessary for the emergency; 'ahem!—there must be some mistake in this matter, my friend!'

'No mistake—your money or your life!' 'But, my dear friend, you are surely laboring under some error—have you not mistaken the man you desire to call on?' 'Mistaken!' echoed the robber, thrusting a pistol so near the nasal frontispiece of Uncle John as to suggest the idea of choosing between a dash and a period—'Mistake! what mistake?—and who the—I are you?' 'I—I am a printer!'

'W-h-e-w!' whistled the robber, putting his finger to his nose, 'here is a mistake!' and turning on his heel, he hastened out of sight, muttering as he went, 'Printer!—umph!—I can't come to that!'

The Matamoros flag gives the following as a correct report of Arista's speech to his subordinate officers on taking his leave of the Army of the North. The flag declares it to be strictly true, and 'derived from a gentleman high in the esteem and confidence of the chief actor.' It looks as probable as the speech of Cromwell to the British Parliament, on a certain occasion—'Get ye gone, scoundrels, and make room for honest men.'

'Gentlemen—I am about to resign the command of the army, and I have sent for you that you may know the reasons. They are simply these: I cannot command the army with honor to myself or country, so long as it numbers so many cowards, with high commands in its ranks. You, Ampudia, are a base coward; I trusted you with 3000 of my best men; you betrayed your trust, proved recreant to your country, and, terror stricken, fled, trembling and dismayed, without being within half a league of a hostile gun.'

You, Torrejon, have some reputation as a cavalry officer; God knows how or where you got it; I am only astonished that you should have the effrontery to pretend to command.'

You, Riquena, call yourself an artillery officer; you have been consistent through life only in one thing, your cowardice; you are, like all gasconades, brave when danger is distant, but when the hour of battle arrives you are either not to be found, or your terror renders your presence useless.'

And you, Canales, to be called General!—what a satire! What bitter irony! General! a robber, a cow driver, a vagabond skulker from rancho to rancho, a cowardly pauper, whose very presence is loathed by every honorable man, and whose claim to the title of General produces the most profound contempt.'

As for you, Col. Carasco—begone, and wash your breeches, you dirty dog! Gentlemen, I am done with you; our connection is at an end. Would that your connection with our unfortunate country was also at an end.

Agriculture, &c.

We design generally to take special pains to render our Agricultural Department interesting, not merely to the farmer, but to all classes of readers. The want of exchanges prevents our doing so this week. We earnestly request our friends to furnish articles containing theories, opinions, experiments, &c., in which way they may benefit both themselves and the public.

THE GARDEN.

The aspirations of our philanthropy—and we profess to have some, as well as our friends of the partisan press—would be more than met, if we could bring the garden to its true position in the estimation of the world. Why has not the vegetable, as well as the animal world, 'certain inalienable rights?' At least, it is but just that favors freely lavished and as freely partaken, should be appreciated.

The first punishment for sin consisted in expulsion from a garden. A beautiful and happy pair dwelt there in the perfection of innocence; together planning and executing its improvements, and sympathizing in its delights. For a sin which involved the interests of the world, they were compelled by Him whose judgments are just, to abandon their sweet seclusion, and 'go forth to the uncultured earth.' Who has not sympathized, nay, almost wept with the afflicted pair, in Milton's beautiful picture?

Were Adam and Eve more or less refined in their tastes than the present race of their descendants—who has not inquired? If not more, they but slightly participated the punishment for sin. Read for the first time to one of the modern daughters of Eve the story of her ancient mother's banishment from the fair walks of Eden,—the loss of the roses she had nurtured, the pinks she had planted, the honey-suckles and woodbines she had trained, and the lilacs and snow-balls she had trimmed—and her first thought would be, that Eve escaped a deal of labor, and was certainly rewarded rather than punished; and she would most surely wait for you to narrate some expression of the gratitude of the guilty pair, that their offence was so easily compromised. The theatre of 'earth's first garden' must have very far excelled the best samples of modern effort, or its history affords but a poor idea of the 'exceeding sinfulness of sin.' Is this it?—or does the difficulty lie in the degeneracy of modern taste for the beauties of nature and

art! The last must be the truth, or 'the Mosaic account can contribute but little to man's humility—or woman's either. The beauties of the garden are not appreciated.'

Epicurus was unquestionably a judge of what pertains to good taste, and he chose a garden as the seat of all his refined enjoyments. There he watched the opening of the buds, the successive changes of the flowers, and the pleasing vicissitudes of the green leaves. Need we tell the scholar that Virgil was an enthusiastic admirer of rural scenery? Poets are always so—it is itself a part of poetry. Could Milton have drawn the beautiful picture of Adam and Eve, engaged in their blissful occupation, if he had not had a soul alive to the beauties of rural life? England is indebted, for her improvements in modern gardening, more to her two poets, Pope and Milton, than to all the politicians and theologians with which she ever honored the world. No man ever loved the garden better than Shennemo, or possessed more of the soul of poetry. The cultivation of his garden and the nurture of his muse progressed in common, and were mutual aids. Was it Prior—who had suspended in his garden so true a picture of an alcove with seats, that visitors detected the deception only when near enough to read the inscription at the top, 'Invisibilia non deceptum;—things unseen do not deceive us. The anecdote alone tells that the author, was a poet—Thompson could not have written the Seasons, or Goldsmith the Deserted Village, or Dyer his Grongar Hill, had not each possessed a soul alive to the beauties so charmingly delineated.

Who calls the florist a trifler? Have gold and jewels beauty like that of the tulip and the lily? Does the cultivation of flowers tend less to turn the heart to its duties, and fit the soul for the eventful future, than the struggle for sordid gold? The divine revelator has mingled ideas of a garden in almost every description of the 'Paradise of God:—does he not appeal to one of the best features of human nature?

The pleasures of the garden cannot be monopolized. The humblest individual, upon the smallest patch, even from a single stem, may watch the starting verdure, the expanding leaf, the changing color, from Spring to Winter. It needs no rare exotic to teach him wisdom in the fate of the flower: the humblest shrub may remind him, with an appeal that always touches the sensitive mind, that

This is the state of man—to-day he puts forth The tender bud of hope, to-morrow blossoms, And bears his blushing honors thence upon him; And the third day comes a frost, a chilling frost, And nips his roots.'

RADISHES—AND TOBACCO.

Most persons are fond of this delicious root;—(not the tobacco,)—and its rapid growth brings it early upon the table, if the soil is favorable. There is, however, almost invariably, one serious obstacle to its cultivation—it is generally destroyed by worms. They attack it as soon as the root begins to expand, and it is easier to drive the drunkard from his bottle than to induce them to discontinue their attack. We know of but one remedy for this difficulty, and as we have never heard of its application, except by ourselves, we will make it public. We sowed radishes in a soil where, so far as we could learn, they had never been successfully raised. The first crop was entirely destroyed by the worm, and the ground was again hoed over the 3d of August, and the seed sown, as usual, in drills. About a pound of 'sleep tobacco' was on the same day thrown into a pail of hot water to steep. As soon as the ground began to open over the drills, we took about one quart of this decoction, diluted it with half a pail of clear water, and thoroughly drenched the ground directly over the drills. The process was continued daily, until the roots were large enough for the table. At that stage not a worm was found in any, and their growth had been remarkably rapid. Thus far the experiment was completely successful; but when the pulling commenced the drenching was discontinued from carelessness, and the worms commenced their attack soon after.

We have no doubt this is an effectual remedy, not only for this difficulty, but all similar ones. We would suggest to the farmer to try experiments with tobacco, upon seed-corn, roots, vines, fruit trees, &c.—always avoiding himself.

DESTROY THE BUGS.

We have very successfully resisted the attacks of bugs upon our cucumber vines, by spreading sulphur upon the ground at the roots of the young vine. When thrown upon the vine itself, it only adheres to the upper side of the leaf, leaving the under side exposed to the bug; but if thrown liberally upon the ground, the heat of the sun upon it produces an odor which is less tolerable to the bug than his own appetite. It may perhaps be well to sprinkle it also upon the leaves while the dew is on them. With this remedy, and with no other, have we found success. I is easily tried, and costs less labor than a 'Rough-and-Ready' slaughter of the bugs every morning. Try it, and tell us the result.

'WRETCHED WORLD.' Thousands of individuals, surrounded by all the comforts of life, are continually elevating their eyebrows, and drawing down the corners of their mouths till they resemble horse-shoes, while they cry in sorrowful tones—'Miserable world! Miserable world, this!' What makes it a 'Miserable world?' Your own conduct. The world is a very respectable world—filled with manifold blessings, containing vast quantities of beauty, animate and inanimate, and replete with lots of fun, if you only know where to find it. The world is only 'miserable' to those who choose to consider it so. There is more truth than poetry in the saying—'A light heart and a thin pair of breeches.' We have heard men sing on their way to the state prison, and seen a lady weep whose coffers were overflowing with cash, and who had a 'real trouble in reach of her. The world is 'miserable' if you like—or not.—*Sunday Times.*

NEW SPRING GOODS.

Parker & Phillips,

(At the Store recently occupied by Wm. H. Blair & Co.)

Would inform their friends and the public, that they have just received one of the most extensive stocks of Goods, adapted to the season, ever before offered in this town: Consisting in part of

BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, SATINETTS, TWEEDS, GAMBOONS, AND DENIMS OF ALL COLORS.

NEW RICH STYLES OF

CASHMERES, MOUS, DE LAINES, GINGHAMS, GINGHAM MUSLINS—FIG'D, GRADUATED, AND PLAIN LAWNS.

Balzorines—wrought French, Organdie and Lyons Muslin, Oregon Plaids, striped, plaid and plain white Cambrics, English and American Prints, of all descriptions. Also a complete assortment of

SHAWLS,

Hosiery, bleached and brown Sheetings, Drillings and Linens, white, brown and cold Table Covers, Table Linens, white English Flannels, Furniture Patches, and cold Cambrics. Also

PARASOLS, PARASOLETTES, AND SUN SHADES,

Victoria and Hair-cloth Robes, Linen and Lawn Hdkfs., black Silk and Fancy Cravats, &c. Together with

A large Assortment of

W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES,

CROCKERY WARE, FEATHERS, LOOKING-GLASSES, BOOTS, SHOES, &c., All of which were selected with great care, and will be sold as cheap as can be bought on the Kennebec River.

Purchasers are respectfully invited to call and examine our goods, before purchasing elsewhere. Waterville, May 13, 1847. 0-4-2

WATERVILLE ACADEMY,

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

THE SUMMER TERM of this Institution will begin on Monday, the 24th of May, under the direction of

JAMES H. HANCOCK, A. M., Principal, assisted by Miss ROSANNA F. HANCOCK.

Its prominent objects are the following:—To provide, at moderate expense, facilities for a thorough course of preparation for College; to furnish a course of instruction adapted to the wants of teachers of Common Schools, and to excite a deeper interest in the subject of education generally.

The course of study in the department preparatory to college, has been arranged with special reference to that pursued in 'Waver' College. It is not known that this arrangement exists in any other preparatory school in the State, and, as this is a course of study which advances the friends of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration.

Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are intending to occupy that high station, will find, in the Principal, one who, from long experience as a teacher of common schools, understands fully their wants, and will be forth every effort to supply them. The rapidly increasing patronage of the school affords sufficient evidence that an enlightened and discriminating public can and will appreciate the labors of faithful professional teachers. The terms for 1847 begin on the 24th of May, 24th of May, 20th of August, and 29th of Nov. Tuition, &c., as formerly.

STEPHEN STARK, Secretary of Board of Trustees. Waterville, May 6, 1847. 1-6-2

VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM,

For Twenty Years the most popular in New England.

For Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Pleurisy, Phthisis, Spitting of Blood, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, and Pulmonary Affect, and all other diseases of the Lungs and Throat. The Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam has now been very extensively used for the past twenty years, and probably with greater success than any other article known. Anxious, we make a few extracts from certificates of Physicians and others.

Physicians write us that "they consider it a safe and efficacious remedy, that will not disappoint the reasonable expectations of those who use it."

Another says, "I have for some time past, been in the habit of prescribing the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam for Coughs, Colds, Pleurisy, Spitting of Blood, and all other diseases of the Lungs and Throat, and with confidence recommend it as superior to any other preparation used for the above complaints."

A gentleman writes us, "that his physician, who is in the constant habit of prescribing it in all complaints of the lungs, recommended him to make trial of it, after he had consulted several physicians who had despaired of his recovery from a severe affection of the lungs, and in using it, the benefit he derived from it was such, that several other physicians who attended upon him stated that they were fully satisfied that it was the best remedy he could use."

Another writes us, "that his wife, who has been troubled with the phthisis, and has been under the care of several eminent physicians, and who, after using every remedy, having been but little benefited, obtained immediate relief on using it. She has now used it upwards of two years, and it has never failed of giving relief at once."

The Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam was first prepared by the only article known as *Pulmonary Balsam*. Its great celebrity has given rise to a great many spurious articles, which, being put up so as to resemble its nearly as possible, are often foisted upon the public for the true article. Among these are 'Carter's Compound Pulmonary Balsam,' 'American Pulmonary Balsam,' 'Vegetable Pulmonary Syrup,' 'Pulmonary Balsam,' 'Indian Pulmonary Balsam,' 'Hunter's Pulmonary Balsam,' &c. Beware of all of them. Enquire for the article by its whole name.

VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM, and be sure to get the TRUE ARTICLE, prepared by REED & CUTLER, (late Reed, Wing & Cutler), Boston, and see that it has the written signature of Wm. J. Reed & Co., and a yellow label on the wrapper, for the name of the article is stamped on 'Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam' for sale by Wm. Dyer, Waterville, and by Druggists and Country Merchants generally. Price 60 cents.

P. S.—MEDICINES, PAINTS, AND DYE STUFFS, REED & CUTLER, of the Drug Warehouse, 24 Chatham Street, Boston, one of the largest and most complete assortments of Medicines, Paints and Dye Stuffs, that can be found, among which are 150 cases Rhubarb Root; 1000 lbs. Cream of Tartar, pure; 15 kegs. Super carbonate of Soda; 50 barrels Epsom Salts; 20 bbls. Can. Phos; 20 bbls. Brimstone; 100 lbs. Alum; 8 cases Indigo; 100 lbs. Doxocoids; 100 lbs. Whiting; 20 cases White Lead; 100 packages Apothecaries' Glass Ware; 300 lbs. Gum Arabic; Lined Oil, Spirits of Turpentine, &c., &c. Apothecaries, Physicians, Merchants, Manufacturers and Dyers, are invited to call before purchasing. 1-3-2

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

I. S. McFARLAND, CARRIAGE-TRIMMER & HARNESS-MAKER, Has removed his place of business to the building next North of the Post Office, where he will be happy to serve his friends and the public. He does not intend to sell his work for less than others, but assures them his work shall be of the very best quality. Waterville, June 18, 1847.

FARMERS, ATTENTION!

200 TONS OF PLASTER, Of the best quality, just received and for sale by W. & D. Moor, at their mill near the steamboat landing, where a good supply of fresh ground will be kept constantly on hand. Please call at the store at the landing. 10-8-1

W. & D. MOOR, Waterville, May 20, 1847.

CARDING & CLOTH DRESSING.

The Subscriber employs an experienced workman, at the establishment formerly occupied by J. S. Craig, for Carding and Cloth Dressing. The place is fitted up with new machinery, and is every way calculated to turn out work as well as any similar establishment in the State. Country produce, lumber, &c., taken in payment. Waterville, June 3, 1847. T. E. CROMMETT.

CHEAP, CASH

BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE, 114-1/2 Washington Street, Boston.

JOHN M. WHITEMORE,

(Successor to Charles Tappan.) BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND PATENT BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER.

RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Waterville and vicinity that he has constantly on hand a good assortment of *Theological, Medical, Miscellaneous and School Books*, Maps of the World, United States, Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, State Maps of Massachusetts, &c., &c. Also Bidwell's Missionary Map, adapted to the use of Sunday Schools, &c., all mounted on rollers. Also Pocket Maps, Guide Books, &c., in great variety.

English, French and American STATIONERY, of every variety; Blank ACCOUNT BOOKS, constantly on hand, and made to order; Writing and Letter PAPER, Writing Books, Steel Pens, Ink, Quills, &c. The whole comprising one of the largest and best selected stocks to be found in the United States. Every article will be sold at the lowest prices for cash. P. S.—The attention of Traders, Booksellers, Clergymen and Students, is particularly invited to my large assortment. All orders promptly attended to. 1-1-3

NEW STORE, AND NEW GOODS.

OREA DOOLITTLE & CO. Would inform their friends of Waterville and vicinity that they have taken the store formerly occupied by Eddy & Kimball, where they have just received an assortment of Goods, such as are usually kept in a country store, together with a supply of Pork, Lard, Codfish, Mackerel, and Haddock, also Gunpowder, Ball powder and Buckshot Flour.

MILL SAWS, NAILS, &c., and other articles too numerous to mention; all of which they offer at reduced prices, for cash or produce, as they intend to sell for small profits and ready pay. Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere. Waterville, May 16, 1847.

O. N. B. They have a new article of CHEMICAL OLIVE SOAP, superior for common household purposes, and for removing Oils, Grease, Fat, Varnish, Ink, or stains, from woolen, silk or cotton goods. 10-3-1

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

A. CHICK & CO.

Have just received a large assortment of Ladies' and Children's GAITER BOOTS, SHOES, POLKAS BUSKINS AND TIES, Of every color and quality. Also, a general assortment of Boots and Shoes for men and boys.

CUSTOM BOOTS AND SHOES, For Gentlemen and Ladies, manufactured in the best style and manner. Stock and Findings for sale.

CONSUMPTION CURED!

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE.

The Great English Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption!!

THE most celebrated and infallible remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, or any form of Pulmonary Consumption, is the HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE, discovered by Dr. Buchanan of London, England, tested for upwards of seven years in Great Britain, and on the Continent of Europe, and introduced into this State under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

The astonishing success of the Hungarian Balsam, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the American Agent in so strongly recommending the *Warranted Possible Cases* that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished Physicians as *Confirmed and Incurable*. The Hungarian Balsam has cured, and will cure, the most desperate cases. It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English Medicine, of known and established efficacy.

TO THE CONSUMPTIVE.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchanan's Hungarian Balsam, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a *preventive medicine* in all cases of Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Pain in the Side and Chest, Irritation and Soreness of the Lungs, Brachitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Hectic Fever, Night Sweats, Emaciation and General Debility, Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, and Croup.

In case of actual disease of the lungs, or seated Consumption, it is the ONLY SOURCE OF HOPE.

Sold by McDonald & Smith, Sole Agents for the United Kingdom, 21, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

In Bottles and Cases for Shipboard, 1/6 each. By Special Appointment, DAVID F. BRADLEE, 130 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., Sole Agent for the United States and British America. Price, 25 cents.

American price, \$1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of Health.

Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American certificates, and other evidence showing the unequalled merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the Agents gratis.

None genuine without the written signature of the American Agent on a gold and bronze label, to counterfeits which is forgery.

AGENTS—Waterville, C. R. PHILLIPS; Norridgewock, Blunt & Turner; Skowhegan, White & Norris; Athens, A. Ware; Anson, Rodney Collins; Farmington, J. W. Perkins; Augusta, J. E. Ladd; and by the dealers in medicine generally throughout New England. 1-1-3

DR. WARREN'S SARSAPARILLA, TOMATO, & WILD CHERRY PHYSICAL BITTERS.

AT FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE.

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